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RELIGION AND REFORM.

THE theological rebel, reading history in the light of his predisposition, declares religion to be at once unreformable and the enemy of all reforms; while the hide-bound credulist as stoutly maintains that religion requires no reform, and has no direct responsibility for public affairs. To both these schools may be opposed the double proposition, that religion is at once the chief instrument of public reform and fits itself for its work by continuous and progressive adaptation to newer needs and younger times. To the former one may point the deeper moral of history, that religion, by its influence upon the human spirit, has been the mightiest impulse behind all fruitful movements; while to the latter, freely admitting the existence of a constant quantity, one might the more earnestly urge the reality of a religious variant subject to the mutations of human thought and will.

The task of the modern free Protestant is, *mutatis mutandis*, that which has always confronted the believer who added to his faith, works. He has first to rescue religion from its foes, who hold it be a wolf in sheep's clothing; then to save it from those friends whose zealotry does its best to merit the reproach; and lastly, to apply it to the rectification of affairs. More openly and luminously than ever, religion must be exhibited, not only as the good angel of a beneficent Heaven, ministrant to all human wants, but as the fighting angel of a Heaven which has enjoined men to work out their own salvation. Reform is demanded by all, and there are still many who believe that religion alone can achieve it. But religion must be itself reformed.

That conduct is vitally related to creed is denied by none, though the precise nature of the relation is less evident. Whether religion is the direct cause of reform, or whether both are the product of pre-existing causes, and merely represent concurrent changes in the interpretation and application of life, is a philosophical inquiry we may pass by. Be the origin of the creed what it may, we know that, being created, the creed does practically affect and determine conduct. These two for ever go hand in hand as the divine and the human contributions to progress. While the human mind moves towards reform in affairs, the divine spirit advances towards the purified religion which is its most efficient instrument. If the advance of

the modern world is to be sure, and involve no need for repentance, it must observe both these conditions. The zeal for public reform must be regulated by the instincts of a purified religion.

Only a reformed religion can reform. The changing conditions of life require corresponding adaptations of spirit. Religion as the informing soul of things necessarily possesses a fluidity and sinuousness by which it shapes and fits itself to every form of existence as water to a varied shore or air to the many-featured world. This, which is the condemnation of all creedal and ritual stereotypes, is the true glory and eternal hope of the religious feeling. Nor does this sink the spiritual to the servant of the natural, bounded and conditioned by the material conditions of an age, like a lake by its surrounding shore. For religion is essentially aspiration, desire, motion, spiritual energy; and these are precisely the pioneering forces of life, prospecting always on the furthest limits of the possible and the practicable. It possesses a double function. As inspiration it completely fills, possesses, and uplifts the human mind in the practical tasks of the hour, while as aspiration it "allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way." The modern form of this aspiration is of course more gloriously mundane than Goldsmith's. It is on this planet, and at the earliest convenience of the obstructionists, the brighter worlds are to be reached. But since religion in the hands of its votaries constantly tends to crystallise into creeds, liturgies, churches, it is the duty of the reformer to break up these petrifications, and, since their entire abolition seems impracticable, yet awhile, to re-shape and re-adapt them in such a manner as to give freest play to their indwelling spirit. To strike the fetters off the imprisoned angel, spite of the ecclesiastical profanity of the clerical jailers, is the paramount duty of the devout believer who is at the same time a progressive reformer.

The first task to which a reforming and self-reforming religion is called is—to insist upon a closer union with morality. A purified creed must stand for a purer ethic, and that, first of all, in the sphere of ecclesiasticism itself. A nicer ethical sense must be incorporated with organised Christianity. Judgment must begin at the house of God, and in this divine inquisition even the righteous will scarce be saved. The modern reformation, like that of the sixteenth century, is essentially a demand for righteousness in the Church as a preliminary to righteousness in the State. Before the earlier movement indulgences for sin were sold by the cartload, and the taint has clung to all organised churches and all professional ministries down to this day. The garb of hypocrisy has been inherited even by those who denounce the Jesuit Fathers, with the result that time-serving, expediency, and the more vulgar kind of opportunism prevail in every Church court in Christendom. Under the specious plea of "wisdom," pious frauds continue to be practised which con-

tain more fraud than piety. The stream of righteousness is discoloured at the very fountainhead of Protestant religion—the pulpit. The pressure of officialism and the tyranny of denominational temper are enormous, and are steadily exerted to repress the more ardent and outspoken members of the ministry, and to trim the whole army of pulpiteers to the conventional pattern. Even the “free” churches have acquired the art of “tuning” the pulpits as effectually as Laud, with the result that preachers are bribed to remain ignorant of modern thought, or dishonestly conceal its influence upon them. The art of accommodation is so well taught that the science of honesty is in danger. The duty of moderation, the necessity of retaining his “influence,” are so dinned into the ear of every restive young preacher by the fathers of his denomination, that only the exceptionally strong and conscientious can resist. The clamant need of the modern pulpit is for freedom—freedom to be plainly, bluntly honest. If the priest lies, the people cannot be honest. Hence the first demand of modern reformed religion is for downright pulpit honesty. It takes up the parable of the ancient prophet, and denounces the practice of those who speak wickedly for God.

Putting a veracious pulpit in the forefront of his reforms, the modern progressivist proposes to extend the higher ethical ideal over the business and even the pleasures of life. He has nothing new to propose, but he insists upon a more thoughtful and searching attention to the significance of our actions. The startling discrepancy between the act of worship and the more secular acts is to be repaired. Take a specific case. Few men have inspired a profounder admiration or exerted a greater influence on religious thought than Robertson of Brighton. Yet his piercing theological vision and loftiness of soul were accompanied by traits of character intolerable to the humaner spirit of our day. His passion for war and his quite ecstatic fervour for soldiering in all its forms, his rapturous desire to mingle actively amid scenes of battle, expressed on the same page which speaks feelingly of God’s love and of *In Memoriam*, may serve as one instance. For another we look to his treatment of the lower creatures in now shooting a rare heron for the mere sake of adding it to his collection, and again instructing a friend in South America about the shooting and stuffing of rare birds for the same purpose. That the cruel instincts of sport and soldiering will long survive admits of no doubt, but that they will survive in such a rare and exalted personality as that of Robertson is becoming more and more impossible. So also is the shocking incongruity presented by the spectacle of fair barbarians kneeling at the service held in memory of Jesus, decked out in the plumage of beautiful birds and the skins of innocent beasts, obtained at the cost of much suffering to the victims and deep degradation to the

slaughterers. The reformed religion puts an end to all that in those who embrace it. It incorporates the modern humanitarian spirit as its very own; it insists that the "gentle Jesus" of our childhood shall be more than a nursery rhyme.

The modern demand is for a religion that will fit life. With the decay of dogma the function and province of religion begin to assume a more inspiring character. As long as religion was confounded with theology it held a place apart from ethics and apart from life. A merchant could worship God on Sunday without feeling the act inconsistent with the service of Mammon on Monday; a statesman could believe the Gospel, and yet be inspired by nothing diviner than policy; or a thinker could be a thorough-paced naturist in one lobe of his brain, and a believer in prayer and miracles, *et hoc genus omne*, in the other. But now that religion is coming to be regarded as a spirit, a temper, an attitude and direction of soul, an impulse and movement towards righteousness, these inconsistencies are tending to disappear. Religion, as Professor Mozley pointed out years ago, must obey the power of reigning ideas, and one of the reigning ideas of this age is the application of religion to life. How to reconcile religion and life is the engrossing problem which occupies the earnest minds of the day.

A few years ago the problem presented itself as a necessity for reconciling religion and truth. On the side of natural science and on the side of revelation facts were alleged which seemed to point to a fatal discrepancy, and since theology was necessarily somewhat later than science in becoming vassal to the reigning idea of evolution, the disciples of the latter hastened to fling mediæval nicknames at the former. But that phase of the modern problem may be said to have settled itself. Theology has fallen into line with a wise celerity which must have made its critics blush for their want of chivalry. It has exhibited a hospitality large and generous for every authenticated fact of science, whether descending from the infinite spaces or ascending from the infinitesimal molecules. The only living theology of to-day is one that frankly ranges itself under the ruling ideas ordained by geology and astronomy. Biblical interpretation and homiletics, the pioneers of dogmatic reconstruction, are saturated with the ideas of evolution. The old creationism has ceased to impart one living impulse to the pulpit or the professor's chair, and though time and the man are yet wanting for the new constructive, the advent of both is being prepared by a thousand forerunners. The *Deus ex machina* theory has perished from the mind of modern theology, and its place is filled by that of the Divine Immanency. The "more awful God" of the scientist has been entirely accepted as an intellectual necessity by the theologian, who now labours—and not in vain—to clothe him in the tenderer robes of the Gospel of Jesus.

It must not on this account be assumed that modern religion fails to recognise the necessity of still further rationalising faith in order to advance the rationality of mankind. On the contrary, modern religion urges that a lie is only the less believable because it is advanced in the more sacred region of things. And modern views of Inspiration and Biblical Criticism promise enormous gains to faith by separating faith from those matters of history and interpretation with which it has hitherto been joined. Mythology, legend, and history it holds to be intellectual affairs affecting in a merely secondary way the eternal realities of the spirit. Whether Joshua's moon stood still in Ajalon; whether the Gadarene swine became tenements for demons; whether the Pentateuch had one author or fifty; whether the Fourth Gospel was written by John or 1, are subjects for impartial inquiry, to be settled by evidence, and affect vital truth in no essential way. Modern religion proposes to advance public ethics by getting rid once and for all of the superstitious bibliolatrics which have frightfully retarded the moral growth of Christendom. It proposes to re-read the Old Testament and re-interpret the New, in the belief that it will find new and higher sanctions for the new and higher conception of duty rising upon the modern mind.

• But this brings us round again to the point that, having reconciled religion and science, the problem now is how to reconcile religion with life. We have at least made good our right to seek Truth of Intellect; and now the efforts of the strongest souls are directed towards the achievement of Truth of Life. The scientist has made way for the sociologist. It is curious to note how the accent has shifted during the last twenty years. The reigning idea is not now scientific but sociological. Public interest has been diverted from Darwin to Henry George and the Fabian Society. We no longer search for the missing link, but for the true theory of value. Spencer's *Biology* slumbers amid the dust of our free libraries, while his *Sociology* is blazoned liberally by the thumb of Demos—his mark. The distinguished scientist who disputed the honour of Darwinism with Darwin himself has turned aside to write a book on Land Nationalisation. The duel between Genesis and geology promising a peaceful issue, the whole world has turned to watch the more awful battle between selfishness and poverty, capital and labour, slumdom, sweating, and the grog-shop on the one side, and health, sanitation, fair wage, justice, and sobriety on the other. This is a more tremendous affair than a collision between the speculations of scientist and theologian. It is a battle for life and death, a battle for the bread of life from those who have nothing to hope from life and nothing to fear from death. The arena has changed quickly from the professor's chair to the trade union, the socialist club, the anarchist den. The whole social body is gravitating

towards the scene of strife. Governments and parliaments are being dragged into it, and the pace of the whole thing is quickening till sober judgment and cool measurement become almost impossible. Here are all the elements of a social Armageddon; no French duel with toy pistols, but a battle between Briareus and the gods—Briareus the many-handed, many-headed giant of Labour, against the gods of the Plutocracy.

The question is: Can religion nerve and deliver this generation face to face with dangers so threatening? That she has soothed and sustained mankind through the tedious ways of the wilderness will be allowed. But can she now hearten him against the sons of Anak, who, in the shape of monopolies, vested interests, rings, capitalisms, confident by long possession and arrogant in the power of army, navy, police, and all the machinery of the *status quo*, bar his way to the promised land of social justice? Can she bring the frowning opponents to peaceful terms, and teach them how they may live together in mutual help and good comfort?

Let it be granted that the religion of fifty years ago was not equal to these tasks. Mainly individualistic, introspective, experimental, concerning itself chiefly about a process called the saving of the soul, its shoulders were not broad enough to carry the young giant Democracy. Herein is justified that movement inside the churches to enlarge the scope of religious enterprise. Christians of the younger generation are bent upon a comprehensive and thorough-going application of the moral laws of Christianity to every phase of human life. Religion is becoming more ethical, which is, in other words, more divinely secular. It scorns to regard itself as a mere instrument of government to keep people quiet by sops, or to preach an ignoble doctrine of content and of passive obedience to parliamentary majorities, or to present its Deity as a supernatural "chief constable" for the preservation of the English game laws—as that strident socialist Marcella phrased it. It regards itself as the chief weapon in moral warfare, and is sharpening its point for a determined attack upon social injustice. The significant phrase, "applied Christianity," has caught on, and at least one American college has founded a chair for this neglected branch of moral science. In this direction lies the corrective of the old experimentalism. Under its eyes the old Scriptures unroll new meanings. It abolishes the pernicious distinction between sacred and secular, and proceeds to bless the secularities. The sanctification of the secular is its note. The disciples of Jesus were not divines in starched collars, but fishermen and tentmakers; not writers of formal treatises, but wrestlers with social and ethical wrong. The patriarchs—Abraham, Job, and the rest—were not theological professors, but shepherds, sheiks, and men of affairs, who stood for righteousness as they saw it. The authority of the Bible is invoked

for practical righteousness rather than speculative opinions. The Old Testament, as a record of legislator and prophet, is one long cry for civic and national righteousness; nor is the New Testament, though more loftily spiritual, one whit less urgent in demanding that the commonweal shall be the aim of the individual. Wherever the older introspectionism got its aversion from public religion, it was certainly not from those most public-spirited of all writers, the writers of the Bible. The New Testament endorses the better spirit of the Old, and is delivered from the necessity of saying the same things over again. In Christ's pathetic lament over Jerusalem, and Paul's patriotic willingness to be damned for Israel's sake, the cry for public salvation may be said to culminate. That cry has entered into the modern soul, and rebukes the straitened interest which never broadened beyond the elementary question of the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" The modern Christian has broadened out from a monk into a citizen.

The idea of Democracy reigns over the modern world, and in accordance with it the democratising of Christianity hastens apace. We are coming to see that Christianity is wholly for equality before God as against usurpation, hollow degree, and false prestige. It is for the poor as against his spoiler, for the populace as against their exploiters. The tyrannous customs of ages and the interested governance of the classes have kept this fraternal principle too long in abeyance. Kings and priests have clothed the Carpenter in a garb convenient for themselves, and used His religion as an engine of government. They have taken out its love, its brotherhood, its healthy human socialism, and shrivelled it up into something aristocratic and exclusive. By an ingenious process of misrepresentation—not wholly wilful, they also were subject to the sway of ruling ideas—they either denied or travestied its primary ideas, and contrived to send down to us a heritage of lies and transparent make-believes which, hastily accepted as Christianity, has tempted the democracy to reject the most democratic faith of all the ages. To reconstruct society on the basis of brotherhood is the aim of modern democratic Christianity, and a Christianity of other nature is now clearly impossible.

To shift the seat of authority from without to within, from Bibles and Churches and Creeds to Conscience, is a necessary function of that religion which would prepare the people for self-government. Slaves can never acquire the power of self-government, and, however benevolent the despotism may be, the priest, too, at last must stand aside that the new Democracy may acquire the habit and the dignity of freemen.

This enlarged doctrine of brotherhood must, in its turn, be broadened upon the Divine Fatherhood. Hence the need of wider views of God. Before we can democratise the Churches we must demo-

cratise the Deity. The God of all the historic creeds is aristocratic, a Being who picks and chooses, a God partial and arbitrary, whose prophet is John Calvin. A Deity interpreted by Calvin can have no issue other than a humanity interpreted by Comte, a humanity of select extracts, worshipped in its heroic types, and scornful of the residuum for whom, precisely, Christ died, and of whom also God is Father. To be a reality, the democratic brotherhood must be motivated by an absolute and universal Fatherhood. Less will not serve our turn, for a partial Fatherhood can but issue in fresh cleavages and new forms of caste; while undistinguishing Fatherhood and unselecting grace in Heaven will enforce the faith of a common origin, a common destiny, and a common good, and finally prevail over all distinctions of creed, character, and condition in the earth. So from its deep religious root will grow up the new flower of social unity and peace. When it is understood that God is in our brother, the old question will bolt upon us with startling emphasis: If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen? and will convict us of the most abysmal hypocrisy. The new religion proposes to substitute a new test of belief in God—attitude towards the proletariat. In accordance with the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, modern life is to be brought into line with the judgment-seat. The accent is to be removed from the theological to the humanitarian idea. To doubt a God in the infinite spaces is innocence to denying God in our brother. Unrestricted competition, the wolfish struggle of capitalist against capitalist, each turn of the screw squeezing more blood out of the miserable wage-earner, the thoroughly pagan doctrine of the survival of the fittest in all its anti-social forms, constitute a blank atheism in comparison with which speculative unbelief is an act of pure worship.

It follows, also, that the reformed religion propounds an idea of worship that seems new only because we have forgotten the saying of an ancient presbyter, to the effect that pure worship is to deliver the poor and maintain an uncorrupted life. Sermons and prayers and Bible-readings are henceforth to be but means to an end, an occasion of rest and inspiration preparing one for the real acts of worship down there in the slums. Supra-mundane and post-mortem affairs are to supply the dynamic for a worship which, however aided by psalms and sermons, finds its true prayer in strong yearning over the overthrown and trodden-on, and its real Bible in the body of a brother. Are not these the temples of the Deity? A Christ served in these human temples will validate the worship of our sanctuaries, which else will prove to be the merest mummery, while our prayers and our sermons will but furnish words out of our own mouths to condemn us, wicked and faithless servants that we are. To this test the reformed religion hastens in this new day of judgment.

Amid the loose thinking inseparable from the modern flux it may be necessary to point out that the reformed religion, radically democratic, is not necessarily socialistic. Quite the reverse. State Socialism starts out from postulates which derive their sanction from the physical needs, and cannot rise into the higher spheres of religion. Socialism is in itself neither theistic nor atheistic. It is a mere economic theory. And the shallow enthusiasts who have insisted on identifying it with Christianity are chiefly responsible for the foolish terror of atheism with which it fills many minds. But there is the oddest contrast between the measureless optimism of Socialism and its narrow materialistic methods. It aims at compassing the vastest human good by means which are discredited by every page of history. To reduce the problem of wellbeing to a question of production and distribution is a crime against sense as great as that of the ritualistic churches in proposing to abolish sin by ordinances. The hope to remove wrong by the machinery of Parliament will prove as deathly a delusion as the effort to remove sin by the machinery of a priesthood. It is an insanity which could only be tolerated by an age fevered by anxiety. Physical satisfaction has just as much relation to human blessedness as the miller's dam to the infinite spaces where the waters gather amid wind-blown, sunlit clouds. The dam grinds the corn, but the high heaven fills the dam. Reform must rise out of the moral and proceed to the material if it is not to prove mere quicksand. To make the material the basis of the moral is to rear the vault of heaven on the straitened circle of our globe, and to turn back upon every lesson of poetry, patriotism, martyrdom, religion. A "religion" or a "church" so motivated will turn out to be a more devastating materialism and a more depressing failure than any that has gone before. The reformed religion must remain firmly true to the spiritual basis of Christianity.

But the democratic ethic must, in all its applications, be sanctioned and motivated by a new theology. The influence of theology upon ethic is direct and sure. Our ideas of the divine in relation to the human strictly determine our relations to each other. Man's history is but a transcript of his notions of what transpires in heaven. The corrupt mythologies of Greece, Rome, Judea, show the vital connection between men's view of God and their conduct to each other. As long as God is the God of the tribe only, intertribal butchery reigns supreme. Murder makes way for slavery when the Deity is thought to be more pleased with the service than the death of the conquered, and as long as He is the Lord of hosts, His worship is not inconsistent with national hatreds, wars of extermination, and human sacrifice. The expansion of moral sense is invariably preceded or accompanied by enlarged views of the Deity. How then can the theology of the Crusaders carry the ethic of the nineteenth century? An age in full revolt against militarism,

vindictive jurisprudence, and the coarse unfraternity of our criminal code, cannot worship a mediæval God. The last persons in a community to be reformed are its gods, but, being reformed, they lead the way to new advances. The charge of atheism is still hurled by orthodoxists against reformers of the nation's gods, but this will not hinder the reforming work even in an age which has substituted for the rack and the thumb-screw moral and social dissuasives not less cruel. Thus the task of modern religion is doubly difficult. It has to cleanse both heaven and earth. To the earthly labours of Hercules it adds the Olympian war of the Titans. Before it can sweep away the slum, and the sweater's den, and the drink-shop, it must, like the nursery witch-woman, "sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

Hand-in-hand with the higher view of man must go the higher idea of God. The legal fiction of "adoption" into the divine family involves a libel at once upon the adopting Father and the adopted child—how much more upon those unfit to be adopted. A sonship native, universal, and finally realised down to the most apparently unfit to survive can alone carry the universal obligation to love and service. Under whatever euphemisms a brother is being damned, the reformed religion stands for his present salvation from earth's hells, and his ultimate salvation from the hells of Hades. No faith narrower than Universalism in all worlds can produce works which make for the salvation of all.

Surrender of the inspiring hope of immortality is no part of the beformed programme. With a zeal for public justice not exceeded by the ardent socialist who sneers at any cheques upon the hereafter, the modern Christian recognises that there are countless forms of sorrow and suffering for which social improvement provides no remedy, and refuses to snatch the cup of hope from the dying lips of the oppressor's victim. But it substitutes the educational theory of life for the probationary, and finds that all are fitted to survive since all have capacity for life. It resents the probationary theory as an injustice and a mockery of the countless swarms who are not so much born into the world as damned into it, and believes that not one lowest, weakest life shall be destroyed, or cast as rubbish to the void. It regards human existence, not as a thing to be got over with what speed we can, and then exchanged, if we are virtuous, for a fixed and final blessedness, or, if others are vicious, for a fixed and final woe, but as a school, or home, or workshop, preparing for new labours and higher activities. Earthly life is merely the first scene in an ascending drama which, though it begins in the gloom of Tragedy, has for its fifth act the lofty and serene splendours of a Divine Comedy.

The abolition of future hells is a necessary step towards the abolition of those which exist on earth. The irrational and inhuman

theories of future punishment so long prevalent in Christendom have reacted upon the rationality and the humanity of those who accepted them, and are largely responsible for the coarse moral fibre, the brutality and the bloodthirstiness of the modern world. While the god tortures hopelessly the wicked and the weak, why should the worshipper not butcher his enemies, and take pleasure in tormenting the dumb creatures, or hunt down the weak amongst men and ruthlessly trample them under foot? While the idea of an avenging torture-chamber exists, so long will Christendom continue to ignore the precepts of its Christ, and to imitate its grim idol. The belief that the Divine Being acquiesces in the endless existence of sin and suffering, the removal of which is for Him also an impossibility, has dried the fountains not of human pity alone, but of human energy, and made us supine and helpless in the presence of the problems of poverty, and vice, and fraud. From age to age this foul dogma of despair has paralysed the heart of mercy and the arm of hope, and turned the whole Church of Christ into contented or helpless witnesses of the human hells of slumdom, brotheldom, and drinkdom. The reformed religion stands charged to put that right. The only scheme of redemption worthy of the Being embraced in the new theology is a scheme from which the idea of hopelessness and helplessness in dealing with the problem of evil is eliminated. The gallows is man's confession of failure; and since divine purposes cannot fail, and since, further, those purposes must be good, we remove that scaffold of the damned from our vision of the future, and treat it as an extinct superstition coincident only with the barbarous ages, and vanishing with the barbarous ethic of which it was the chief support. Man's growing conception of justice and mercy must receive its sanction and approval in God, and the human be perfectly reconciled to the divine. When the Emperor Trajan, according to the legend inscribed on his column, was marching to the wars, he delayed his mighty enterprise to redress so small a matter as a widow's wrongs, which act of condescension so piously affected the mind of Pope Gregory that he prayed for the release of Trajan's soul from hell, and received a favourable reply along with a gentle warning not to seek such favours for unbaptized heathen with a frequency too lenient. The moral of this tale is in its application. Mediæval theology was not stumbled by the apparent fact that the creature could excel his Creator in the art of forgiveness and mercy. Such a contradiction is now impossible. The new ethic is matched by a like-minded theology.

The attempt to crowd the whole modern ethic on to the narrow shoulders of Anselm has hopelessly broken down, though the rank and file of the orthodox Churches try not to see it. The entire commercial theory of Atonement and Redemption could flourish only

in times permeated by pagan ideals, and has become an intolerable hindrance to the moral progress of this age. The calculations of profit and loss resulting from the "fear o' hell"—that "hangman's whip"—could not possibly foster a virtuous love of virtue or a true love of truth. Men feared hell who did not fear sin, and loved heaven without loving goodness. So terrible was the thought of endless punishment that those who thought they believed it spent their lives in inventing ingenious methods of escaping it. Forgiveness of sin was to be had on easy terms, and since, even at the eleventh hour, the repentant sinner might square his account with Heaven, an element of pleasurable excitement was imported into the vicious life, a feeling not far removed from the pleasing uncertainties of the turf and the dice-box, which was far from favourable to correct living. Nay, whatever guilt might have been contracted, its penalties were to be wholly escaped by believing that an innocent Person had suffered them in order that the guilty might get off. Thus theology spent its time in restoring with the left hand the inducements to sin it had taken away with the right. After carefully building up the motive for virtue on one side, it proceeded as carefully to unbuild it again on the other. In this way the idea of divine caprice was fostered, the sense of the indissoluble connection between sin and penalty was weakened, and crude ideas of justice were encouraged at the expense of every truly Christian ideal of men's relation to each other and to the Supreme. It is true that the Anselmic notions of the forensic transference of guilt from the sinner to his substitute, and of the full value of sins fully and particularly paid by the Son of God, were not repugnant to the moral sense of the Middle Ages, any more than the notion of a Deity less prone to mercy than the creatures He had made, but both notions are judged and condemned by an age impatient of mere paper schemes and verbal patchwork. The needed impetus to the development of the ethical and humanitarian instincts of the nineteenth century can be given alone by faith in Universal Fatherhood, Universal Redemption, and the absolutely relentless sequence of penalty upon the heels of sin. So will the ethics, the science, and the religion of our time be at once gratified, and the cause of each promoted.

That the movement of the sixteenth century, called by a just emphasis *the* Reformation, was not a final settlement of the religious question seems to be conceded by all the ecclesiastical corporations. But while the practical programme of the new reformation appears to be merely a development of the older, its adherents adopt the Church of the first century as their type rather than that of the sixteenth. They will protest while the need lasts, but they are

Christians rather than Protestants. Their 'type-man' is not Luther, but Jesus. Their aim is to apply the spirit of the Church of the first age to the conditions of the present time. To get away from creedism and ecclesiasticism back to the simpler faith and purer ethic of primitive Christianity is the objective of the reformed reformer.

Religious conservatives, reactionaries, and all sorts of official Christians are affected in spite of themselves by the fact that the task is being taken out of their hands by poet, essayist, and fictionist, who have formed themselves into a literary order of preaching friars. The theologians, no doubt, ultimately give data to these literary preachers; but in the work of popular theological education the writer has far outstripped the pulpiter. The new Evangel is eagerly drunk in from novel and poem by good people who would flee in horror from the same doctrine falling from the lips of their trusted pastor. What matter by whom? With Pauline large-heartedness the new religious reformer rejoices that Christ is preached.

The genius of Christianity is for reform as distinguished from revolution. Without being an anarchist it is an innovator seeking to accomplish by persuasion and peaceful evolution that which the revolutionary would snatch prematurely and by force of arms. Christianity, for example, may fairly be claimed in support of the ideas which underlay the French Revolution, while entirely hostile to the methods adopted to work them out. Christianity has nothing to say to the political question, whether and under what conditions a republic is to be preferred to a monarchy; but it has everything to say about those principles of justice and brotherhood which ought to prevail under all governments. It blesses and sanctifies these principles under whatever government times and nations find to be politically expedient. That Christianity did much for early and mediæval times may be taken as proved. The question is: Can she overtake that which remains? or has hopeless paralysis overtaken her, as critics aver, in mid-career? It would be profitless to fight again the oft-fought battle between those who credit the advances of earlier times to Christianity, and those who credit them to material and political causes. A believer may hold, with perfect modesty, that the religion of Jesus Christ formed at least an essential factor in the process, and look with faith and hope for greater achievements in the near future. If a nation may "mew her mighty youth" and "kindle her eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance," may not, much more, a religion?

A Christianity brought into conformity with Christ would prove a resistless engine of all public and national reforms. A simpler

faith, a purer ethic, a more fraternal sociology, a more pacific patriotism—give but these, and, in a higher way than the divine Herbert dreamed,

“ Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
The Alpha and Omega of our strength ;
Our Boaz, our Jachin, our Great Britain's glory,
Look'd on by owls as a romantic story ;
Our cloud that comes behind us in the day,
Night's fiery pillar to direct our way ;
Our chariots, ships, and horsemen to withstand
The fury of our foes by sea or land.”

WALTER WALSH.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

THOUGH many people are talking or speculating about the next "great war," a few words in favour of peace may be permissible. Most seem to regard war as inevitable; while they desire peace, they look upon war as a wrong that must be endured. The cynic, prepared to contend that civilisation is an organised hypocrisy, finds much to justify his pessimism in the state of feeling which demands or allows the huge military and naval forces of to-day. Though a considerable number are agreed that peace is a good cause, it appears to make but little headway, and it is to be feared that some of its most sincere advocates have sometimes only rendered it a questionable service. It is one of the causes the advocacy of which affords considerable scope for playing upon sentiment; and it may have been compromised by that platitudinarianism which, while it touches the heart for the moment, leaves no lasting impression on the mind. Certain of the apostles of peace have wrapped the righteousness of their cause in a flabby sentimentalism, which is apt to be regarded as the product of simplicity rather than as the expression of deliberate and well thought out conviction. Humanitarians of the best type, who have joined in its advocacy, have addressed their fellows in tones too angelic, for the evil spirit, in whatever shape it appears, can only be effectively spoken to in language not too much above its own level.

It is owing to the altruistic character of the advocacy employed by the Peace Society that it has been slow in its influence upon public opinion. Such people are looked upon as those who would sell their country rather than take trouble to save it; are regarded as those who are for "peace at any price"—a phrase suggestive of opinions repugnant to those who are always for war without considering its price, and which is supposed to be descriptive of an attitude only assumed by weaklings or simpletons. To express a desire for peace raises the ire of those who believe that no right can be won without physical combat, and that ceasing to domineer necessarily involves a loss of dignity. We have been accustomed to admire a "fair" fight, to see that one side is not allowed to have the advantage of the other. Such matters being arranged, most of us consider our duty done, and that we can then look on and enjoy the struggle without compunction. We are not much given to consider whether a quarrel is advisable or avoidable, whether it is caused by

a love of justice or provoked by oppression. With the rights or the wrongs of the matter we do not consider ourselves as having anything to do, and so we allow the contention to proceed, our ethics being satisfied if the fight appears to be "fair." This description of our attitude may appear too strong to many, but its general truth is undeniable. Those who abhor cruelty have little to say against men being cruel to each other in struggles in which both sides are supposed to have equal advantages. It is this inability to see that cruelty is always cruelty which makes us heedless to the savagery associated with certain kinds of "sport," which makes us callous to the cruelties of war, and fosters the spirit which breeds international strife.

Can there be nothing done, or is there being nothing done, to prevent war? Yes; there are signs that things are moving in the right direction even while we hear of new naval programmes. Recently Mr. Byles put a question to Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, as to whether nothing could be done towards bringing about a mutual disarmament of the Great Powers of Europe. The incident attracted little attention in this country, but according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, Continental politicians took a more serious view of Mr. Byles's question. There is some reason to believe that there is now forming a feeling against war which, though as yet immature and unorganised, will soon make itself felt in a definite and practical manner. The oft-quoted settlement of the Alabama claims by arbitration, and the more recent case of the Behring Sea Fisheries question, are practical examples which show that nations can settle their differences without recourse to the barbarities of war. There is undoubtedly a movement in favour of arbitration for the settlement of disputes of various kinds, many people having come to see that in dealing with such differences "force is no remedy." The increasing preference for conciliation is an index of the growth of the spirit of true civilisation, and gives ground for hope that we are making in the direction of international peace, and that on this matter we may shortly make some practical endeavour to pass from moral platitude to moral achievement.

The nature of war and the publicity under which it is carried on has come to be a strong argument in favour of peace. War now supplies us with arguments against itself in a manner hitherto unknown, and it is probable that a war involving the western nations of Europe would have an educational effect which would conduce to a long peace. It would reveal the horrors of war in a way they have not been revealed before. In every part of the civilised world a democracy which has been taught to read would peruse the vivid and blood-curdling descriptions of the special correspondent, and the result might be that a considerable portion of the democracy would refuse either to engage in war or to pay for it in the future.

It is notable that working-class opinion, in so far as it is expressed by the organised trades, has almost unanimously declared itself in favour of international arbitration. This is not only true of the workmen of our own country, but also of those of the Continent. Such facts are hopeful and suggestive, and indicate that on this matter, as upon most others, progress will receive its impulse from the bottom of society rather than from the top. Whatever may be thought of the economic purposes of the socialistic movement, it cannot be denied that upon this question its influence has been cast in favour of the right side. The Socialists of Europe at their various congresses have repeatedly declared in favour of the abolition of standing armies. There can be no question that they will make their influence felt in the future; for though the Socialists, properly so-called, may be in most communities only a fraction of the population, they are in earnest, and when they speak against the false economy and the immoralities of war, their message is one calculated to catch the ear of a humanity in search of ways that will lead to higher forms of freedom and to a nobler national life.

We are frequently told by cynical critics that democracy is on its trial, but when the democracy demands the abolition of standing armies, or urges a mutual disarmament, it gives a good answer to critics of this type. Such facts are sufficient in themselves to enable us to contrast the blind and stagnant selfishness of callous autocracies with the advance possible under broader forms of government, which stimulate the progress of our race by putting the destinies of humanity into its own hands. We have in such expressions of the popular voice an evidence of a growing sense of moral and intellectual self-respect among the common people of the nations of the world. We are coming to the time when the peasant and the artisan will inquire into the merits of a quarrel in which they are ordered to sacrifice themselves. They may refuse to stand up to be shot down without asking questions, and not be so easily led away by appeals to that spurious patriotism which has ever been the device by means of which ambitious monarchs and wily statesmen have sought to make their quarrels those of communities. Hitherto we have had democracy in name rather than in fact. The way in which the sayings and doings of monarchs and statesmen are chronicled by the Press; the manner in which such people have been allowed to act without question upon affairs of the gravest concern to humanity; the extent to which they have been able to count upon the support of the people in any war they might resolve upon; the levity often shown by them towards the interests of the people—without whose support the most powerful among them would be reduced to the level of common clay—in such matters we have proof of the extent to which we are still governed by men whose chief claim to govern often consists of the fact that their ancestors did

the same before them. Recently, in the debate upon the Navy Estimates in the House of Commons, Sir W. Harcourt said that wars were rather the acts of governments than of peoples. If democracy is true to itself the near future will see a change in this matter. It will require those at the head of affairs to bring international policy more into accord with the precepts of morality and the ideals of true civilisation.

Up to a recent date the advocacy of peace in this country was mainly sectarian in its character, and confined, for the most part, to members of the Society of Friends. But the opinion against war now forming is of an entirely different character. It is unsectarian and cosmopolitan, and as it increases in force it will express itself in a practical policy. Proposals have already been made and discussed in this and other countries. M. Jules Simon has suggested a European resolution to shorten compulsory military service everywhere to one year. The adoption of this resolution would result in a considerable reduction of military expenditure, and would have a steadying effect upon industry and commerce by turning the attention of nations towards peace. Another proposal is that of the experienced diplomatist, Sir Edmund Hornby, which is to establish a High Court of Arbitration in Switzerland, composed of at least thirteen arbitrators, appointed for not less than ten years. The powers of such a court would be somewhat similar to those exercised by the Supreme Court of Washington over the United States of America. Credit must be given to America for efforts in the direction of international peace. She has had recourse to arbitration as a means of settling disputes more frequently than any other nation; and if we except the Federal Court which decides disputes which take place between the various cantons of Switzerland, the Supreme Court of the United States is the best example of a tribunal where disputes are settled by arbitration.

Other proposals have been made to establish Courts of Arbitration for the settlement of international disputes, but the suggestion for a mutual disarmament of the Great Powers is probably that most likely to further the interests of peace at the present moment. The pressing forward of this suggestion would raise a discussion which would have an educational effect, and would prepare public opinion for an advance in the right direction, while the mutual character of the suggestion itself would be calculated to keep in subjection the national jealousies apt to appear in dealing with the subject. If this object is not kept in view by the advocates of peace they will compromise their cause.

There are those who think that to advocate a peace policy is un-English, but there is no valid reason why such a policy should be so regarded. People who talk in this manner say nothing to the

purpose against a peace policy, and little which reflects credit upon their own country. If the advocates of peace rise above a vapid sentimentalism, and put their case on broad and rational grounds; their policy may be national in the broadest sense. Why should not the British Government be urged to address a Circular Memorandum to the Great Powers asking them to co-operate in a movement for mutual disarmament? Nothing would be lost, but something might be gained by the adoption of such a policy. The result would at least show who was in favour of peace and who was not. Such action on their part would not imply that the English people were prepared to disband their army, and sacrifice themselves on the altar of humanitarianism for the purpose of setting an example to mankind in general, but that they were anxious to promote a movement the wisdom of which cannot be gainsaid. In pursuing this policy we would show that our claim to be considered foremost in the march towards a higher plane of civilisation does not rest upon an empty boast. A peace policy could be initiated and advocated in such a way as to harmonise with all that is best and greatest in our national story, add to our moral greatness as a people, and increase the respect in which our name is held. To give effect to such a policy a true statesman is wanted. No man of petty, parochial conceptions could lead us in this direction. The time is coming when there will be an opportunity in Europe for a great statesman who has the courage to throw himself definitely on the side of peace. Let us hope that he may be an Englishman.

Many of those ready to give expression to a Platonic preference for peace are not slow to ridicule proposals made with a view to further it by dismissing them as Utopian. On this matter, as upon others, some people who occupy high places rate mankind too low. A more general diffusion of knowledge is slowly forming a new spirit, and it is not improbable that the progress with which we profess to be pleased may mean more than some of us take it to imply. We have seen to it that every child is educated; that the humblest shall partake of the fruits of the tree of knowledge; and there is an increasing number catching the inquiring spirit of the teachers who have laboured to broaden the moral horizon of humanity by endeavouring to pierce and lift the clouds of ignorance which dome-like overhang the universe of thought. We have left the wrong behind in some things or we should not be where we are. Many superstitions have been overthrown, and that which leads us to dance to the tom-toms of war is also destined to die.

The more complacent among us are given to take stock of our progress and appear to be well satisfied with the result. They boast of our scientific, material, and educational progress; but it is our advance in other directions which brings into bold relief the back-

wardness of the spirit which tolerates war. The very enlightenment of which we boast adds to our responsibility. We sin against the light. We weigh up and criticise the past, and contrast the ignorance of our forefathers with our intelligence; but in regard to war, our forefathers had excuses which do not apply in our case. Indeed, with the advance of science war has become more revolting. It is coming more than ever to be a prosaic, cold-blooded business. It is murder by machinery, and a deadly, calculating precision has diminished the opportunities for the display of that personal prowess and chivalry called forth by the wars of the "brave days of old." The struggles which take place in the future between Great Powers will be wholesale massacres, calculated to excite the abhorrence of all those whose moral sense is not blunted by an interest in the sickly glammers of the game. Compared with that of the past, war as we know it is a low and sordid business, and there will be in the wars of the future little of that high purpose, of that brave defence of right for its own sake, of that chivalry which appears in the enchanting mists which surround the hoary battle legends of the past.

It should be manifest to every thoughtful citizen that the present insane competition in the matter of armaments between governments cannot continue. Yet few of those whose mission it is to teach and lead the people have courage to speak out against what they know to be one of the most crying evils of our time. The clergy, while they pray for peace, do not speak against war, and it may well be doubted whether their half-hearted supplications on the subject ever get higher than the rafters of their churches. Efforts in favour of peace can hardly be expected from the State clergy, most of whom are required to preach according to order. As a class they are the slaves of usage and convention, and shrink from all original proposals as revolutionary innovations. Many Nonconformist ministers are little better, for though they may possess a measure of liberty denied to their brethren of the State Church, few of them have the courage to exercise it. They dare not deal with the affairs of men lest they should be considered "political," and though they argue against the Devil at a distance, they are not ready to come to close quarters with him.

Hope for a policy of peace lies in the democracy, led by citizens with a clear intelligence and high moral courage, who can show the peoples of the world that unless they settle the question of peace or war it will settle them. In these days we have in politics many cries of a class and sectional character, but the advocacy of international peace includes interests which are as broad as humanity, and it appeals to every human instinct which lifts man above the level of the brute. We all know this, and admit its truth. We

are ready—most of us—to applaud the spirit which favours peace. But more than this is wanted. There is a rich reward for the leader, or the statesman who can induce the democracies of the world to act up to their light upon this question, who can separate the cause of peace from a narrow parochialism, and raise it to the dignity and breadth of a great policy, and influence civilised mankind to make a practical endeavour to reach ideals in which it professes to believe.

W. L. STOBART.

MR. SWINBURNE AS A CRITIC.

MANY persons who appreciate and admire Mr. Swinburne's genius cannot help regretting that he should ever have descended from the serene heights of poesy into the arena of criticism. Creation and analysis are two very different things; and poetic inspiration is often divorced from sanity of judgment. It is easy to pardon the excesses of a poet's imagination; but we cannot overlook the absence of common sense and impartiality in a writer who claims to be regarded as a literary critic.

Mr. Swinburne's criticism is characterised by an utter want of proportion and an aggressive dogmatism which finds vent in offensive and vituperative language quite unsuited to the dignity of literature. Those who do not agree with his exaggerated estimate of Victor Hugo are stigmatised as "toads," "centipedes," "polecats," and "vampires." It is quite possible to read and enjoy *Les Misérables* without coming to the conclusion that it is superior to any work in English fiction; and it is not necessary to be blind to the defects of *L'Homme qui Rit* in order to see its real merits as a historical romance. But Mr. Swinburne cannot speak of Hugo's works without falling into ecstasies. His is the worship of a devotee who grovels before his idol and keeps constantly repeating a litany of adulation. Now Victor Hugo, though a writer of extraordinary power, cannot be ranked with poets of the first order. His style is often turgid, and there is a mixture of pathos and grandeur in even the finest poetry he has produced. Moreover, if we are to form any definite idea of his status as a novelist, we cannot adopt Mr. Swinburne's mode of dealing with *L'Homme qui Rit*. "It is a book," we are told,¹ "to be rightly read, not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal, and, therefore, cannot be impaired by any want of realism. Error and violation of likelihood or fact that would damn a work of Balzac's or Thackeray's cannot even lower or lessen the rank of a work like this. To put it away because it has not the great and precious qualities of their school, but those of a school quite different, is just as wise as it would be, on the other hand, to assail the fame of Bacon on the ground that he has not written in the manner of Shakespeare, or Newton's because he has not written like Milton."

¹ *Essays and Studies*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1875.

•Surely this is a most unfortunate analogy! Victor Hugo and Balzac are both writers of fiction, though one may have produced romances and the other novels. Shakespeare was a dramatist, but Bacon was a philosopher, and (unless Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's theory has any foundation) never dreamed of writing in a dramatic form. Newton was merely a man of science, and no one, of course, would attempt to place him in the same category as Milton. But, after all, it is idle to deny that we cannot legitimately compare a book like *L'Homme qui Rit* with *Le Père Goriot*, or with *Esmond*. Victor Hugo as a writer of fiction must be treated differently from Victor Hugo as a poet. His prose narratives must be compared with similar works by other writers. If the historical correctness of passages in *L'Homme qui Rit* is impugned, its author must be subject to the same strictures as any other novelist or romancer. His blunders cannot be excused on the ground that he is a poet as well as a writer of romance. Some pictures of English life in the seventeenth century in *L'Homme qui Rit* are grotesquely inaccurate. Take, for instance, the ridiculous description of a prize fight which only a Frenchman ignorant of all English traditions and social usages could have written. Are we to treat this "error" as of no consequence, though we should justly condemn Thackeray for making Beatrix Esmond talk like the servant-maid of an inn?

Probably Mr. Swinburne's contention would be that *L'Homme qui Rit* must be regarded as a great prose-poem, but to transform the real character of a work in order to place it amongst productions of a different class is a wholly arbitrary and unjustifiable method of criticism.

A careful comparison of *Essays and Studies* with another volume published about eleven years later, under the title of *Miscellanies*,¹ will show that their author has either deliberately or unconsciously contradicted many of the opinions he had previously expressed. In 1875 Mr. Swinburne considered that "Byron rarely wrote anything either worthless or faultless." In 1886 he held that Byron was "a thunderer whose bolt was forged most assuredly on no diviner anvil than that with which Dennis or Cibber is represented in the text or notes of the *Dunciad* as shaking the souls of his audience"—in other words, a pinchbeck poet who should now be deservedly forgotten!

Mr. Matthew Arnold gave offence to Mr. Swinburne by venturing to lay down that the two greatest poets of the nineteenth century were Wordsworth and Byron. Thousands will hold this view when Mr. Swinburne has passed away, and when only the best part of his own poetry will be remembered. Surely the late Mr. Arnold voiced the opinions of a large section, if not of the majority, of educated English men and women. But Mr. Swinburne lashes

¹ *Miscellanies*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.

himself into a "fine frenzy" about a matter which at worst would only amount to a difference of view—indeed, he always, in his capacity of critic, writes like a person bursting with rage—and proceeds to castigate his brother poet (who certainly must be described as a saner critic) for having dared to place Wordsworth and Byron above Shelley and Coleridge.

There is something very puerile about this sort of thing. School-boys may, at a juvenile debating society, get excited and all but come to blows as to the comparative merits of Tennyson and Longfellow—this used to be a favourite topic in the present writer's schoolboy days—but it is almost laughable to find a poet who has written some splendid lyrics, and who has almost succeeded in producing a great tragedy, writing pages of petulant Billingsgate—for it is nothing better—*à propos* of the rank that ought to be assigned in literature to certain poets of a former generation.

If any real benefit could be gained even by the student of English literature by such acrimonious contests, our poet's heat might be excused; but, in truth, the only positive result of the controversy is to impress upon the reader, by means of unnecessarily strong language, the fact that Mr. Swinburne prefers *Christabel* and *The Sensitive Plant* to any of the productions of either Wordsworth or Byron.

Contentions of this description, if kept up in the Swinburnian fashion, would prove interminable. An admirer of Byron might say that the finest passages in *Don Juan* could never have been written by either Shelley or Coleridge. A true Wordsworthian might maintain that no other poet of the century could have given us the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. After all, this game of literary shuttlecock is not criticism. We may love the lily as well as the rose, and in like manner we may admire Byron and still appreciate Shelley.

Mr. Swinburne's tendency towards exaggeration is nowhere more emphatically shown than in his *Note on Charlotte Brontë*.¹ It is impossible to ignore the striking originality and power of *Jane Eyre*—a novel which is now justly regarded as an English classic. The same observation applies, with more or less force, to *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë's wonderful book. But these two novels are not faultless, and few persons will assent to the statement that they will be "read with delight and wonder, and re-read with reverence and admiration, when darkness everlasting has long since fallen upon all human memory of the cheap scientific, the vulgar erotic, and the voluminous domestic schools; when even *Daniel Deronda* has gone the way of all waxwork," &c.

There is a pettiness about this attempt to stab George Eliot's fame. In another portion of this work, Mr. Swinburne says :

¹ *A Note on Charlotte Brontë*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London : Chatto & Windus. 1877.

"Having no taste for the dissection of dolis, I shall leave Daniel Deronda in his natural place above the rag-shop door."

Well might the admirers of the great novelist whose works raise her far above the reach of Mr. Swinburne's spleen exclaim: "Is this criticism?" George Eliot herself might very appropriately have borrowed similar passages from Mr. Swinburne's prose writings to show his utter unfitness for the office of a critic. Oracular pronouncements such as the statement that the names of Charlotte and Emily Brontë "make up with [that of] Mrs. Browning, the trinity for England of highest female fame," prove nothing except that their author is carried away by his own enthusiasm, so that he gushes about his literary pets quite as irrationally as an impulsive maiden of sixteen does about the last new novel which has caught her fancy. Mr. Swinburne praises and blames with equal want of discrimination. His eulogies of Landor are so overstrained that they are really calculated to do more harm than good to that poet's memory. When Mr. Swinburne wishes to express his intense dislike of any writer, he indulges in nicknames. He refers to two of the greatest names in the literature of the nineteenth century in this fashion, "the *sycophant* Moore and the *backbiter* Carlyle." (The italics are not Mr. Swinburne's.) In order to place Tennyson on a pedestal, he not only disparages Alfred de Musset as a poet, but vilifies him as a man.

No doubt Mr. Swinburne has read the best portion of modern literature. He is filled with apparently genuine admiration of the less-known Elizabethan dramatists, and he has done service by pointing out some of their praiseworthy characteristics. But even in this work of utility there is an element of false criticism, for some of the weakest plays of Ford and Webster are lauded by him as great and immortal dramas. Mr. Swinburne, when he writes about Victor Hugo, cannot be taken seriously; he is a Hugomaniac, and when he refers to either *L'Homme qui Rit* or *L'Année Terrible* he can only express himself in the superlative degree. Indeed, nearly all that he has written about this rather overrated representative of the French "romanticist" school is little better than hysterical declamation.

True poet though he be, Mr. Swinburne has none of the faculties that are properly termed judicial. In his estimates of the merits and demerits of other men of genius (for undoubtedly he is himself a man of genius) he is too one-sided, too extravagant, too unrestrained. Literature is, perhaps, with him a consuming passion, and for that very reason he may not be able to discuss it with calmness or moderation. The fact, however, remains that his judgments upon books and their authors are the very reverse of impartial, and it is manifest that Nature never intended him for a critic.

MEN AND MARRIAGE.

THE steady and appreciable flow of the tide in the direction of bachelordom amongst the youth of the present day is perceptible enough to cause great concern amongst those having most at heart the future wellbeing of Great Britain. As a consequence many a match-making mamma has had only too great reason to breathe out the spirit of the refrain :

“ Daughters, daughters,
What shall we do with our daughters ?
Why do men tarry ?
Why don't they all marry,
And give the poor darlings a chance ? ”

And the fact is indeed too patent to be dismissed without an effort to discover some of the outstanding reasons for the existence of what, in the eyes of some people, is a sad state of affairs.

Premising that, bachelor though we be, we are quite alive to the value of a good wife, appreciating to the full the heaven which such an one can make of home, and admitting that by nature there is a void in man's heart which can only be adequately filled by the advent of “that mysterious she,” we nevertheless confidently assert that the fair sex of the middle and upper classes are themselves very largely responsible for any present falling off in the worship of Hymen.

The irrevocable step is one not lightly to be taken by those who would deserve matrimonial happiness; and yet how many men and maidens change their condition without any prior inquiry into mutual antecedents—although they would not purchase a blood horse, which they could get off their hands without much trouble, without scrutinising closely the pedigree—with scarcely a thought for the future, only, in too many instances, thenceforth to wander uneasily through labyrinthian mazes in search of heart's-ease and content.

A wife has it in her power to a very large extent to make or mar a man's future, and a bad wife is worse than an encumbrance, proving a very millstone hanging about her husband's neck, obstructing, if not wholly blocking, any substantial progress along life's highway. On the other hand, in the words of wise King Solomon, who, from his unusually extensive experience of womenkind, has surely claims to be recognised as a weighty authority on the subject,

a good wife is a jewel whose value cannot be over-estimated; an assertion which has been amply borne out by the experience of a very large proportion of those who, struggling from low estate, have surmounted difficulties of the first water and have eventually attained to foremost positions in the world of literature, science, mechanics, or art. The ideal wife is a heart-enlivener, an antidote to melancholy. Do her lord's spirits sink at contemplating the apparently impassable nature of the way in prospect? Then, be her fears what they may, the desirable wife puts a cheerful face on the matter. Her sunny smile and hopeful words fan to flame, mayhap, the husband's declining courage and spur him on to renewed effort; in storm, as in sunshine, she retains fast hold of hope, and scatters invigorating beams from the sun of love over the depressing present. No difficulties daunt her; undismayed she rises to the occasion at each successive rebuff, and never ceases her efforts until death or the desired haven has been reached. Such treasures there are—would there were more of them! Now and again we meet with examples, but they are by no means as plentiful as blackberries, nor even so common as they might and ought to be.

There are no doubt many girls in every respect well qualified to become good and desirable life-companions, but a large percentage, either as the outcome of wrongly directed home-training or acquired tastes and habits, are by no means likely to develop into heart-soothers. Mistakes in character-reading are only too easily made, and the possibility of, despite all the fair one's pretensions to good temper and other lovable qualities throughout the billing and cooing period, having, after all, to make the best of a bad bargain, deters many a lonesome "lord of creation" from venturing the plunge matrimonial.

Not a few of the girls of the present day seem to go in merely for education of a superficial, showy, outside-veneer character, calculated to elevate and improve neither the head nor the heart, as if that sort of equipment could possibly stand the test of time and wear. With a strange disregard of all common-sense teachings such young ladies apparently concentrate all efforts on caging an expense-provider, and devote little or no attention to becoming proficient in such everyday matters as would, in almost every instance, tend to make the captive oblivious of the existence of the restraining influences of bounds and limits after he had been allured into the matrimonial aviary, if not even, as ought to be the case, converting married life into an earthly paradise—minus, of course, the little misunderstandings which are bound to crop up at times between the most loving couples, were it only to sweeten the atmosphere, and afford an opportunity of kissing and making it up again. The thorough mastery of the details of household management, absolutely essential to the domestic machinery working in a

harmonious manner, is a matter unthought of in too many instances, and yet that is one of the most important factors towards the possession of a cheerful, happy home. For, no matter how oblivious people may be on such a point before marriage, the fact is that a master-key to a man's heart is frequently to be found in his stomach. Give a man badly cooked, slovenly dished dinners, seasoned with cold looks or "pickled" tongue, and the inevitable result is such growing dissatisfaction that, though his partner in life be fair as Hebe in the eyes of outsiders, she will fail to please him; while no husband at all worthy of the name can avoid looking lovingly on even plain features illumined by good nature, when graced by a smile of welcome and accompanied by well-cooked viands. In the latter type of helpmate there is

"A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind."

It would be unfair, however, to lay all the blame at the door of our maidens, for only too frequently it is the fault of their mothers that girls are so ill-equipped for the battle of life. It is looked upon as quite a natural thing that boys should be fond of athletics and outdoor exercise; why not therefore improve the physique of the mothers of the boys of the next generation? But in place of, as in all fairness they undoubtedly ought to do, encouraging their female olive branches to do their best towards perfecting their living temples by adequate open-air exercise, along with the use, in moderation, of some of the various means of physical education now available, and declining to consider a daughter's education completed until a good grasp of all the ins and outs of household economy, and of the duties incident to her possible future life as a wife and mother, have been gained, many mothers, some from pure carelessness, but more, we believe, from mistaken kindness, do not afford their daughters any adequate opportunity of becoming practically proficient in household duties. In place of imparting such useful information many mothers, sensible enough in many other respects, do their utmost to make them adepts in the showy accomplishments which, although pleasing enough to a man who has dined, by no means console a husband who has had to make the best of an apology for a dinner. A housewife of other days, referring to an example of such ill-trained daughters, says:

"If she'd been a daughter of mine
I'd have taught her to hem and to sew;
But her mother, a charming woman,
Could not think of such trifles, you know."

Add to sewing a knowledge of domestic affairs, a sound mind in a healthy body, a cheerful disposition, a sense of the absolute necessity

of mutual bearing and forbearing, and you have prerequisites for a propitious essay in double harness. If inexperienced in housekeeping, a sovereign will only go about half as far as it might do, and kitchen and parlour will frequently be at loggerheads; without good health the matrimonial outlook is widely removed from fair and settled; like oil on troubled waters, a cheerful disposition permeates the home life, preventing little storms in a teapot from becoming actual quarrels; while mutual forbearance—the soft answer to the touch of temper—is the real panacea for keeping married life a perpetual honeymoon.

That it is not good for man to be alone is undeniable, and the man who does not feel all the better of being in the company of a good, companionable woman, or whose heart gives not the slightest pleasurable flutter at the sight of a pretty, loveable girl of his acquaintance, must be built after a very strange fashion indeed. But the way to win a husband of worth is not for girls to “throw themselves at his head,” to try to vie with the peacock in the gaudiness and multiplicity of their costumes, to follow every fad of fashion—be it health-tending or the reverse—no matter how grotesque and unsuited to their individual shape and features it may be, or to give public demonstration of weak mental capacity by apparently endeavouring to convert their bodies into animated hour-glasses. The representatives of that type of womanhood must have some object in view in forcing a number five foot into a number three shoe (which, if she only knew it, makes her a spectacle to gods and men as she picks her uncertain steps along the street), and in compressing what ought to be a handsome and neat natural waist, such as an arm could encircle with comfort and pleasure, into a distorted 20-inch apology for that part of the human form divine; but what that object is is indeed difficult to conceive. No man with any character for discrimination to sustain, or any regard for future happiness, can possibly intermarry with such from pure motives; for, even if happily her trammels do not develop peevishness, the unforeseeing husband never knows when, through the folly of his fair and his own want of astuteness, he may be saddled for the remainder of his life with a more or less confirmed invalid.

The milky-complexioned “beauty” is well enough as a partner in the dance, or to occupy the passing hour; but if man wants but little here below, he wants that little good, and the healthy, well-developed, rosy-cheeked lassie who has sufficient stock of common sense to refrain from laying the foundation of the ruin of her digestive organs in the endeavour to emulate her flighty sisters in their health-destroying efforts to obtain wasp-waists, white hands, and sickly complexions, will prove an incomparably better wife and mother. Her sisters may dub her a tom-boy, and deprecate her singing and romping about the house, but the other sex (no

reference, be it noted, is here made to tailor-made "men") will love her all the more for her natural coltishness, evidencing, as it does, that her heart is in the right place, and that she is something more than a captive at the chariot wheels of millinerdom.

In the sick-room the robust, natural girl becomes the light-footed, attentive nurse; and in cases of emergency the real merits of the respective examples of girlhood come out, if possible, even more plainly. Far better provided—a thousand times!—not only with good blood and the many valuable adjuncts which go to make up the promise of a healthy, useful life, but also with brain power, is the girl who thoroughly enjoys a game of cricket or a ten-mile walk, who does not think it beneath her dignity to race with her young brothers, or go rabbiting with them, and who is as much at home piloting a horse or a tricycle, jumping a dyke, climbing a stiff hill, crossing a fence, or darning socks, as in turning out triumphs of cookery or extracting sweet melody from some musical instrument, than the tight-laced, artificial demoiselle who shrieks at the sight of a mouse, retreats to bed on the approach of a thunderstorm, and lives all for self and society, considering it quite *infra dig.* to transgress in the slightest degree any of the hundred-and-ono commandments of Mrs. Grundy.

The advice of old Nokomis to Hiawatha:

"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling:
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"—

containing, as it does, essential elements of home happiness, ought to be well thought upon by all men contemplating entrance into the marriage state. For in married life the foregoing, united to thrift and a sense of the fitness of things, have an almost marvellous effect in adding to the comfort of a household; indeed, it may with truth be said that these valuable qualities as good as double the income of a man blessed with such a treasure.

Sensible, well brought-up girls, domesticated, of good physique, and in every way calculated to become true helpmates, though unfortunately in a decided minority in the girl-world of to-day, are by no means altogether unknown, and careful, intelligent research will discover quite a sufficient choice for would-be Benedicts. But such jewels, although they might be appreciated to a certain extent by most, are too good for the average run of men, and if the seeker after a wife be not a Bayard in miniature he had better avoid the probability of a refusal and seek his divinity among those who will not decline to accept him with all his not too scrupulously manly habits.

Though married life is not without its cares, the case of the average bachelor is of too pitiful and lonely a character for him not to be very willing to escape from it by entering the matrimonial noose, could he only depend on some maiden to whom his heart flies out proving a real helpmate. But, unfortunately, he has no guarantee that such will be the case. The playfulness which charmed before marriage sometimes develops into temper after the knot, which no efforts of the teeth can unloose, has been tied fast by the tongue—having merely been assumed for the moment as part and parcel of the equipment requisite for the capture of the fish matrimonial—while in other cases post-nuptial experience demonstrates that frugality and the proper rule of a household are absent virtues. Thus the presence of many showy imitations of the genuine article renders the task of the searcher after a true helpmeet no light one; but perseverance will usually meet with its due reward. To deserve a wife of worth, however, the would-be Benedict must choose his divinity for what she is, not for what she appears to be.

There would be some prospect of an improvement in succeeding generations, physically, mentally, and morally, if the majority of right-thinking men (and women, for that part, too) contemplating marriage avoided as a pestilence the multifarious crew of fast, brazen-faced representatives of the opposite sex who, if appearances go for anything, have lost all power to appreciate wholesome home life. Their talk is of the sewage of life, and among them even women, who ought to be examples of better things, listen without a blush to *double entendres*, and seem to take a positive pleasure in the discussion of subjects of more than doubtful character. Outwardly not a few of these women may be fair to look upon though, all too frequently, close investigation goes to prove that all is simply another version of the old tale regarding the whited outside of the charnel house. But another, and a vastly different, type of womanhood calls forth the praises even of the cynic. Regard with feelings akin to those with which you welcome the coming of spring in the sight of the first snowdrop (in which pleasure and admiration blend into something near akin to veneration) any girl in whom maidenly modesty and unsullied purity are fitly framed in good physique, and a fair modicum of that self-sacrificing disposition which has the effect of causing her to think twice before speaking once, lest in so doing something might unwittingly be said that would hurt the feelings of some other person.

The first need of the nation is good mothers; for if the matrons, as a whole, for one generation only would do their part by precept and example, as happening examples do here and now, to elevate and improve the national life, Britain would improve almost beyond knowledge, more especially as regards the moral and drinking habits of the people; and what so likely to blossom into such as good,

pure-minded, healthy daughters? Hence, in contemplating marriage, it is but the act of a prudent man to look well to the manner in which a girl behaves towards her parents and relations when she believes no outsider is nigh; and scarcely less necessary is it to pay equal regard to her disposition towards the animal world. For in the latter lies as good a test as any of the genuineness of an apparently good and amiable disposition. It has been said (and we accept the saying in its integrity) that "they're not good people that dogs and young children dislike." We may, and all too frequently do, speak of the four-footed creation as the lower animals, but, whether they are so or not, their instincts rarely err: view, therefore, any pronounced dislike on their part as a danger signal not to be lightly disregarded. If the warning be ignored, the heedless one who intermarries with any girl whom dogs and children do not take kindly to has only himself to blame for subsequent disillusion.

After all is said, good health and good temper in reality supply the predominating notes in domestic and matrimonial harmony. And these twain are bound up in each other. Good temper and cheerfulness are natural concomitants of good health and strong physique, and the well-built, healthy girl may almost invariably be depended upon to prove the best of sustained good company throughout life's drive in double harness.

W. J. K.

HOW INSANITY IS PROPAGATED.

IN his preface to the translation of a remarkable work recently published the translator says: "In the course of his book the illustrious novelist, as is his wont, touches upon many philosophical and social subjects. He considers—and, for my own part, I believe rightly—that much of the present-day vice and degradation of the human species is due to hereditary influence."¹ Specialists, to whose opinions I will presently refer, have also been expatiating on the same subject.

Like *Uncle Tom's Cabin* prior to the American Civil War, which led to manumission, *Dr. Pascal* shadows forth the feverish intensity of public sentiment on a topic fraught with still more important issues to mankind than the abolition of slavery.

The scientist who acquires knowledge by the use of the knife in vivisectioning horses, dogs, and other animals, regardless of their sufferings and unmoved by their cries of agony, that experience so obtained may be applied for the benefit of mankind, and the surgeon who amputates a gangrened limb, or extirpates a loathsome tumour, instead of leaving them alone until mortification eats its way into the living tissues, are regarded as public benefactors. Not so, always, the advocates of social reforms. They may expose existing evils, physical and moral, and press them upon the attention of those who are in a position and whose duty it is to seek out and apply the proper remedies; and what is the result? They are often accounted dreamers and faddists; their representations regarded as theories of enthusiasts—their facts doubted—their figures ignored. They are met by the sneer of the sceptic, the resistance of the obstructionist, who has an axe of his own to grind, and, worst of all, by the dogged immobility of unprogressives, who shut their eyes to realities and decline to be enlightened. Still strong in the truth of their convictions and the purity of their motives, the true advocates of reform are neither disheartened nor dismayed. If they fail in their first endeavours, they try again and again, and go on trying. They know that by hammering away vigorously the most obstinate nail is eventually driven home.

"The finest army in the world is powerless in the forest and the jungle until its axed pioneers have cleared the way for its efficient

¹ *Dr. Pascal; or, Life and Heredity.* By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

action." These words are from an article, unsigned, entitled "Genesis,"¹ by one evidently well qualified to write upon such a subject. The writer dealt forcibly with the law of heredity, or the transmission of mental and corporeal characteristics and tendencies from parents to their offspring, and urged, what must be admitted by all thinkers who concern themselves about the wellbeing of their fellow-creatures, that "the material improvement of the race is essential to its successful cultivation of the higher graces and attributes of the soul." But has it improved? Is it improving? The century is rapidly drawing towards its close, and what manifestations are there of the improvement of the race either psychologically or somatically?

True, the century has produced many great men whose new discoveries and inventions, or whose application of old ones, are the marvels of the age. It was only, however, by slow degrees their value was found out; and when found out, what obstructions, prejudices, financial difficulties, and wearying delays had to be encountered, wrestled with, and overcome before the hour of triumph arrived. Steam and electricity have revolutionised all things, yet how long it took to get those wonderful natural forces under control and bring them up to their present and, as regards electricity, still far from complete state of development!

The accomplishment of instant communication with all parts of the world has come to us like a revelation from heaven. The possibilities of the coming evolution, certain to be wrought in the immediate future by the use of electricity, cannot be calculated or imagined. To take an illustration of another kind. The discoveries of Koch, Tyndall, Pasteur, and others, were at first received by medical scientists with doubt, not unfrequently with derision. They did not know the cause of disease until the great biological principle which underlies it was brought to light by Dr. Koch's discoveries and demonstrations. Bastian's theory, that putrefaction produces living organisms, was extensively believed until Tyndall proved the opposite, and established the fact that bacteria cause putrefaction, not putrefaction the bacteria.

Optimists put forward such examples as proofs positive of human progression. They adduce the splendid intellectuality of our public men in science, literature, art, in the senate, the pulpit, at the bar, and point to the magnificent muscularity of our athletes as settling the question to their entire satisfaction. But the fact that there are many men of great intellectual endowments, or of exceptionally fine physique, who, given suitable opportunities, accomplish great things, and become pre-eminent in various ways, has nothing at all to do with it. The question must be decided by a very different test. The psychological and somatic conditions of mankind must be sampled from the bulk, not from specially selected parcels. Looked

¹ *Temple Bar*, May 1874.

at in this way, the inevitable conclusion is forced upon us that not only has there been no melioration of the human species in the nineteenth century, but that we are in a state of actual retrocession. The admission is a distressing one to have to make; still, truth requires it to be made. It will give acute pain in many quarters, but the infliction of mental as well as of bodily pain is often necessary in the interests of humanity. The progressive increase in the numbers of the mentally unsound which will be demonstrated, not for the first time, in the course of this article, tells its own sorrowful tale of deteriorating brain-power amongst the masses, particularly amongst the poor, from whom most of the inmates of public lunatic asylums are derived. On the other hand, the wretched physique and stunted and misshapen forms of the countless workers and wage-earners in our overcrowded city and town populations, coupled with the reduction of the standard height for army recruits, carry conviction as to the physical degeneration of the people.

Most of the leading magazines have from time to time, during the last twenty years, opened their pages and printed papers, by various qualified writers, upon the subject. The axed pioneers have been hacking away all the time, endeavouring to clear the ground and to let the light of print shine upon the dark places. How is it, then, that as yet no progress has been made in the direction of practical reform? Just this, that prejudice, ignorance, indifference, self-interest, and, not unfrequently, unprogressive officialism, block the way. The endeavour to attract the attention of the proper authorities to the discussion, or to impress them with its importance, seems hopeless.

Specialists, past and present, are all agreed that the virus of insanity once established in the system becomes hereditary. Broadly speaking, "like begets like" throughout nature, animate and inanimate, sound or unsound, all the world over. Casuists may try to prove that this is not so, but the facts are against them. The authority of the most eminent scientists is against them. The evidence of our senses, what we see going on daily around us, is against them. Darwin (*Descent of Man*, vol. i., pp. 110, 111) says: "I have elsewhere so fully discussed the subject of inheritance that I need here hardly add anything. A greater number of facts have been collected with respect to transmission of the most trifling as well as of the most important characters in man than in any of the lower animals, though the facts are copious enough with respect to the latter. So in regard to mental qualities, their transmission is manifest in our dogs, horses, and other domestic animals. Besides special tastes and habits, general intelligence, courage, bad and good temper, &c., are certainly transmitted. With man we see similar facts in almost every family, and we now know, through the admirable labours of Mr. Galton, that genius, which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties, tends to be inherited; and, on the other hand, *it is too certain that insanity and*

deteriorated mental powers likewise run in the same families." Everybody knows it. Everybody knows what efforts are made to keep secret the existence of madness in a family, to hide the skeleton in the cupboard from all eyes, but few are aware of the extent to which certain families are literally "saturated with insanity." I have known of many such instances, amongst them one in which ten children of an insane parent inherited the malady and had to be placed under restraint.

It is a melancholy fact, recorded in the registers, that many generations of the insane of the same blood and kindred have furnished inmates of the various lunatic asylums, and continue to do so:

"Quia multa modis primordia multis
Mista sua celant in corpore sæpe parentes
Quæ patribus, patres tradunt a stirpe profecta."

In a recent article in the *British Medical Journal* by Dr. Henry Raynor, Lecturer on Mental Diseases at St. Thomas's Hospital, an attempt is made to make light of the increase by attributing it to "larger survivorship from the doubled numbers in institutions," and also to "the lessening of hereditary influences by the restraint in asylums of so much larger a proportion of the insane population." He adds: "Hereditary causes in the Tables of the Commissioners of Lunacy do not, however, bear evidence of any diminution." This is a mistake: the Commissioners have withheld this information for a number of years. (See Forty-seventh Report, p. 3.) The fact is, apparently, overlooked that for a long term of years an average of 13,000 persons have been annually discharged from asylums in the United Kingdom. The possibilities of hereditary transmission from this cause need not be dwelt upon.

Revelations of a startling character have been made from time to time before Parliamentary Committees in relation to the insane; notably those of the years 1816, 1859, and 1877; but it is all no use—the lumbering old official machine still continues on in the old jog trot and in the old groove: the parrot cry of "apparent increase" still made to do duty.

Thirty-five years ago the Select Committee of 1859 reported upon the evidence submitted to them as follows: "The number of lunatics, using the word in its statutory sense, is very large, and it is to be feared that this number is still on the increase."

How completely their apprehensions were justified may be gathered from the fact that the numbers have far more than doubled since that time, having increased by annual average increments of 1600 until they have reached the enormous aggregate of 89,822 at which they now stand. Or, to put it in another way, since the Committee of 1859 reported as above, when the registered insane in England, all told, only amounted to 35,982, an increase of 53,840 has been added; with proportionate increases in Ireland and

Scotland, which make up the gross number for the United Kingdom to the vast total of 120,000. The Lunacy Board in their Blue-books, presented annually to Parliament, with what some people may consider a praiseworthy desire to put the best face on the matter, describe the continually increasing numbers as "an apparent increase."

In their Fifteenth Report (pp. 77-84), as if to refute the statements made by the Select Committee of 1859, having first endeavoured in various ways to account for the admitted increase of numbers, they make the following declaration of their views: "It would appear, then, upon a review of the whole subject, that, while, in the ten years ending January 1859, the number of private patients in the houses placed under our supervision has diminished, the number of pauper and State patients *has increased in a remarkable degree*; that this increase is attributable to a better system of bringing such cases under notice and care; and that we have not found any reasons supporting the opinion generally entertained that the community are more subject than formerly to attacks of insanity." Again, twenty-two years later, the numbers having gone up to over 75,000, or double the figures of 1859, they account for the increase practically in the same terms. They say (Thirty-seventh Report, pp. 3, 4): "The increase in the annual occurrence of fresh cases of insanity, pauper and private, as indicated by the yearly admissions of new cases (transfers being excluded) into establishments for the special care and treatment of the insane, has not been in excess of the annual increase of the general population. It would thus appear that, if we take the total population, the proportion of persons attacked by insanity is not at present on the increase, and that the additions made annually to the total number of certificated insane persons maintained under care and control is due almost entirely to accumulation of chronic cases." But all is not yet said; another 15,000 insane have since been added to the roll, making the total in England, on January 1, 1893, in round numbers, 90,000; and here is what the Commissioners have to say upon the subject (Forty-seventh Report, pp. 2, 3): "The net increase of the year of 1894 patients represents an increment of 2.25 per cent. upon the figures of January 1, 1892, which is a higher ratio of increase than has been usual of late years, though it has been exceeded upon several previous occasions. . . . It is important to state that those annual increases, which have been subject to considerable fluctuations, take place almost entirely among *pauper patients living in asylums*, and there can be no doubt that, apart from and beyond the additional new cases brought every year under official cognisance, there are constant influences conducing to the annual increase in the number of insane shown in our tables." After indicating, somewhat vaguely, what they consider the most potent of those influences, they observe that, "owing to these causes and circumstances, the number of recoveries, discharges, and deaths

falls short of the annual admissions, with the result of a yearly accumulation of chronic cases in the wards of county and borough asylums."

It is the old and oft-repeated story, grown grey in the service, worn threadbare by constant use. Every decennial period from 1852 to 1892 has added over 21,000 insane to the previously existing numbers, and yet, with strange persistency, the ancient theory of "apparent increase" is trotted out.

My contention, urged in public at various times for the past quarter of a century, supported by official facts and figures, is that insanity has been increasing, is increasing, and, under existing conditions, must necessarily continue to increase. It is no answer at all to say: "Oh, the increase of numbers, which is admittedly large, consists almost exclusively of chronic cases of the pauper class, the accumulation of a long series of years." This is only dust throwing. All lunatics, whether peers or paupers, chronic or not, make the increment, and must be counted in the increase.

Insanity is not a charter to longevity. The insane die like ordinary mortals. If, therefore, propagation by hereditary transmission is not going on, a maximum would long since have been reached; the beneficial effects of the great curative hospitals for the insane, erected at extravagant cost, and maintained by such lavish expenditure, would come into operation, and, instead of every decade adding its tens of thousands to the numbers of the mentally unsound, we should see them gradually and surely diminishing.

The following Table shows the actual movement of the population in mental unsoundness in decades for the last thirty years:

Date.	Country.	Number of Insane under official cognisance.	Population at large.	Ratio of Insane per 1000.	Actual increase of numbers in each decade.
1862	England .	41,129	20,336,476	2.02	
	Ireland .	8,055	5,798,967	1.36	
	Scotland .	6,341	3,662,294	2.01	
	Total .	55,525	29,197,737	1.81	
1872	England .	58,640	23,074,600	2.54	17,511
	Ireland .	10,767	5,368,696	2.04	2,712
	Scotland .	7,606	3,399,226	2.27	1,265
	Total .	77,013	31,842,522	2.41	21,488
1882	England .	75,072	25,798,922	2.90	16,432
	Ireland .	13,444	5,294,436	2.54	2,677
	Scotland .	10,355	3,695,456	2.80	2,749
	Total .	98,871	34,788,814	2.84	21,858
1892	England .	89,822	29,002,525	3.09	14,750
	Ireland .	17,124	4,704,750	3.64	3,680
	Scotland .	13,052	4,025,647	3.24	2,703
	Total .	120,004	37,732,922	3.18	21,233

With regard to the "stock-still" stand taken by some theorists, who express optimistic opinions unsupported by facts, it must be noted that the increase is an all-round one: admissions, discharges, deaths, numbers remaining in residence, and ratio of insane to sane population. In order to appreciate the full significance of this tabular statement, it should be considered in the light of the Report, already mentioned, made by the Select Committee of 1859.

It is ridiculous, in the face of such facts as these, for anybody to cling to the preposterous theory of "apparent increase." The reliance placed on departmental Reports is well known. It is looked upon as downright heresy to dispute or question anything "Commissioners" are pleased to advance; but what is to be said when an examination of their own figures and their own declarations upsets their theories and proves the baselessness of their deductions? Their Tables establish clearly enough a large and persistent annual increase extending over a long period of time. Their reiterated representations of the insufficient accommodation to meet claims for admission of a most urgent nature, show how, like a swollen river that has burst its banks, the flood is spreading out continually; yet we are invited to disbelieve the evidence of their figures and of our own senses, and to accept whatever gloss they choose to give us.

In a former article I showed, quoting from their Forty-sixth Report, how acutely the Commissioners felt "the difficulty of finding accommodation anywhere for London patients," which they emphasised by adding: "*There can be little hope of any diminution of the annual increment of insane paupers for whom provision must be made.*"¹

This is a gloomy outlook. There is something, however, still more depressing in the last Blue-book issued. The Commissioners say in their Forty-seventh Report (pp. 42, 43), under the head of additions, alterations, and improvements: "We have to report, in the first place, that in the past year plans for two new asylums were passed by us after examination, and approved by the Secretary of State—viz., a second joint asylum for Somerset and Bath, and an asylum for the county and borough of Sunderland. Plans for an asylum for the county borough of Blackburn were submitted, but have not been finally settled. A site for a third asylum for the county of Stafford was purchased, and plans are, we understand, being obtained. The Isle of Wight, the administrative county of West Sussex, and the county borough of Middleborough, were engaged in looking for sites, since secured, on which to erect asylums. So that, including the new asylum at Claybury for the county of London, preparations were being made during the year for the addition of eight new asylums to the existing number of sixty-seven." Are statements such as these indicative of an increased tendency to insanity or not?

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, January 1893.

I have before shown the great expenditure consequent on the present lunatic asylum system. From returns furnished to Parliament in 1878 and 1888, there being none later than the latter date, it appears that the cost of land and buildings in the United Kingdom up to 1878 was £9,603,231, and up to 1888, £15,250,435, an increase in ten years of £5,647,204.

It is very difficult, from the imperfect methods in which information on the subject is given in the Blue-books, to make out what the annual expenditure for maintenance of lunatics in public institutions may be. Striking an average on the best information obtainable, I estimate it at £3,365,000 per annum. This enormous expenditure has grown to its present proportions from a comparatively modest sum: it is still increasing at the rate of about £55,000 every year. The increase of lunatics in the United Kingdom, Ireland and Scotland included, was 2670 last year, the largest yet reported.

There is an official misstatement to be noticed before parting from this branch of the subject—viz., that “the increase annually recorded is not out of proportion with the increase of the general population”; this is quite a mistake. In 1862 the ratio was 1·81; in 1872, 2·41; in 1882, 2·84; in 1892, 3·18 per 1000 of the population, as shown in the foregoing Table.

On the point of “heredity” it is instructive to observe how coyly some modern writers approach the subject; how they fence with it, how they avoid coming to close quarters, or grappling with the ye or nay of it, I have already mentioned in an article in the *British Medical Journal* in this connection. Dr. H. S. Williams, medical superintendent of the Randalls Island Hospitals, writing in the *North American Review* of September, aims apparently to establish that the qualities and characteristics of our ancestors “are not to be set down to the credit of heredity, but to that of environment.”

Then follows a proposition of a somewhat involved character. Dr. Williams thinks “heredity implies, not so much the transmission of conditions as of tendencies. Speaking loosely,” he says, “we often say that consumption, *insanity*, and heart disease are hereditary. Strictly speaking, the statement is never true.” Further on we read: “The most that can be said for heredity is that it has held a kind of receptacle into which tendencies as they were developed were thrown for safe keeping. It has developed nothing, originated nothing; but it has been a most faithful lord high keeper of the treasury, for it has let no single precious tendency escape when once it had been acquired. The function of heredity, then, is the retention and transmission of tendencies.” I accept this definition unreservedly, on the understanding that it applies equally to tendencies the reverse of “precious,” as, for instance, insanity and criminal proclivities.

The concluding sentence of this interesting paper, so true and so relevant to my theme, is as follows: “Hence the fundamental mis-

sion of all social reforms that go to the heart of things must be to so mould the average environment of civilisation that in a larger and yet larger percentage of cases the good blood rather than the bad in each newest generation shall be *made to tell*." This is the very principle advocated in *Temple Bar* twenty years ago, when the insane were just 77,000. Well, blood has told with a vengeance, but it is the bad blood, not the good—the insane blood, not the sane. Since that time 240,000 persons have passed in and out of lunatic asylums in the United Kingdom, while the fixed stock of inmates has increased by 43,000. Where has the increase come from? Heredity. "It is the blood that tells." No other result could possibly take place.

In the early years of the present century an attack of the malady meant, in very many cases, permanent confinement or death. Not many recovered or were restored to society. The asylums were few in number, and the treatment of the inmates was anything but conducive to their recovery or restoration to liberty; thus reproduction was reduced to a minimum. Now everything is changed; all are comfortably, in many cases luxuriously, housed, fed, and tended with skill and kindness. The residents, as above stated, number 120,000, at an estimated annual expenditure of £3,365,000. The number annually discharged in the whole kingdom is, on the average of ten years, 13,000; last year the number reached 15,000. The cost need not be objected to if the public get value for their money. But do they? Are these great charitable institutions tending to check the disease, or are they instrumental in spreading it? I see no reason to change the opinions put before the public, through the "Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland," in 1874. On the contrary, everything that has since taken place confirms my convictions.

In an American magazine—the *Forum*—of September last, the secretary of the National Prison Association discourses on "heredity" much in the same spirit as Dr. Williams in the *North American Review*. There is evidently an uneasy feeling abroad about it, but some theorists seem afraid to speak decisively. Mr. Round thinks "it is environment and training, not heredity, that give the most favourable condition for the development of the criminal impulse." This does not square with the teaching of other eminent psychologists; no casuistry can take the pith out of the parable of the good tree and the evil tree.

Two other American authorities, whose experiences are not in accord with the "apparent increase" and anti-hereditary theories, should be noticed. One writes: "The successive Reports, upon whatever source or means of information procured, all tend to show an increasing number of the insane."¹ Another says: "Among the predisposing causes, heredity includes nearly or quite 75 per cent.

¹ Dr. Edward Jarvis in *Report of United States Commission of Education*, 1871.

of all cases, and is easily first; in considering which, not only the immediate parents are to be taken into account, but also the collateral branches—grandparents, uncles, aunts, sisters, brothers, and cousins—for hereditary insanity often skips one generation, and even appears sometimes first in the child and then later in the parent.”¹

If we admit, as we are compelled by the hard logic of facts to do, that insanity is hereditary, it follows as a corollary that the taint is being disseminated far and wide by the very means provided by a benevolent public to “cure” or cope with it.

Mr. Round says of the criminal: “It is not practicable to kill him, though, from a purely economic standpoint, eliminating all Christian feeling and the duty of philanthropic effort for his reclamation, the very best thing that could be done for society would be to kill, every ten years, all who had placed themselves distinctly in the criminal class.” This would be rather rough on the criminal, but of course it is meant only by way of illustration. Such a drastic remedy might apply with greater reason to certain classes of lunatics, and would confer far more important benefits on society and posterity than a decennial holocaust of criminals.

So intimately associated as to be almost identified with heredity are consanguineous marriages. The woes they bring in their train are so manifold, the wonder is that anybody can be found so foolish or so reckless as to intermarry with their own kith and kin. One of the worst consequences is, that even in cases where there was no previous taint of insanity on either side, a lesion is frequently originated. If actual lunacy does not develop, the children of such unions are not usually of vigorous minds, or they are affected with bodily infirmities—deformities, scrofula, and so forth. A writer already referred to has some interesting remarks upon the subject, from which the following are taken: “The best illustration is afforded by the uniform history of royal dynasties. Founded usually by some person who combined rare and desirable hereditary tendencies, they are perpetuated by tradition, under an enervating environment, to whose undermining influences are added the like influences of marriages of expediency, and often consanguinity, until in a few generations the inevitable result is reached of ill-balanced offspring, often brilliant in certain directions, *as often insane*.”²

This is all very sad; but the saddest feature is the difficulty of awakening sufficient interest to lead to any practical solution of a problem beset with so many perplexities. We have got the insane to care for, and it is meet that it should be well and properly done, while every possible precaution should be taken to prevent the transmission of the insane virus to succeeding generations. It does

¹ Dr. Chas. F. Folson, article on Mental Diseases printed in *A System of Practical Medicine by American Authors*, vol. v. p. 113.

² Dr. H. S. Williams, “Lesson of Heredity,” *North American Review*, September 1893:

seem hard, however, on the countless multitudes of sane and deserving poor, who live in wretchedness and misery on the border line of destitution, that millions are annually expended in surrounding with comfort and luxury demented creatures so far removed, in many cases, even from the intelligence of the lower animals as to be incapable of understanding or appreciating what is done for them. I do not wish to bind the angel wings of charity, but, apart altogether from Christian and charitable motives, the methods of dealing with the insane, and the results attained, as here indicated, claim the gravest consideration from statesman and philanthropist.

Attention has repeatedly been drawn to the fact that, on various pretences, the causes of insanity are omitted from the Reports to Parliament. In consequence of a direction from the Home Secretary to report earlier in the year the Commissioners say (Fortieth Report): "It has been found necessary to postpone a certain amount of statistical information, more especially as to the causes of insanity." From that time (1885) to this the information has been withheld, and in the last issue we read: "Owing to the fact that the details of the census of 1891 are not yet available, we have decided to defer for another year the publication of the summaries of Tables which are being prepared, showing, as regards the admissions, the causes of insanity" (Forty-seventh Report, p. 3). This break in continuity is, from the statistician's standpoint, very regrettable. We know that besides "heredity"—the most potent of all factors—there are numerous other causes, some of them closely allied with it, that help materially to swell the multitude of insane. Foremost among these is intemperance, and other degrading vices affiliated with it, ending ultimately in either alcoholic or moral brain-poisoning.

Moreau says: "I receive patients daily at the Bicêtre in whom I can trace the origin of their malady to nothing else but the habitual intoxication of their parents." Morel also tells us: "Idiotcy, which is hereditarily leagued with alcoholic tendencies of parents, presents a vast and complex field of study. My researches bearing upon this point coincide with those of authors who have remarked that degeneration of the species is more frequent in countries where fathers and mothers are addicted to habitual sottishness."

In the absence of recent official information on the causes of insanity no one can tell the extent to which alcoholism has contributed its quota to the 120,000 insane registered on 1st January 1893, but it is satisfactory to know that the next Report will supply the deficiency.

W. J. CORBET.

CARLYLE AND THE "BLUMINE" OF "SARTOR RESARTUS."

WHAT BLUMINE HERSELF SAID ON THE SUBJECT.

SINCE the year 1890, when the ever-fascinating heroine of Carlyle's "Romance" in *Sartor Resartus* died, I have felt that I had no right to withhold Blumine's own statement to me with reference to her acquaintance with Carlyle. To condense as much as possible the little I have to communicate, I may observe that I was connected with Mrs. Phillipps (Blumine), my first cousin having married her niece, Christine Kirkpatrick, one of the three daughters of her only brother, Colonel William Kirkpatrick. This led to our first acquaintance, when circumstances took me as a girl to Torquay in the year 1847. Captain and Mrs. Phillipps were then residing at a charming place called the "Warberry." The events connected with her acquaintance with Carlyle had taken place quite twenty years before this time; but despite our disparity in age, we were soon on the most intimate and affectionate footing, and I can confidently say that to no other person did she ever make any distinct reference to her feelings as regarded Carlyle, and only once to me: this is what might be expected from a faultless wife and devoted mother, as she was. She was arranging books in the library one morning, when she turned to me and said:

"Lizzie, have you ever read *Sartor Resartus* by Carlyle?"

"No, I had not."

"Well, get it, and read the 'Romance.' I am the heroine, and every word of it is true. He was then tutor to my cousin, Charles Buller, and had made no name for himself; so of course I was told that any such an idea could not be thought of for a moment. What could I do, with every one against it? Now any one might be proud to be his wife, and he has married a woman quite beneath him."

This was all she *said*, and the subject was never alluded to again; but often since I have felt certain she had an object in this pointed reference to the past. She knew I loved her, and felt I was to be trusted. Carlyle had made her immortal at this time by the "Romance" and its succeeding chapters, the "Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh" and the "Everlasting No"; and she felt that some future day what had passed between us might return to my mind, and with it the desire to do her justice. How Mr. Froude and other

writers could ever have imagined that "Blumine" represented any woman but herself puzzles me. Froude says it referred to Margaret Gordon, and Leach to Carlyle's own wife; but the description in the "Romance" was so strictly true that by no possibility could it apply to any one else. "*Peculiar* amongst all other dames and damsels glanced 'Blumine'; far and wide was the fair one heard of for her gifts, her graces, her caprices. A blooming warm earth angel, much more enchanting than your mere white angels of women," &c.

She often referred to her parentage. The daughter of a Begum at Hyderabad, a Persian princess by descent, who married Col. Kirkpatrick, an English officer, holding a high post at the Court there. Her hair, which Carlyle describes as "bronze-red," was, she said, peculiar to the Persian royal family. In person she was far more foreign than English, and it was this rare combination of Eastern grace and beauty with the highest English culture which made her so very charming. She had a keen sense of humour and the kindest heart, and could not bear to give another pain. Had firmness of character been stronger in her, the whole tenour of her life might have been different; but gathering from the few references to her youth she made to me, it seemed that she too easily yielded to the wishes of the different relatives with whom she had lived, and doubtless her large fortune and great attractions made them imagine no one was good enough for her. She always referred to Mrs. Strachey with great affection, but from the manner in which she did so, I thought at that time she was her aunt. Since the two articles have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and in *Blackwood* on the subject, by her cousins, Sir George Strachey and Edward Strachey, I see that Mrs. Strachey was the "duenna cousin" mentioned in the "Romance."

From the time I married, my meetings with this dear friend were few and far between. I could not often return to Torquay, and the last time I saw her was in the year 1860. Captain Phillipp's had died a short time before, and her children were then grown up; but I heard of her constantly, even up to the year 1888, from friends who had seen her, or from others to whom I had given letters of introduction to her. One and all were fascinated with her. One officer wrote: "I shall never forget Mrs. Phillipp's. I don't think I ever met a more kind-hearted, charming woman." The visit she paid Carlyle in 1868 was consistent with her sweet nature. It was a sort of graceful *amende* for the suffering she had caused him. Those who are interested in all that relates to Carlyle may perhaps welcome these few facts from one who was intimate with his "Blumine." For myself, from the day she referred to their acquaintance, and ratified the truth of the "Romance" in *Sartor Resartus*, I felt infinite pity for that strange, melancholy man, whose whole life had been wrecked by loving once, not wisely, but too well.

ELIZABETH MERCER.

BICYCLE TOURS—AND A MORAL.

I CONFESS personally that I am no friend to walking as an amusement of itself. In fine weather a stroll among the fields may not be amiss, taken slowly, or in sharp frost a brisk swing along the hard roads. With some object in view to divert the mind, and prevent it dwelling upon the painful monotony of the exercise, it is possible indeed to walk with a certain kind of reflected pleasure. With a gun or a golf-club in hand one can step a dozen miles or so and feel it no great weariness. But a walking tour I consider a snare and a delusion. That it may have some specious appearance of freedom and open-air enjoyment to such as live their lives cooped up in smoky towns I can readily concede ; but I am at a loss to imagine how any man who has once made trial of the road in sober earnest can sit down in cold blood to hymn its praises. A tour on foot under certain most improbable conjunctions of circumstance might be reckoned endurable, it is true. With perfect weather, scenery of the best, easy boots, a well-fitting and not too heavy knapsack, and a companion who is precisely of your own mind with regard to pace and distance, it is just conceivable that your wayfarer might pass a tolerable week or so. But how many of these indispensable conditions is he likely to secure ? Is it not only too probable that in this British climate of ours he will be drenched in rain-storms, knapsack and all ; that his boots will find out a weak point in him ere the third day ; and that his friend will develop an inclination to walk five yards in advance, or to lag persistently in the rear ? By the fourth day his expedition will seem to him to have extended over a full month. His boots and his bag will have become objects to him of the bitterest hatred. It is fortunate if his companion be not included in the same category. The wanderer begins to long for rest and peace ; he sighs that he might cast off everything for a time—boots, knapsack, and friend—and lie down for a day beneath some wayside tree. The dusty highway has grown hateful in his eyes. A miserable sense of shame, for the most part, is all the reason that he still plods along. The straps irk his shoulders, his back is heated by the thick burden, his feet are growing sore ; but this intolerable companion of his still walks by his side with an assumed gaiety, and the sight spurs him on to renewed activity. This may be good exercise, but it does not appeal to me as a pleasant form of amusement.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has given us a delightful picture of the joys of a walking tour, and it is not unlikely that his description of these imaginary pleasures may lead many unthinking youths to a sorry week or so of laborious travel. It were well indeed could we hope to get but one half the pleasure from the real thing that we find in his essay upon it. Like a skilful painter he has presented us with an ideal landscape from which all factory chimneys and ugly masonry have been spirited away; or with a touch of his master-hand he has converted them into things of beauty. Yet even he, I notice, lays more stress upon the periods of rest than those of actual business. He is great in his eulogy of the evening meal and the succeeding pipe. This is sincere enough—he speaks from the heart here—but I cannot help fancying a note of artificiality is to be detected in certain of his other passages. Is it not a confession of weakness that he should call Hazlitt to his assistance? The enthusiasm is surely sometimes a little forced. He prefers, and wisely as I think, to go without companions, for the 'sake of freedom. Indeed, it would seem the hardest matter possible to hit upon a really suitable comrade for this sort of work. One of your talkative fellows upon the road would soon become a sheer nuisance. This kind of exercise almost precludes conversation. As you grow weary with walking you are increasingly anxious to keep your wits to yourself. They are all needed for the purpose in hand, and it becomes necessary to concentrate your attention more and more upon the necessity of stepping out, if you wish to see a roof over your head by nightfall and a decent meal. A fellow who will still be pointing out novelties by the way and compelling your assent to a meaningless admiration will soon become intolerable to you. And yet, at the inn, one would wish to find an intelligent and lively companion, and not a dull stock. The chief—well-nigh the only—pleasure in such expeditions is to be able to talk over the events of the day with an appreciative friend. So that the only reasonable course I can suggest is that one should choose two fellow-travellers, the one lively and the other saturnine, and scheme it so as to trudge with the second and dine with the first, a matter, as I should judge, of considerable difficulty in the arrangement.

It is a poor thing—to walk. The very word—pedestrian—has in it a something slow and wearisome. I see great merit in the contention that man's superiority to the lower animals lies greatly in his power of making use of machines for locomotion. It strikes me always with a sort of pity when I roll swiftly in some vehicle past men who are putting their legs to this so common use. To bestride a horse is noble and connotes all things knightly and chivalrous. Even to drive in a gig is a luxury from which some are debarred. To go by train is, I grant you, common to the multitude; but for this also it is necessary to have money, or to run the risk of a

prosecution. But all men fashioned in the ordinary mould can do their four miles an hour on foot, more or less. There is no command of speed with them, no swift dashing through the morning air, unless perhaps at a painful run which soon leaves them panting to recover breath. Without doubt one chief charm of locomotion is rapidity, or the power of commanding it; the other is probably the feeling that one's personal strength or skill is taking some share in producing the result. For this reason it is more satisfactory to drive a cart than to be driven by another, and the pleasure in being dragged at never such a speed by an unthinking steam-engine is minimised by the lack of control we have over its pace and direction. To attain the summit of enjoyment in travelling it is essential to combine this power of swift movement on occasion with a certain amount of bodily exercise and skilful manipulation. It seems to me that bicycle-riding answers these requirements admirably, and for the purpose of a tour I can see few points of inferiority and many great advantages in this method as compared with any other.

The modern bicycle is a strange-looking thing to the uninitiated, and the modern rider is often stranger still. It is no marvel that with a certain class of people these machines are far from popular, and that a bicyclist is to many an animal hardly less dangerous and deserving little more consideration than a mad dog. It is most unfortunate that so many ruffians should have been attracted to this charming exercise, and should degrade it by reckless riding and insolent indifference to the comfort of other users of the road. The young men who race along our public streets and country lanes in insufficient clothing at something over fifteen miles an hour should be promptly dealt with and suppressed, as some noxious parasite that has taken lodging in a fair flower, and, unless quickly destroyed, may spoil it for the enjoyment of all others. Road-racing should be straightway abolished. I confess to very little sympathy with the record-cutter even on the path, but there at all events he is comparatively innocuous. As a branch of athletics, cycle-racing is a mistake. Like several other sports, it has got largely into the hands of the professional or semi-professional element, whose proceedings are commonly a matter of supreme indifference to the general public. A race of any length is in general a dull performance enough, and a less exhilarating spectacle even than a modern cricket match where all the batsmen are playing for their averages. As for the time-records, it is possible indeed that they may stimulate the manufacturers to further efforts, and so may tend in time to the improvement of the common type of machine. But the outside world knows pretty well what to expect by this time, and is filled more with pity than astonishment when it learns that some unhappy youth has ridden from Land's End to John o' Groats, day and night, in something like seventy-two hours. To sensible people

such feats of misplaced endurance seem absurd. And it is probable that a few more years' experience will show the rider himself his own folly, and that a few days' notoriety is too dearly purchased by permanent injury to his health and strength. Indeed, the lot of the record-holder is not a particularly enviable one just now, when each day in the season nearly sees a new time established, and the momentary champion of yesterday is eclipsed and forgotten on the morrow.

But, however much the bicycle may be misused by certain misguided enthusiasts, there can be no question of its advantages as a means of seeing the country. For a tour in any land where roads are made on scientific principles—and even, with our modern tyres, where they are not—it can have no rival. What an exhilarating sensation it is to roll smoothly along some country lane on some sunny morning in the early springtime, modestly, at a pace of ten miles to the hour! I am none of your hard-shoving, restless rushers, who sacrifice everything to speed, and will leave behind luggage, brake, mud-guards, and the greater part of their clothing rather than knock off a fraction from their racing speed. I am at a loss to account for this violent hurry that has infected the world in all its pursuits, and will still be making a toil of our pleasures. A short burst now and again may not be out of place along some level piece of road, and where there is no likelihood of meeting an obstruction in the path. It clears the blood, this swift rush through the morning air, and gives all that you require of the feeling of power and a reserved capacity of speed. I am inclined to name a limit of forty miles a day for really comfortable touring. We are not bagmen, nor do we carry her Majesty's mails, and there is no reason on earth that we should make an effort to reach any particular town by night-fall. It is a cardinal mistake, to my mind, to map out beforehand the route you propose to travel, or to make plans for any one day's riding in advance. The essence of enjoyment lies in knowing when to stop, and, if in any doubt, to pitch on the near side of fatigue. There is a sort of senseless rivalry or emulation with some men that will cause them always to declare their readiness or even anxiety to go further than you, their companion; but, if you are wise, you will allow them their barren triumph and confess your own disinclination to proceed. They will in general be grateful to you in their secret hearts. And it must be owned, I think, that a comrade of some sort is an almost necessary appendage to a bicycling tour. Apart from the dulness of solitary sojourning in country inns, and the scant pleasure one can find in picturesque scenery or laughable adventure when alone, there are certain occasions when a friend's assistance is invaluable. If a tyre should be punctured, or if you should be run down by a butcher's cart, it is useful and comforting to have some one at hand who can help you to repair the one or abuse

the other. It is possible to go too far in aiming at independence. So far only as is convenient should the individual man be self-sufficing. All your luggage you will of course carry on your machine—and here you have a great advantage over the walker, who must needs fasten his upon his own back; but there are certain things, as, for example, the tools for oiling, inflating, or repairing the wheels, which it is unnecessary to carry in duplicate. In this way also a friend may considerably lighten your path. Some measure of interdependence may thus be gained which will go far towards keeping two companions together even under the extreme of provocation, and which, by rendering each powerless to proceed without the other's assistance, will promote a mutual forbearance and readiness to give way in argument.

There are one or two points, even in a bicycle tour, that one could well wish amended, it is true. It has always been a source of annoyance to me to be compelled to pack up my luggage in the morning, and secure it to the machine. To be sure, one must do this under any circumstances, and on any kind of tour—unless one can find some one else to do it instead. But there is an additional trouble in being compelled to reduce everything to such small dimensions, and to dispose of everything so accurately as to fit inside their somewhat cramped quarters. The space at one's disposal is generally small enough, and it needs some scheming to shut in the heap of necessities which seems daily to expand in size and become more unmanageable. Yet it is essential that everything should be taken with the rider. To send packages forward by train each day, as I have known some do, is fatal to all true comfort and sense of freedom. It compels the owner to travel on at all risks to their resting-place, which must also be his own. He must get there, through wind and rain, though the sky should fall; and he can go no further, though he may feel that another ten miles are essential to a good appetite for his dinner. This is one annoyance; another is the necessity, recurring with every morning, for oiling the machine. The operation is dirty, and not always easy of execution. I am at a loss to imagine why manufacturers should invariably make the holes for lubrication so small as to be practically useless. About certain places I am in the habit of pouring oil with a free hand, in the despairing hope that some at least may find its way through the narrow channel provided for it. And too often it chances that a maddening creak strikes upon your ear after the first few miles, proving only too clearly that some part of the bearings has not received its due share, or a steadily increasing difficulty in propulsion warns you to make another attempt at the impracticable. There is room, also, for several other trifling accidents in the delicate mechanism of a modern bicycle. I am inclined, for this reason, to advocate extreme simplicity in the manufacture of a machine for

touring purposes, and would even go the length of renouncing the pneumatic tyre in favour of some variety of cushion. I can recollect spending several hours of the night in a large room at a French hotel, surrounded by a busy throng of curious natives, endeavouring to repair one of these air-balloons—to be sure, it was of an archaic type—with an imposing paraphernalia of implements spread upon the floor around. The adventure had certainly its comic side, as we endeavoured to explain in indifferent French the nature of the accident, and the construction of the tyre—then something of a novelty in those parts. But one is not always fortunate enough to find such adventitious charms. An admiring audience is the exception rather than the rule, and it commonly happens that you chance upon your rusty nail or jagged stone in some unfrequented, lonely spot, a good five miles at the least from the nearest dwelling-house. It is not worth while thus to submit yourself as a sport to fortune. It is at once wearisome and degrading to be compelled to dismount and push the useless encumbrance along the high road on foot, an object of scorn instead of envy to the humblest pedestrian. The bare possibility of such a misadventure is sufficient to cast a gloom over the expedition. And to us, with our humble aspirations, the slight accession of speed and comfort promised by a multiplicity of new-fangled inventions is no great bribe; our desire is to loiter gently along the way, and to take our enjoyment in peaceful security.

But these few trifling disadvantages excepted—and it is odds that, with due careful forethought, few unhappy chances assail you—I know of few pleasanter employments than this, and no better method of making a large acquaintance with country charms. Here are all the delights of old coaching days, and more; for you may choose out your own path, and need be trammelled by no time-tables, and oppressed with no unseasonable companions. There are a thousand quaint, old-fashioned spots to visit, and unexpected recesses to which no railway has yet penetrated in this land of ours. Here is employment enough for the lees of a lifetime; one may go a pilgrimage still, like Tom Jones and the ancient heroes, through all the inns of the country. It is strange if you do not meet with an adventure or two, even in these prosaic days, that will be pleasant to recall hereafter over the walnuts and wine, when age shall have robbed you of activity, and recollection must serve you for reality. It is well to lay up a store while we are yet young, not only of health and riches, but even more of pleasant hours and honest friends and memories laughable or momentous. And in these modern times, when the common run of mankind looks only to success in business, and dares hardly steal a mere hour or so from his office stool, it is perhaps not out of place to sing the praises of relaxation. It is the sum of happy hours that makes a happy life,

and not the attainment, after years of toilsome suffering, of some goal which formed the summit of your youthful ambition in days gone by. It is too probable that, even if your object be at length attained, you will find it not worth the winning, and that the labour of your life has but made you possessor of some trifle on which your affections are no longer fixed. And then what is there in the conduct of your life that may console you? It is a poor solace to recall the accurate balancing of accounts, or even fortunate speculations in the market, to remember that on this occasion you had the better of Jones, and on the other that you out-manœuvred Robinson. Or, at the best, it is a sordid mind that finds such reflections as these sufficient to cheer him when he is past his prime. There must be something in our lives of a more rosy hue than this to give care the go-by and to cast a glow upon the path of our later years. And to this end it were well to take what adventures we may and when we may; not to put off the period of enjoyment until such time as we shall have attained the unattainable, and lost for ever the eager zest of youth, but while the blood still runs freshly to lay by some slight stock of pleasure that may sweeten our future existence and make us ready to greet even misfortune with a cheery smile.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF NURSING IN POOR-LAW INFIRMARIES.

THERE are few subjects on which the general public have such a confused idea as the provisions made in sickness by the State for those members of the community who, through poverty or misfortune, are either driven into the workhouse or become in some other way dependent on the rates. Many who are familiar with our magnificent voluntary hospitals have probably never seen the interior of a Poor-law infirmary, or, if recognising their existence, regard them with a shuddering sentiment of pity as the uninviting and desolate abode of incurably sick and infirm old people.

Their history is an interesting and instructive one, however, from more points of view than one, and especially at the present time when matters affecting the treatment and condition of the pauper classes claim no inconsiderable share of attention. What then is a Poor-law Infirmary? and how came it into existence? To answer these questions it is necessary to glance retrospectively over the last live and thirty years, to a period when the only provision made for the sick poor was in the infirm or sick wards of the workhouse of which they were usually inmates. The arrangements in those days were of so elementary a character as scarcely to merit recognition; the grossest abuses prevailed, fostered by the pernicious system in force, and the evil increased as time went on. The absence of any proper classification seems to have been responsible largely for much that was objectionable, nor was it surprising when we think of the indiscriminate mixture of young and old, imbeciles and infirm, able-bodied and vicious, which then existed. Huddled together in crowded, ill-ventilated wards, many of which were merely attics built in the roof, the condition of the sick was deplorable indeed. They were devoid of even the commonest necessities of life—chairs and tables were considered luxuries, and privacy there was none. Cleanliness, it is needless to say, was almost unknown, and certainly never practised either with regard to the patients or their surroundings. The beds and bedding, which in many cases consisted merely of a straw palliasso or a sack filled with shavings, were rarely changed and consequently became a very great source of discomfort to the occupant. Suppurating wounds and bedsores abounded,

produced as often as not through sheer neglect, and encouraged by the poisonous atmosphere surrounding the patient. A rough sprinkling of chloride of lime under those beds which most required it seems to have been the only attempt made at disinfection. Besides other evils resulting from a complete absence of all sanitary knowledge must be mentioned the periodical outbreaks of various epidemics which at that day had the effect of decimating the inhabitants of our workhouses. It is unnecessary to enter at greater length into all the horrors experienced by those unfortunate creatures; a brief outline will be found sufficient to enable us to appreciate the reforms that have taken place gradually in their treatment and surroundings.

One non-resident doctor was expected to perform unaided the whole medical service for 300 or 400 people, and out of a very scanty pittance in the shape of remuneration provide such drugs as were necessary. One of the worst evils, however, arose from the extensive employment of pauper helps, who were responsible for the nursing such as it was. These women as a rule were of the most degraded, vicious, and ignorant type, and that 90 per cent. of them drank is hardly to be wondered at when we consider that they were paid for their services in a daily allowance of gin.

Thus we see that infirmary nursing has started from an altogether lower level than that of hospitals, for the latter in their darkest days employed paid attendants (disreputable as many of them were) for the sick, while until recently in many infirmaries pauper help was all the unlucky sufferer had to rely on. The age, too, of these pauper nurses was a little opposed to the active discharge of duty, for statistics show that "one-half were above 50, one-quarter above 60, not many less than 70, and some more than eighty years old." The sufferings of the patients committed to their charge can be better imagined than described. One woman was not ashamed to own that she had been sixteen times in gaol, and in addition to being a confirmed drunkard had a most violent and ungovernable temper. To Miss Louisa Twining is due the credit of first directing public attention to the scandalous condition of things existing in London workhouses, and the record of her labours in this direction is one of the most interesting and inspiring of modern philanthropic enterprise; undaunted by opposition, she persevered in her noble and unsparing efforts, and had the satisfaction of contributing materially to bring about the much-needed reform. It was hard and uphill work, for Boards of Guardians in those days were more or less of that type with which *Oliver Twist* has made us familiar—anything that involved trouble or expense was not to be entertained for a moment. Matters, however, were brought somewhat unexpectedly to a crisis in the year 1865. Circumstances in connection with the deaths of two inmates of certain workhouses led to an official

inquiry into the treatment they had received during their illness. Intense excitement prevailed when it became known that in both cases death was solely and entirely due to neglect. Revelations of so terrible a nature followed with regard to the condition and management of the sick wards that a general investigation was instituted by the *Lancet* authorities to inquire into the working of the system. About the same time Mr. Farnell and Dr. Edward Smith conducted a special inquiry on behalf of the Poor-law Board, with instructions to report on the result with as little delay as possible. Mr. Farnell stated that upwards of 23,000 persons were maintained annually in the 40 metropolitan workhouses which he had inspected. Except that certain wards were set apart for the occupation of the sick, there appears to have been no attempt made at any classification of the various inmates. Provisions in every way so inadequate pointed to the necessity which existed of separate establishments being formed for the reception of the sick and disabled, and a circular letter issued about the same time by the Poor-law Board recommended the employment of a sufficient number of competent paid nurses. Previous to this, however, a very great advance in the treatment of the sick had taken place at the Infirmary of St. Pancras Workhouse. It is interesting to note that so far back as the year 1858, long before any system of trained nursing was recognised in our general hospitals—with the exception of St. Thomas's, where the Nightingale School had been opened a year previously—Mrs. Coster, the present esteemed Matron of St. George's Hospital, was appointed Superintendent Nurse at the St. Pancras Infirmary. Though there were six paid nurses at the time to look after the patients, who numbered about 200, yet they were totally untrained, and had to depend for assistance entirely on pauper help. Mrs. Coster, dissatisfied at the condition of things in the wards, and anxious to render herself as efficient as possible, worked under the immediate supervision of the Medical Officer for a period of six months as his assistant, and after learning all he could teach her set to work to instruct the other nurses. In the same year, within a few weeks of her taking office, she engaged, on the recommendation of Mrs. Wardroper, a medical nurse to take charge of a female ward containing twenty-four beds, and about the same time also a surgical nurse who had been through the Crimean War. Whether the good work thus begun continued after 1862, when Mrs. Coster left, I have not been able to ascertain, as the Poor-law Board reports are silent on the subject.

The next step in the direction of trained nursing was made by Mr. Rathbone, Chairman of the Liverpool Board of Guardians, at whose request, in the year 1865, the amiable and devoted Agnes Jones undertook the supervision and organisation of their vast and overgrown infirmary. Those of us who have read the story of her

life, so touchingly and simply told by her sister, cannot fail to be struck by her strong individuality and unaffected piety and goodness. The personal influence she possessed over all with whom she came in contact has been described by one who worked under her as something quite remarkable, and in no small degree contributed to the success of her mission.

The patients, seem to have been composed of the most criminal and degraded class, hardened in every species of vice; scenes of violence were of such frequent occurrence that in one of her letters written shortly after her arrival in Liverpool, she mentions among other strange customs that of a policeman being obliged to walk round the wards at night to see that order was preserved. This workhouse, strange as it seems, was looked upon as in advance of many other institutions of the kind, being blessed happily with an active master and an enlightened committee. In spite of obstacles that would have appeared insuperable to a less determined and fearless spirit, Miss Jones had the satisfaction of establishing on a firm and substantial basis a system of trained nursing before her premature death (after three years' labour) cut short further efforts.

Inquiries into the condition of the London workhouses resulted in the passing by Parliament of Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Metropolitan Poor Act in 1867. Among other valuable reforms, power was given by this Bill to local authorities to build institutions apart from the workhouse for the reception of the sick poor. The newest and most enlightened principles with regard to ventilation and sanitary arrangements were recommended, and a further suggestion made that they should be utilised for purposes of medical instruction and as training schools for nurses. About five years later (1870-71), the first infirmaries under the provisions of the new Act were opened, and with them the proper classification of the sick commenced. Paid nurses were employed (though not at first exclusively) to replace the unsatisfactory pauper assistants, and each institution placed under separate management with a medical superintendent as its responsible head. All this was a very great step in advance, and year by year, the system is developing and perfecting itself. We must not overlook one very important suggestion that has been made, viz., that infirmaries should be thrown open to medical students for purposes of study. Considering the large amount of splendid clinical material they possess, it seems a pity they should not be utilised and rendered valuable in this manner, but an alteration would be required in the Act of Parliament to legalise it. That it would be to the immediate advantage of all concerned appears obvious; it certainly would have the effect of raising infirmaries from a medical point of view by placing them on a footing with hospitals in this respect.

With the establishment of the new infirmaries the first step in the reform of the nursing department was accomplished by the employment of paid assistants. By *paid* I do not mean *trained*; the trained nurse is of much more recent date, and at the time we are speaking of had not long become recognised as a necessity even in our hospitals. Many of these paid assistants, to begin with, were very little better in point of education, morality, and general efficiency than the class they superseded—still, it was a movement in the right direction, and rendered further improvement possible. Every reform must have time given it to ripen and mature, and the maximum requirements in respect to nursing, of our hospitals as well as our infirmaries, in the year 1870, are the minimum deemed essential in 1894. Until recently the chief difficulty was to induce the better class of women to offer themselves for the work—one reason probably being a lingering prejudice that exists against being associated with the Poor-law, and another, and far more important one, the absence of trained matrons. Even at the present time only about one half of the Metropolitan infirmaries possess trained matrons, the rest consequently want the most important element for the formation of a training school for nurses. At the same time, if a matron is required to have professional qualifications for her office, it is only right that her responsibility in connection with those qualifications should be legally recognised and defined. At present it is to be regretted that such is not the case, and the absence of any rule in the matter has a tendency to provoke confusion and misunderstanding.

The difficulty just alluded to in obtaining competent and respectable nurses was largely overcome by the establishment—through the efforts of Miss Twining and her able coadjutor Miss Wilson—of the Workhouse Infirmary Association in the year 1879. It is impossible to speak too highly of the good effected through its agency, and the substantial help it has been to those infirmaries and workhouses which *were* and still *are* unable to command their own supply of nurses. That its usefulness may increase and prosper is the earnest desire of all interested in the important subject that lies before us at present.

The old system of engaging untrained “assistant nurses,” as they were called, at a salary of £16 or £18 per annum, and an allowance of £3 10s. or £4 in lieu of beer, expecting her to “pick up” a knowledge of her duties by the way, is now discarded in some infirmaries for the probationary system with most satisfactory results. At Chelsea, for instance, candidates are engaged for a month on trial, and if, at the end of that time, they have proved themselves suitable for the work, they are recommended to the Board of Guardians for appointment. If approved of, the probationer-

signs an agreement to remain in their service for three years, at the end of which period she receives a certificate in accordance with the degree of merit to which she has attained. The curriculum comprises a course of lectures on elementary anatomy and physiology from the medical officers, and a supplementary course from the matron in the practical details of nursing. An examination in these subjects is held on completion of the first and third years' training.

In many infirmaries the system still obtains of engaging permanent night nurses, but this is gradually giving way to the more satisfactory plan of alternate night and day duty. Permanent night nurses are nearly always of the inferior class, having originally been relegated to that position through incapacity to act satisfactorily on day duty. In fact, in one infirmary where this procedure is still in existence (unless very recently altered) women are engaged for night duty without any nursing qualification whatever. Now the night nursing in an infirmary is a very important matter; the staff is relatively fewer than is the case in a hospital, and the responsibility greater. It is therefore very desirable that the night superintendent should have undergone a thorough hospital training, unless indeed the infirmary is one that affords special facilities in the matter of qualifications for the post.

Though perhaps not of so much importance, it is certainly an advantage when the assistant-matron possesses a knowledge of nursing, as she is thereby enabled the more efficiently to carry out the matron's duties on occasions when she is absent from the infirmary.

With regard to the selection of suitable candidates for vacancies when they occur, the plan varies in different infirmaries. In some the applications are made to the medical superintendent, in others to the matron, and in many it is customary for applicants to fill in certain forms which they send direct to the Clerk to the Guardians. Suitable candidates are then interviewed by, or recommended to, the Board of Guardians, in whose hands the appointment lies. The appointment having been made, it is referred with all particulars of the candidate's history and antecedents, to the Local Government Board for approval and sanction. Before, however, this sanction is given private inquiries are made by the Board at any previous institution that the nurse has been connected with as to the manner in which her duties have been discharged, and only if these are satisfactory is the appointment confirmed.

Owing to the regularity and exactness with which these inquiries are pursued, it is exceedingly difficult for a nurse who has once had an unfavourable report to obtain another appointment under the Local Government Board. The nurses employed in an infirmary must not exceed the authorised number, and no permanent appointment is sanctioned until a vacancy has actually taken place, as any

overlapping of duties, if even for twenty-four hours, leads to much confusion and irregularity.

So much has been said from time to time reflecting on the tone and qualifications of infirmary nurses that a word or two on the subject will not be inappropriate. As a matter of fact there is not the least reason why infirmary nurses should not come up to the same standard of excellence—certainly in regard to conduct and demeanour—as that maintained in our best hospitals. In infirmaries, as in all similar institutions, it will be invariably found that nurses take their tone from those in authority. Now as women always take their tone from a woman and not from a man, the importance of *officially* recognising the matron's responsibility in regard to the nursing staff at once becomes obvious. The principle which gives a man, and that often a very young man, immediate control over a community of women, can hardly be looked on as either a very sound or a very wise one. Furthermore, if care is taken only to select candidates of irreproachable qualifications and high moral tone, if a high standard of efficiency be insisted on, and a firm yet kindly discipline be maintained, an infirmary has facilities for turning out nurses as conscientious, as thorough, and as intelligent as any institution in the land. The old idea that a nurse who failed in a hospital might do very well for an infirmary, is becoming somewhat exploded; a nurse who has proved herself incompetent under the former conditions is pretty sure to be found equally so under the latter. What we require are the best and most capable women of all classes for this work, and that they are to be found my own experience furnishes an answer in the affirmative. It is sometimes urged, and with a degree of truth, that there is a monotony about infirmary nursing which makes it trying to the more energetic type of nurse, that the cases are mostly chronic, and that there is very little to be done for them. It will be interesting therefore to consider this point in detail. With regard to the monotony of the work, I do not think any woman imbued with the true nursing spirit could object to her duties on that score. In comparison with hospitals there is undoubtedly a deficiency of surgical work, as represented by accidents, but on the other hand there is splendid experience to be gained in medical nursing and an infinite variety of cases of an extremely interesting nature. There is so much that an infirmary nurse is expected to do for her patient that would usually fall to the lot of a clerk or a dresser if there were any—such as strapping, dressing wounds, assisting at operations, testing urine, and giving hypodermic injections. With the enormous increase of pauperism during the last two or three years, it is to be noted that there is a very large corresponding increase in the number of acute cases admitted to an infirmary. This of course makes it very much more interesting from a nurse's point of view. Cases of

pneumonia, for instance, are daily admitted of a type rarely seen in our large hospitals, their condition aggravated in every way by exposure and exhaustion, consequent on extreme poverty, disease, or drink. The significance of this will be appreciated when I add that about 60 per cent. of such cases recover. Four-hour charts are scrupulously kept, and the pulse and respiration duly noted with all other necessary points of interest. Surely the successful nursing of such cases as these demands the greatest skill and intelligence on the part of a nurse, while the experience to be gained is invaluable. Then there is bronchitis, rheumatic fever, tubercular meningitis, and hæmoptysis, for which, owing to the large number of phthisical patients, infirmary nurses must always be prepared—they must know how to act, and act promptly too. We find, likewise, numerous dropsy and heart cases, all requiring no small amount of care and skill, and many others of a more or less acute nature. Though surgical cases are perhaps in a minority, it must not therefore be concluded that they are altogether absent; on the contrary, there is a very fair proportion in comparison with the number of beds. Burns, scalds, abscesses, an immense variety of ulcerated legs, with fractures and occasional operations, afford plenty of opportunities to the eager and intelligent nurse who is ready to avail herself of them. In addition to this the nurses and probationers, certainly at one infirmary we could name, are taught how to make up accident, fracture, and operation beds, bandaging, the preparation of neatly shaped dressings, how to pad splints and all ordinary details connected with surgical work. As a rule the nurses are most enthusiastic in these matters, especially with regard to bandaging, and they take any amount of pains to excel each other in this respect. And now a word about the chronic or infirm cases. The general public are under the impression, it is to be feared, that infirmaries are largely if not mainly occupied with these. That this is a very great mistake I shall now proceed to show. Patients that are merely infirm are in a great number of places treated in the workhouse—in one workhouse, for instance, there are at least 230 such cases out of a total of about 900 inmates—consequently the chronic cases in the infirmary are mostly paraplegia, hemiplegia, epilepsy, and a host of other nervous diseases, all of which have their special points of interest and require the greatest tact, care, and skill in nursing.

Among these are to be found a considerable proportion of the class of case peculiar to infirmaries, designated as “helpless,” which demand ceaseless care and devotion on a nurse’s part to keep the backs in good order and free from bedsores. A bedsore, I need hardly say, is looked upon as a very great disgrace, and every precaution is taken to prevent its occurrence. Any commencing redness of skin is regarded with much anxiety, and a careful

nurse will not hesitate to mention the fact and gratefully adopt any recommendations that are made. A good deal of management also is necessary in successfully dealing with the hysterical and half-witted, classified as "mental cases," including, as they often do, general paralysis and others of a similar nature. It is to be regretted that, with one exception, no steps have as yet been taken to utilise the material in our lying-in wards; many valuable opportunities being in consequence lost to nurses wishful to qualify in this branch of their profession. The success which has attended the efforts of the Kensington Guardians in this direction will, it is to be hoped, stimulate other Boards of Guardians to do likewise. Considering the constantly increasing difficulty and expense to nurses who now have no alternative but to qualify for this purpose at one of the few maternity hospitals, it seems a pity with so much ample material at hand it could not be turned to better account.

There is one branch of nursing for which undoubtedly an infirmary offers special qualifications, and that is private nursing. As a rule the cases are so very much of the type met with in everyday life, and from being accustomed to deal with long and tedious periods of convalescence and consequently early realising that she must always possess her soul in patience, an infirmary nurse is less likely than might otherwise be the case to lose an interest in her patient so soon as the acute stage of illness had passed away.

The daily routine of a nurse's life in an infirmary is much the same as it is elsewhere, except that in some institutions the off-duty time is very liberal in comparison. Until recently, however, it was usual for a nurse to remain on duty all day, and have a pass out from eight to ten. In many infirmaries this rule is still in existence, and, strange to say, a large number of nurses—not, however, invariably those of the highest type—prefer it to any other time, even with the advantage of shortened hours of labour. At Chelsea the evening passes, except during two or three months in the very hot weather, were long since discontinued in favour of the following arrangement, which works exceedingly well. Each nurse is allowed four afternoons from 2 to 5 one week, and the next week, a half day from 2 to 10, and in addition to this, a part of every Sunday. Three-quarters of an hour is always allowed in the middle of the day for dinner, which is carefully and punctually served, and with as much variety as the dietary scale will admit of. In conclusion, while a nurse is on duty she has to work, and work pretty hard too, for the proportion of nurses to patients is still very far behind what modern nursing requirements insist upon. Though a great multiplication of nurses is to be discouraged—work is always better done by a few people than by too many—yet it would be a distinct advantage that there should be at least one night nurse to every ward, instead of—as is too often the case at present—one night nurse in charge

of two wards containing from thirty-six to forty beds. This, however, is merely a matter of time—perfection is not reached in a day—and though very much has been done, a great deal more remains to be done. Nothing is stationary ; each completed effort marks but the era of a new departure, opens out the vista of fresh possibilities. We are marching onward, no longer in the rear, but in the van of the great nursing army, which includes in its ranks the most intelligent, the most efficient, the most trustworthy, irrespective of class or school.

JOSEPHINE L. DE PLEDGE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE GERMAN NOVEL.

It is interesting to observe how often an apparently trivial factor in the origin of a literary type gives a distinct colouring to its entire development. French comedy, for example, largely owes its character to the fact that at an early stage it came under the influence of Italian models; our own lyric poetry bore the traces of the Italian Renaissance long after Petrarch had ceased to be a household word with English poets; and the German novel, as we shall see, affords another and particularly striking example of the permanent effects of early associations. It is not a question here of continuous influence, such as that of France on the English drama of the later seventeenth century, but simply of what might be called an accident of birth. Because Louis XIV. happened to maintain an Italian troupe of players, French comedy became essentially a comedy of types; and the German novel, from Gellert to Paul Heyse, owes its peculiar character in great measure to the fact that Richardson was the presiding genius at its birth.

If Fielding was the father of the English novel, it may be claimed with still greater justice that Richardson was the father of the novel in Germany. In point of fact, so many forces were at work in the moulding of the English novel that the familiar dictum on Fielding is only relatively true. In Germany the conditions were totally different; there was no gradual preparation, as in England—no Defoe and no *Spectator*; their place had to be taken, as best it might, by mere translations. The German realistic novel of ordinary life was in every respect an alien growth, and, in the most literal sense, owed its origin to the author of *Clarissa*.

When Frederick the Great ascended the throne in 1740—the same year, be it remembered, in which *Pamela* was given to the world—German literature, as every one knows, was in a most deplorable condition. It was stunted and provincial to the last degree, and even its provincialism had nothing of that marked individuality which sometimes makes literary provincialism tolerable; it was, in fact, in such a hopelessly impotent condition that it lay at the mercy of every breath of foreign influence which chanced to come its way. The influx of new ideas means to a literature like this nothing short of intoxication, and no writer of the eighteenth century, with the

possible exception of Rousseau, was more richly endowed with intoxicating qualities than Richardson. In England this was not so apparent, for English literature in Richardson's day was too virile a growth to be much, or at least morbidly, affected by the new art. *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles* were devoured on every hand; but the admiration was not so serious a matter when, within two years of the appearance of *Pamela*, a scoffer could arise and also find an admiring public. In Germany it was twenty years before any one had the temerity to question Richardson's supremacy, and even then the revolt was anything but an open one. To appreciate how intoxicating Richardson's ideas could become if once they had full play, we must look to Germany. Here the advent of the Richardsonian novel was most emphatically a pouring of new wine into old bottles.

"The works he has created Time will never destroy; they are Nature, Good Taste, Religion. Homer is immortal, but to Christians the Briton Richardson is more immortal."

So sang the simple-minded old Leipzig professor, Gellert,¹ and his words found a ready echo in the hearts of his countrymen. Richardson was hailed with enthusiasm. Translations and imitations appeared on all sides; every one wrote lachrymose novels, in which the heroes were Grandisons and the heroines poured forth their sorrows in unending letters. Our moral London printer had Germany at his feet.

Gellert himself was the first to follow in the footsteps of his hero. He published *The Life of the Swedish Countess von G.*, his first and only novel, as early as 1747, when his knowledge of Richardson must have been limited to *Pamela*, *Clarissa* not appearing until the following year. Gellert's *Swedish Countess* is the first novel, in the modern sense of the word, in German literature.

Prose fiction at the beginning of the eighteenth century was nowhere in a flourishing condition; it was in what might be termed a state of transition. The old romance of adventure, the backbone of mediæval literature, was gradually decaying, and nothing had yet appeared to take its place. The cold, searching light of the eighteenth century had something of the same effect on the old-world stories that daylight has in a theatre; it destroyed the magic charm, and left only the tawdry and unreal. And this older type of fiction would have met with a much earlier extinction had not a writer arisen in England, who, by resorting to uncompromising realism, infused a new spirit into it. With *Robinson Crusoe* Daniel Defoe gave the romance a fresh lease of life. Germany had no Defoe, but she had plenty of translations of him, and more than

¹ Students of Diderot will be reminded of his "O Richardson, Richardson! homme unique à mes yeux! tu seras ma lecture dans tous les temps! . . . et tu n'as joui de ton vivant de toute la réputation que tu méritois, combien tu seras grand chez nos neveux, lorsqu'ils te verront à la distance d'où nous voyons Homère!"

plenty of imitations, and these virtually did for the traditional German romance what the original had done for the romance in England; they kept it alive. In fact, it enjoyed a more robust life in Germany, for there was so little there to counteract its allurements.

Nor, on the other hand, had Germany a *Tatler* or *Spectator* to pave the way for the Richardsonian novels, but translations and imitations again did their best to supply the deficiency; yet not with the same success. In fact, the English journalistic literature was only beginning to be assimilated on the Continent when *Pamela* appeared. To the Germany of 1740 entertaining literature meant practically degenerate and degenerating romances, handed down from earlier days and patched and furbished up until they ceased to have any claim to be considered as literature at all. Richardson is thus, unquestionably, the sole founder of the modern German novel, and Gellert was his prophet.

We do not need to wade far through Gellert's six volumes of *Collected Writings* to fathom his rapt admiration for Richardson. It must be remembered he was a professor—a professor of moral philosophy—and if the intellectual life of the country as a whole was narrow and provincial, the universities certainly enjoyed no immunity in this respect. Pedantry was *par excellence* the professorial vice of that age. When Gellert was not a Philistine he was a pedant, and for the really admirable side of Richardson's genius he had little sympathy or understanding. His "British Homer" was not the novelist Richardson, but the moralist; here he found realised his ideal of a literary hero, the author who could turn the art of fiction to noble ends. Gellert was haunted by the old bugbear of utilitarianism which so unfailingly asserts itself in a provincial atmosphere. Literature was only justified in so far as it contributed to the moral enlightenment of its readers; it was the sugar that coats the pill. Yet, essentially unpoetic as Gellert's nature was, he wrote poetry which lives a kind of life even to this day. He was not without talent, but it was not the talent that asserts itself in defiance of its age and environs. He had no desire to rise above the provincialism in which he moved; he was a good, kind-hearted Philistine, and if he did German literature little good, he at least did it no great amount of harm.

The Life of the Swedish Countess von G. is one of the most curious landmarks of fiction to be found in any literature. It is hardly possible to take the book seriously at all, it is so absurdly amateurish. Yet, if only as an anomaly, it has a unique interest to the literary student, for there surely never was a more extraordinary and uncouth combination of mediæval romance and modern novel. In the predominance of the romantic element, or at least of that decadent romantic element of the early eighteenth century, Gellert's

novel stands in prominent contrast to its model. Richardson's plots are of the simplest, Gellert's is extravagant to the last degree.

The Countess von G., whose prototype is, of course, Pamela, marries young; her husband takes part in a campaign against the Russians, and, after innumerable hairbreadth escapes, is made prisoner and exiled to Siberia. The young Countess, to escape the persecution of a Swedish prince, flees to Holland accompanied by her husband's friend R., and, in the belief that her husband is dead, she becomes R.'s wife. A past mistress of Count von G.'s, Caroline, whom the Countess takes to her heart in the fulness of Christian charity, accompanies them to Holland. The Countess also undertakes, in the approved Richardsonian fashion, to educate Caroline's son. This young man marries surreptitiously a girl from a neighbouring cloister who, through a concatenation of circumstances into which it will avail us little to inquire, turns out to be no other than his own sister! To Gellert coincidences of this kind are evidently matters of course in a world where the moral law prevails. It would take more space than we can spare to follow the subsequent career of the wedded brother and sister. Suffice it to say, that the climax of the story is reached with the arrival of the Countess's first husband. After thrilling adventures in the wilds of Siberia he has effected his escape, and arrives—by accident, of course—in Amsterdam to disturb the domestic felicity of his wife. This, again, is a small matter and easily arranged. R. resigns in favour of the Count, but continues on the most intimate terms with his former wife and her first husband. An English friend of the Countess's takes the entire party over to England, where the Swedish prince, the cause of all the misfortunes, offers a humble apology. Gellert is not, however, content to let matters rest even here. Before the novel reaches its conclusion both the Countess's husbands are dead.

Such is the barest outline of Gellert's "moral" novel, his practical application of didactic principles to literature. It must be confessed, the result savours more of the immoral than the moral. Were *The Swedish Countess* not known to be the work of the irreproachable Gellert, it would run the risk of being severely censured as the outcome of dangerous tendencies. The wildest dreams of the *Stürmer und Dränger*, or the ethical vagaries of the modern *Gründdeutschland*, hardly approach it. In his naïve simplicity, Gellert did not see that a story like his could not be converted into a sermon by simply strewing tedious moral reflections over its pages. *The Swedish Countess* is one of the crudest and most amateurish pieces of fiction that ever found an admiring public. There is no attempt at artistic treatment; the style is heavy, pedantic, and lifeless. Even the innumerable "situations" of the story are no temptation to its author to enliven his style. He simply tells us in cold blood that

language is too weak to express his heroine's grief or joy, and passes on, as dull and monotonous as ever.

The Life of the Swedish Countess was followed by a perfect deluge of Richardsonian novels on this improved model—that is to say, the simple narrative of suffering virtue was relieved by a few startling coincidences, hairbreadth escapes, and incestuous marriages. A *History of the Count von P.*, closely modelled on Gellert's novel, was almost equally popular, but the most conscientious literary historian is hardly likely nowadays to withdraw it from oblivion. There is, however, one writer of Gellert's school, Johannes Hermes, who deserves more than passing mention. He was a North German clergyman, and not without some talent, although that talent ran as little in the direction of fiction as Gellert's own. He was thoroughly imbued with the latter's utilitarian views of literature, and saw in the novel simply an admirable vehicle for pastoral instruction. Hermes' *History of Miss Fanny Wilkes* was inspired by *Sir Charles Grandison*. To the title he appended, by way of advertisement, the words, "as good as translated from the English." The scene is laid in England, the characters are intended to be English, and the book is saturated from first page to last with Richardsonian sentiment and morality; but it is, of course, neither a translation nor an adaptation of any English novel in particular. Fielding is also mentioned as a model, and presumably, he is to be held responsible for the pitiful attempts at humour which enliven the pages of the novel. Unfortunately, Pastor Hermes could see as little of the humorous side of things as Gellert. *Miss Fanny Wilkes* is no improvement on *The Countess*. There is the same far-fetched melodramatic incident, the same toying with the most extravagant sexual problems, the same monotonous style—or want of style. In fact, in this last respect, the modesty of the man is remarkable. "I see," he says in one passage, "that I have now a most beautiful situation before me. Would that a Richardson or a Gellert would take up my pen and proceed!" As neither Richardson nor Gellert could accede to our pious friend's wish, the "most beautiful situation" remained unexplored, and posterity is probably not much the loser.

Another novel by Hermes, which had an enormous vogue in its day, is *Sophie's Journey from Memel to Saxony* (1769-1773). It has one advantage—unfortunately only one—over its predecessors: the scene of the story is not England, but Germany. It thus affords a glimpse of contemporary life and manners; we get an idea from it of the intellectual temper of the age in which Gellert, Hermes and Rabener were looked upon as national worthies. For sheer provinciality the Germany of Frederick the Great, the Germany into which Goethe was born, is surely unique.

The prize for the best German novel on Richardsonian lines falls, however, to a lady, Sophie de la Roche, the authoress of *The History*

of *Fraulein von Sternheim* (1771). Madame de la Roche is one of those interesting literary women of whom not a few are scattered over Germany's classical period. In her youth she was a flame of Wieland's, and her social charms and cultured mind made her always a welcome guest in intellectual circles. For a time the literary lions of the day, Goethe amongst them, were her frequent visitors, and she never allowed herself to fall out of touch with them. Her literary talent was not of a high order, but it might have been productive of better things had she taken it more seriously. Comparatively speaking, *Fraulein von Sternheim* is not an unreadable book; it is, at least, the work of an author of literary culture and taste. Richardson is as slavishly imitated as in the other novels we have discussed, but the didactic tone is not so disagreeably obtrusive, and we are spared the vagaries of Gellert's sensationalism. The story is, of course, one of virtue tempted and virtue triumphant; it is narrated rather clumsily in letters, but the authoress, with genuine Teutonic subjectivity, has the power of weaving into it her personal experiences, and of reflecting, in a certain measure, the intellectual and literary life of the day. This gives an interest to the novel which is totally lacking in Gellert or Hermes.

On the whole, then, *Fraulein von Sternheim* is the most satisfactory result of Richardson's immediate influence on German literature; but the oblivion into which the book has fallen is not unmerited. The century that has elapsed since its appearance has robbed it of all charm as a piece of fiction. Yet, in its day, this novel took the world by storm: to the young Goethe it was "not a book, but a human soul"; in Herder's opinion, it stood alone and far above *Clarissa*.

The novels that we have singled out for notice give some idea of the hold which Richardson obtained upon German letters between 1747 and 1773. It was certainly unfortunate that his admirers in Germany should have seized upon the least admirable side of his genius, and instead of imitating his really great qualities as a novelist, have exaggerated his didactic tendencies into grave artistic faults. At the same time, the better side of Richardson's genius was by no means ignored; the good qualities of his work also found their way into German fiction. But before any progress was possible, the blind Richardson-worship of this first period had to give way to a healthier and more independent spirit. *Pamela* was just twenty years old when Musæus, the author of the *Popular Fairy Tales*, sallied forth as Germany's Fielding. His *Grandison the Second*, remodelled some years later as *The German Grandison*, is a mild and rather harmless satire, of the *Don Quixote* type, on Richardson's last novel. Musæus wanted the blunt directness, the power of dealing cruel blows, which a satirist must possess if his words are to have effect. Musæus was

too good-natured and gentle, and consequently he left the German "Grandisonmania" very much where he found it. By far the most effective blow came, however, from Wieland, an author whose importance for the history of the German novel has, it seems to us, never been adequately appreciated.

Wieland is a remarkable, we might say an anomalous, phenomenon in the history of German literature, but he was an anomaly upon which much depended. If there ever was an example in the history of literature of the right man in the right place, Wieland is surely that example. He appeared upon the scene exactly when his presence was most urgently wanted. Between 1760 and 1770 German literature was threatening to become alarmingly one-sided. English imitations alone could catch the popular taste; they had become distinctly dangerous to the growth of a genuine national literature. Nor was this all. A still greater danger lay ahead—namely, the influence of Rousseau. We know what a whirlwind Rousseau did bring to Germany in the course of the next twenty years, but the whirlwind would assuredly have done greater harm than it did had there been no Wieland. Wieland raised an effective barrier between the Richardsonian tendencies of the fifties and sixties and the Rousseauism which first asserted itself in the next decade. There was so strong an affinity between these two foreign movements—for after all, Rousseauism was but a further development of what Richardson had initiated in England—that, had they been able to join forces in Germany, the effects on the national literature would have been little short of disastrous. Madame de la Roche's novel, for instance, is a striking example of the fatal facility with which the French sentimentalism could be grafted upon the Richardsonian novel. But Wieland appeared and gave the literature a new trend—opened up, in fact, a hitherto undiscovered field. It would be too much to assert that he gave German letters their equilibrium; they had to wait until Goethe had visited Italy for that. But he did a great deal towards maintaining them on the straight path of national self-realisation.

Wieland's biography has yet to be written. A striking, if not exactly sympathetic personality, he first appeared on the literary horizon in the early fifties, and then as a fervent pietist and devoted admirer of Klopstock and Richardson. *Pamela* he had read in his school-days, but *Grandison* had the first place in his heart. Most of his earliest efforts owed their inspiration to this source. However, a change soon came over Wieland's moral and literary creed. He renounced his old divinities, and from pious fervour rushed to the opposite extreme of frivolous cynicism. The narrow sympathies of Wieland's youth could not have satisfied for long a growing intellectual nature such as his, least of all in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when new, world-shaking ideas were in the air.

His conversion, when it came, was as complete as it was sudden.

Under the new conditions, Richardson was one of the first of Wieland's former idols to be dethroned; the whole revolt, in fact, in its literary aspects, was against the religious fervour of Klopstock and the eternal parade of virtues in works of the Richardson type. Yet he was less successful in shaking himself free than he believed himself to be. His own novels, indeed, show how much he owed to the author of the once admired *Grandison*; but he had thoroughly emancipated himself from the idea that the existence of literature was only justified on didactic grounds. From an imitation of Richardson in this spirit nothing but good could accrue to German fiction; the baleful effects began when men like Gellert and Hermes saw in their "British Homer" merely a preacher in the guise of a story-teller. In the meantime, however, Wieland renounced Richardson and all his works, and when, on the plea of old friendship, he was induced to edit Sophie la Roche's *Fraulein Sternheim*, he did not disguise the distaste he felt for the task.

The first result of Wieland's conversion was a novel entitled *The Victory of Nature over Fancy; or, The Adventures of Don Sylvio of Rosalva*. It was published in 1764, immediately after the completion of his translation of Shakespeare, or, indeed, before the latter was quite finished. The historical importance of this novel has never been sufficiently emphasised. One must have spent many weary nights over the Fannys and the Sophies, the Counts and the Countesses of German fiction between 1746 and 1764 to understand what an enormous boon *Don Sylvio* was. It came like a being of flesh and blood into a collection of moral and immoral waxworks. It is a distinct landmark, and stands out almost as prominently as *Werther* itself.

Don Sylvio of Rosalva is a novel in two parts: the first is admirable, the second diffuse, and as absurdly extravagant as the wildest eccentricities of the Romantic school. Had its author been content to leave the novel in one volume, adding merely a concluding chapter, it would have been a charming idyll. It is certainly not too much to say that Wieland's first novel in its earlier chapters is a model of narrative prose, to which there had been, as yet, not the slightest approach in German literature. Like Musæus' satire on *Grandison*, it is an avowed imitation of *Don Quixote*. Don Sylvio has his *idée fixe*: he believes in the existence of fairies, and goes forth into the world to discover them. His adventures are related with a delightful freshness and a charm that carries the reader along in spite of himself. The novel, in its subjective aspects, is a satire on Wieland's former self. The fairies are his own discarded ideals, and Don Sylvio's enthusiasm his own former devotion to pietism and Klopstock.

Don Sylvio is more than a landmark in the history of the German novel; it is the beginning of a new epoch in the development of German prose. Wieland, it is true, is not usually held up as a model of style, but the popular opinion of his style is formed less from a direct acquaintance with his works than from one of the Goethe-Schiller *Kenien* in which he is taken to task for unending sentences.¹ However, Wieland's prose style deteriorated as he grew older: the lightness of his early works gave place to great lumbering periods as his gay frivolity was superseded by tedious moralising. The style of *Don Sylvio* is by no means contemptible, and might have served as a model for the entire classical period. In estimating Wieland's style we must not forget that in 1764 Lessing had already made a name for himself, and had done wonders for German prose. He had already launched his *Vade-mecum for Pastor Lange*, the *Literary Letters* had been appearing for more than three years, and the *Lackoon* was in preparation. But Lessing by no means exhausted the possibilities of German prose. Beautifully crystalline as his style is, unequalled where heavy, straightforward blows have to be dealt or great ideas communicated to the world, it had still something to gain before it could assert itself beside other European languages as a medium for imaginative literature. It wanted lightness and delicacy, and these very qualities were what Wieland was best fitted to supply. He was the first to adapt the German language to imaginative prose. Wieland's extensive studies in foreign literatures had much to do with his style. He was an ardent student of Shaftesbury and the English deists—(did not Goethe call him the twin-brother of Shaftesbury?)—of Shakespeare, Gay, and Prior; he had devoured the writings of the Encyclopædists, and bathed himself in Ariosto. With such preparation we are justified in expecting something more than the clumsy prose of the Richardsonian novelists. But Wieland's temperament is also reflected in his style. *Le style c'est l'homme*. As soon as the first period of his career was past and he stood revealed in his true colours, his nature was seen to be really gay and impulsive, by no means deep or overburdened with earnestness. In temperament, Wieland was essentially a child of the South; he brought Romance qualities into German prose. He gave it freshness and brilliancy, just as, more than sixty years later, Heine with his French sympathies—or rather that part of Heine that was French—brought a new heaven into the language from France.

The History of Agathon, Wieland's next novel, laid the foundation of his fame. Although in plan quite as old as *Don Sylvio*, it was not completed and published until two years later. *Agathon* is a much longer and more ambitious novel than its predecessor, and

¹ *Möge dein Lebensfaden sich spinnen wie in der Prosa
Dein Periode, bei dem leider die Lackeaus schläft.*

professes to depict life in ancient Greece. Wieland had, all his life long, a predilection for Greek themes which it is difficult to understand, for his knowledge of Greek life was exceedingly shallow and superficial.

Agathon, the hero of the story, is a handsome young Athenian who has been brought up in reverence for the Platonic ideals. He is carried off by pirates to Smyrna, where an Epicurean seeks to convert him to materialism. He withstands the temptations, and escapes to the Court of Dionysius in Sicily, at which he becomes initiated into the mysteries of political life. In an attempt to carry out his own high ideals he comes into conflict with the Government of the State and is thrown into prison. A time of terrible dejection follows, for, with the destruction of his ideals, life itself has lost all charm for him. An old man of Tarentum, Aristarchus, raises him out of the "Everlasting No": he frees him from prison and teaches him the "true wisdom." But the wisdom of Aristarchus leads to no "Everlasting Yea," for it is neither more nor less than an exposition of the glories of Hedonism. This is the weak point, not merely of *Agathon*, but of the majority of Wieland's productions, the absence of what we might describe as an ethical backbone: indeed, it means more than a moral defect, for it brings with it in addition a certain artistic instability. A cynical delight in depicting the highest ideals and virtues succumbing to the charms of sensuality is defensible from no point of view, and this was the rock upon which Wieland's literary fortunes were wrecked. At the same time his undisguised glorification of the *joie de vivre* undoubtedly came as a healthy and invaluable tonic to the literary temperament of his day.

Agathon had a brilliant reception both from the ordinary world of novel-readers and from the leading critical authorities of the time. Lessing, for instance, reviewed it as a "novel of classic taste, unquestionably one of the most excellent works of the eighteenth century, and the first and only novel for the thinking man," an opinion to which no one would now care to subscribe.

Agathon is, however, exceedingly interesting in one respect. It shows us, as no other book can, the gradual evolution of the national German novel as a type from the original Richardsonian basis. Scornfully as Wieland had repudiated Richardson, his genius was not powerful enough to throw off the latter's yoke. In fact, we need go no further than the motto of the book, the Horatian "Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit utile proposuit nobis exemplum," to see how completely Wieland still stood under the ban of the English novelist, and the clumsy, old-fashioned technique of the novel itself, with its coincidences, virtues, and temptations, points still more clearly in the same direction. Wherein, then, lay the advance?

"We have made it a principle [says the author in the twelfth book] not merely to entertain the readers of this history with the doings of our hero and the events that concern him, but also to communicate everything *that passes in his mind* at the more important periods of his life, all of which we are able to obtain from the sources at our disposal."

- This was Wieland's unquestionable merit: on the basis of the Richardson novel he made German fiction genuinely and consistently subjective. There is no psychological development in the "perfect" characters of our English writer, for no development is possible; but Wieland, giving the novel a real psychological basis, employed it as a medium through which to depict the growth of a human soul. He shifted the centre of interest from the mere excitement of incident to the evolution of mind and character. *Agathon* is the first step towards the attainment of a national type in German fiction; it is the direct forerunner of *Wilhelm Meister*.

In a survey of Wieland's work as a novelist it is impossible to overlook his *Abderites, a Very Probable History*, which appeared in 1774, the year in which Goethe's *Werther* took the world by storm. *The Abderites* is to-day the most readable of all Wieland's prose works, and contains his most genial satire. In it he enlarges upon the traditions which credit the inhabitants of ancient Abdera with an excess of stupidity. They build, for instance, a beautiful fountain, and neglect to furnish it with water; they purchase a Venus by Praxiteles, but place it upon so high a pedestal that it cannot be seen. The most amusing parts of the book, however, are the description of the theatre of the town and the famous trial over the ass's shadow. The theatre of Abdera gives a representation of Euripides' *Andromeda*, which, in the opinion of the townspeople, is unsurpassable. But a stranger has the temerity to smile at their efforts, and is about to meet with rather rough treatment from the offended Abderites, when, to their consternation, he discovers himself to be the great Euripides himself. At the request of the townspeople the poet organises a representation of his *Andromeda*, which, needless to say, is totally different from the local effort.

The story of the ass's shadow is still more amusing, and, in some form or other, has filtered into most literatures. A dentist hires an ass to carry him to a town lying at some distance from Abdera. He has to cross a treeless plain, and as it is a very hot day, he dismounts, with the object of resting in the shadow of the ass. The ass-driver, however, contests his right to do so, for, he insists, the bargain stipulated only for the hire of the animal, not of its shadow. A lawsuit ensues which sets the town by the ears; the inhabitants are divided into two factions, and excitement runs so high that open hostilities are anticipated. Finally, the ass himself arrives upon the scene, and the excited populace wreak their

vengeance upon this innocent cause of all their trouble by tearing him to pieces.

It has been conjectured that the satire of *The Abderites* was suggested by the pictures of provincial life in Hermes' *Sophie*, which, it may be remembered, appeared a year or two before. However that may be, it certainly says a great deal for a book of avowed satirical intent that it should remain so fresh and readable more than a hundred years after its production.

No sooner had the English influence been satisfactorily combated and assimilated than German letters found themselves confronted by a new enemy of independent development—the influence of Rousseau. Since the appearance of the *New Heloise* in 1760, Rousseau had made enormous strides in German estimation. Madame de la Roche was affected by the new doctrines, and *Agathon* is not free from very marked traces of them: in fact, Wieland's passion had more of Rousseau in it than he would have cared to admit. But Goethe first gave the new gospel voice. His *Sorrows of Werther* is the triumph of Rousseau in Germany: it is the *New Heloise* sublimated in the mind of a poet of supreme genius. With this novel Goethe inaugurated for German fiction a new epoch, but an epoch which hardly contributed to its development in proportion to the stir it made in the world. The *Sturm und Drang* had to be denuded of its most characteristic qualities, its extravagance and wrong-headed enthusiasm, before it could be made a serviceable factor in the progress of Germany towards a classical literature. The importance of *Werther* for the development of the novel is thus hardly proportionate to its literary worth. It does not stand on the main stream of German fiction, but on one of the tributaries; it represents rather a formative force than an actual type.

No form of literature is so peculiarly and narrowly national as the novel, and consequently no form is so liable to misappreciation in the eyes of foreigners. We in England are especial sinners in this respect. Fiction, and national fiction in the best sense, bulks largely in our modern literature, and every Englishman has a distinct idea of what he calls a good novel. But he unfortunately judges the fiction of all other nations by the standards of his own literature. Balzac and Flaubert, Spielhagen and Heyse, Turgenieff and Dostoieffsky, stand or fall by an inevitable comparison with George Eliot or Thackeray. It must, however, in all fairness, be conceded that the masterpieces of French fiction, even when least English, have found a considerable amount of genuine and unbiassed appreciation in England. But the German novel is still a stranger, and it remains a stranger because we will not recognise its right to have distinct national characteristics of its own. We insist that it shall be written either wholly on English lines or wholly on French

lines, if not, we smile upon it superciliously as an unsuccessful imitation.

It is beyond the scope of the present paper to follow the further development of the German novel as a national literary type. We have endeavoured to show how its character is largely due to the peculiar conditions of its origin, how the predominant subjective note, the tendency to deal with ethical principles and problems rather than with incident, can be traced back to the influence of Richardson. We have seen how Wieland, improving on the uncouth attempts of Gellert and his school, first laid down the lines upon which the novel was to develop, and it is hardly too much to say that its entire subsequent history, from *Agathon*, through *Anton Reiser* and *Wilhelm Meister*, down to Heyse's *Children of the World*, is but the natural evolution of the original Richardsonian type.

JOHN G. ROBERTSON.

ANGLIA AND THE ANGLIANS.

THERE is an obvious want of some compendious word to signify the whole body of the English-speaking nations. It is indeed singular that a conception now so familiar to tongue and pen should not have clothed itself long ago in some brief and fitting word. But it is not so; and the wearisome iteration of "English-speaking nations," "citizens of the English-speaking nations," "literature of the English-speaking nations," "countries inhabited by the English-speaking nations," goes on, wounding the ear with a daily increasing impact; until the mind begins to suspect that ideas whose best expression is so clumsy must be in some way clumsy in themselves. This is probably the very last thing which those who talk and write most about "English-speaking nations" would be prepared to admit; and it is in their interest therefore, as much as in that of the language, that an improved nomenclature appears to be desirable. The great Greek historians of the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ had to write about "the Greek-speaking nations," "the citizens of Greek-speaking states," and "the countries inhabited by Greek-speaking people"; and if they had had no more sense of literary form than some of our slap-dash nineteenth century publicists, they would probably have been quite content to write about them always in lumbering circumlocutions like these. But no: "the Greek-speaking nations" were to them simply the *Hellenes*; "the citizen of a Greek-speaking State" was a *Hellene*; "the countries inhabited by Greek-speaking people," however scattered and disjoined, were *Hellas*. The purpose of this paper is to advocate the adoption of a similar usage in reference to English-speaking countries and people.

But it will be instructive first of all to consider how these very words *Hellas* and *Hellene* attained to their pre-eminent place in Greek nomenclature. For the sense in which they are continually used by Thucydides and Xenophon, and even by Herodotus, is one of which the *Iliad* knows nothing. The assembled Greeks are there called Danai, Argives, Achæans, and what not, but never Hellenes. The Hellenes are only a portion, apparently a minor portion, of the subjects of Achilles; and *Hellas* is the name of their little district and city. But there is a line in the *Odyssey* which contains the germ of their future expansion of meaning. The poet, having

absolutely no unambiguous word for collective Greece, is compelled to express that idea by a poetic extension of existing terms. Hence a repeated use of the expression, καθ' Ἑλλάδα καὶ μέσον Ἀργος—"throughout Hellas and the midst of Argos"—where the Argos of Agamemnon is evidently intended to stand, by a poetical license, for all Peloponnesus, add the Hellas of Achilles for all Northern Greece. The political insignificance of the real Hellas helped this extended use of its name out of the region of poetry into that of practical life: and the manifest need of a term to express the whole of Greece helped its still further extension, so as to include Peloponnesus too. It is used in this sense as early as Hesiod. But Greek life soon began to overflow its narrow native bounds, and to invade every coast and island in the Mediterranean and the Euxine seas. Were these new settlements not Greek also? There could be but one answer, and therefore the terms Hellas and Hellene received a final accretion of meaning which made them co-extensive with the Greek language, and more than co-extensive with the Greek race. In view of modern analogies, this last fact is most interesting: for many of the colonies were full of foreign elements, but the final test of Hellenism was not blood, but language and culture. The obverse of this fact is found in the sharp distinction which at the same time grew up between Greek and Barbarian. This distinction was also unknown to Homer, and it is essentially linguistic. The Barbarian is the man whose speech is *bar-bar-bar*—an indistinguishable babble or jabber: but the man who speaks Greek is, *ipso facto*, a Hellenic. This widest conception of Hellas and the Hellenes was beginning to prevail in the days of Herodotus; it was fully established in those of Thucydides and Xenophon. Surely if the Greeks at that epoch needed and made a common name for themselves and for the lands which they dwelt in, we English-speakers of the coming century will need the same; and the right words seem to be already marked out for us by their and our past history.

Let it be remembered that we want three connected words—one for the English-speaking man, another for the lands which he inhabits, and a third, an adjective, denoting his special attributes: we want, in fact, the analogues of Hellas, Hellene, and Hellenic. But we have at present no three words which just cover the required ground. The word English, for example, universally describes the language, and a century ago the word Englishman described most of the people who spoke it. Marmontel, writing in 1768, describes a correspondent of his in Charlestown as an *Englishman* of Carolina—*un anglais de la Caroline*; and the correspondent describes himself by the same title in his letter. Franklin, the New Englander, and Washington, the Virginian, would each equally have thought it an insult not to be considered an Englishman. The War of Independence was to all intents and purposes a *civil* war; and of the

contending parties, the colonists, as contrasted with Hanoverian George and his mercenary Hessians, were by far the more English of the two. It is now fully admitted that the so-called rebels were fighting for one of the principles of English liberty against the tyranny of an English king. So obvious was it that both parties were English that neither party took to itself that name. The King's side was British, the other side was American. A generation sooner the latter would no more have called themselves American than they would have called themselves Red Indians. As soon might an Englishman of Capetown or Hong-kong to-day call himself an African or an Asiatic. The colonists thus showed their reverence for and adhesion to the English name by avoiding it. But this very avoidance has cost it its universality. To-day neither Americans nor Australians commonly speak of themselves as Englishmen, and it is amusing to see from Professor Freeman's *Impressions of the United States* how the great historian had to labour to convince the average Yankee that he also was an Englishman. Nor does the disinclination of the Irish and Scotch to call themselves Englishmen show any signs of diminution.

The word English is still universal as to one thing, that is, the language; but it is no longer universal even as to the literature. If I take up at random any manual of *English* literature, it is an even chance that the names of Longfellow and Whittier, of Emerson and Lowell, of Irving and Hawthorne, of Prescott and Bancroft are not to be found there! And so that sacred and united realm of English thought, which hitherto has bent like heaven itself, in light and benediction round the world, is to be cut in sunder, and artificially partitioned among half a dozen competing nationalities! And all for what? Apparently for nothing, except insular pedantry, and the growing provincialism of a word. And if the word *English* is failing us, the same is true *a fortiori* of British, Britannic, Pan-Britannic, Anglican, Pan-Anglican, and every other word which has definite modern applications of a decidedly sectional character. Under these circumstances it has been natural to seek some term which shall indicate clearly the bond of thought and institutions and language, but shall yet be quite free from any sectional modern meaning. Hence there have been attempts for a long time past to naturalise the word Anglo-Saxon in this sense; and Lowell has even presented us—satirically, it is true—with the word *Anglo-Saxondom* to express the collective Anglo-Saxon domain. This is a long way better, after all, than Mr. Stead's last coinage, *English-speaking-dom*. But somehow the word Anglo-Saxon does not quite "catch on" with everybody; and to tell the truth it hardly deserves to do so. It is very instructive to take a bird's-eye retrospect of the uses of that word and of its elements. The names of the *Angli* and the *Saxones* appear almost simultaneously in literature at the

beginning of the second century—the one in Tacitus, and the other in Ptolemy.

But they were as yet mere items in a catalogue of German tribes; and it was quite 250 years before either of them emerged into any historical prominence. During that time the Saxons had developed from an obscure tribe of German fishermen into a race of daring and successful pirates. The coasts which suffered most from their attacks were naturally those of Britain. The declining Roman power was daily more unable to keep them in check, and when the Romans went the enemy came in like a flood. Other tribes, notably the Jutes, rushed in to share the spoil of British fields and Roman cities and Christian temples. But by the harried and decimated Celts the invaders were all still comprised under the original name of Saxons; and for fifteen hundred years the Teutonic enemy has been known to every Celtic race in the British Islands by the same detested name. Moreover, the English themselves have a habit of employing the word Saxon to indicate all those blunt and stolid qualities which are probably more admired by themselves than by those towards whom they have been exercised. Hence the impossibility of the word Saxon as a common name even within the bounds of the United Kingdom. The Saxon inroads had lasted a hundred years before the kingdom of Hengist was set up: they had lasted a hundred years more before the Angles appeared separately upon the scene. There is a three-cornered piece of land in Schleswig which is nearly surrounded by the Flensborger Fiord, the estuary of the Schley, and the sea. This piece of land, says Bede, was called in Latin *Angulus*, the Corner. The natives shortened it to *Angel*, and called themselves *Engle*. In Latin they were called *Angli*. It seems at first sight strange that the name of a remote German district and people should be derived from the Latin, but we have lately come to understand that from the time when Latin civilisation gained its pre-eminence, its Northern neighbours began to borrow Latin words. There are scores of such words in German, though they are mostly so disguised by phonetic changes that their identity is not easily discoverable. Whether the Angle was in himself a more civilisable being than the Saxon, or whether, in two centuries, the North-German tribe had made some advance upon their earlier barbarism, is very difficult to say. But it is certain that the Anglian conqueror soon and greatly outshone his Saxon predecessor. The Anglian conquests were more humane, though they were also more rapid and far-reaching. At the end of a century (550–650) the net result was that three Anglian kingdoms had been founded, and that the whole country lying between the Forth and the Thames, and between the German Ocean and the Welsh border, was subject to their sway. And they had been advancing in civilisation at the same time that they had grown in power. Already in the first century Edwin, king of Northumbria,

and overlord of all the rest, had accepted Christianity ; and Oswald his successor had welcomed with open arms the Celtic missionaries from the famous college of Iona. So swift and decisive was the rise of the Anglian power that long before this first century was spent the usual Latin name of the new possessors of Britain was no longer *Saxones* but *Angli*. When Gregory the Great, after seeing the beautiful Anglian youths in the slave-market, resolved to send a mission to the Angli, he sent it to the *Jutes* of Kent ; and he evidently reckoned that these were really and properly a part of the Angli, for both he and his successor Boniface and the missionary Saint Augustine always styled the Kentish king, *Elthelbertus rex Anglorum*. In the second century (650–750) of their history the Anglians attained to an intellectual leadership just as striking as their political predominance in the first. The earliest learning and the earliest literature of the Teutonic colonists was altogether Anglian. In that darkest age of Western history the sacred torch of ancient learning burned nowhere so brightly as in the Anglian schools of Jarrow and of York, which thus were privileged to foreshadow by many centuries the future intellectual greatness of the Teutonic race. Nor was the Anglian tongue itself neglected : it soon became a literary language, and was illustrated by the genius of Caedmon and of Bede : it attained in fact in the end to such a status that the language, whether of the Saxons or the Angles, is never afterwards mentioned in literature, nor in fact in any kind of writing, except as *Englisc*, or *English*, the language of the *Engle*, the *Angli*, the *Angles*. This is the more surprising, because in the third century of its existence the vigorous young plant of Anglian civilisation was ruthlessly hacked to pieces by the heathen Danes. The sceptre passed back to the West-Saxon dynasty, and the Anglian literature is now chiefly known to us by the transcripts made from Anglian originals into the Saxon idiom of the South. All vernacular official documents also, from Alfred downwards, are written in the same Southern idiom ; but there are decisive marks of the long Anglian precedence in the facts that the language is still called *Englisc*, that the subjects of Alfred (in his treaty with Guthrum) are called *Englismen*, and that the country was still called, ever afterwards, *Englaland*, the land of the Engle. The Jutes and Saxons had themselves, in fact, been then for more than a century commonly called Suth-Engle—South Anglians—by their Northern overlords.

But in Latin phraseology things went somewhat differently. In the days of Alfred's final prosperity some of his courtly West-Saxon Latinists may perhaps have recalled the days when the *Saxones*, not the *Angli*, were the generic race. The successive titles given to him in the chronological series of his Latin charters in the *Collectio Diplomatica*, are at once an index to the growth of the king's fortunes, and perhaps of a little pardonable West-Saxon pride, or

- clerical flattery. He is first of all *rex Westsaxonum*, then *Anglorum et Saxonum*, then *Anglorum Saxonum*, then *Angol-saxonum*, and finally *Anglo-Saxonum*. But the word Anglo-Saxon, thus at last invented, was itself hardly an Anglo-Saxon word at all, for we never find it used in any English document except to translate the Latin *Anglo-Saxones*. It was never used as the name of the old English language, nor even as an adjective at all, until quite modern times.

The Norman Conquest came, and the West-Saxon type of literary English, which had flourished for 200 years after its creation by Alfred, was swept away as ruthlessly as the Anglian type had been swept away by the Danish invasions. The literature was partly preserved by the care of English monks and clergy; and English of some kind never altogether ceased to be written; but in the absence of any literary, forensic, or courtly form of standard speech, it was written in a hundred different ways, according to locality. Under these circumstances the Anglian dialects once more made their preponderance felt. The universities grew up on Anglian ground, the majority of writers were Anglian, Anglian forms of speech gained the upper hand at Court and in the capital. Hence it happens that the relics we possess of the speech of the old Mercians and Northumbrians stand in a much closer relationship to modern English than does the speech preserved to us in the writings of Alfred and his West-Saxons.

So much for the historical connections of the words Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and Anglian. In modern times the primary use of the word Saxon is to indicate a continental nation, whose speech is not English at all; and the primary use of the word Anglo-Saxon is to indicate that portion only of the English-speaking world which is also English by descent. But the word we want to-day is one that shall fitly cover the whole body of the English-speaking communities. Such words cannot be created out of nothing: they must be based on available material: and the word Anglian alone is left. Happily, it seems to be eminently adapted to the use proposed. The numerous German scholars who critically study the English language and its literature, have in fact anticipated this usage by calling their principal organ, *Anglia*. The intention of that title is undoubtedly not to express geographical England, but the intellectual and linguistic realm of English speech: and there is nothing really strange in such a term being first invented by foreigners, to whom the fact of any given English work being produced in the original island or elsewhere is a matter of quite secondary moment. There is no need to encumber the word with a prefix, and speak of *All-Anglia*, and *All-Anglians*, as Mr. Astley Cooper has proposed to do; for the simple reason that, once adopted, the words are quite unambiguous as they stand. In Latin, it is true, the word *Anglia* still means

simply *England*, but in a matter of this sort we must leave Latinists to take care of themselves.

No ambiguity would arise from the introduction of the word *Anglia* into any other language but Latin, except, perhaps, modern Greek. The compound words *East-Anglia* and *East-Anglian* need not be in any way interfered with. Beyond that the word *Anglian* has absolutely no modern uses, except that it is employed by English scholars to indicate the old Mercian and Northumbrian stock of English speech, in contradiction to the Alfredian West-Saxon, which is in some sense a by-product. But even in this connection it would have the advantage of correctly indicating the true and direct fountains of the language and of the literature, in a manner fitly supplementary to its proposed wider uses.

The very ambiguous term "English scholar" reminds one that the Germans have already evolved the term *Anglist* to denote a man who is skilled in the philology of the English tongue, and its obvious convenience is certain to ensure its adoption here. Thus the associations of the word are on all hands linguistic, which is exactly what we want. It carries with it no memories of political conflict, or of national or racial jealousy; and it is hard to see how either American or Australian, Irishman or Scotchman, Welshman or Mauxman could object to be included under so innocent a term. If they are content to use the language of the Angle, the least they can do is to admit the fact, which is all that the name *Anglian* need imply.

At the same time it is not a disadvantage that the word is connected at root with the word *English*, for which it is meant to be partly substituted. For there must necessarily be a period during which the two terms will be both current in closely related or even identical meanings. Suppose the word *Anglians* established as a substitute for "English-speaking people"—that is the most pressing want. The word *Anglia* might soon follow, as a handy name for their habitat. But many would object to "*Anglian*" literature, and the term would only be accepted gradually, by force of its unambiguity; whilst it is doubtful whether the language itself would ever cease to be described as English. Meantime, he who can coin and put into circulation a set of convenient common names for all the things which are linked together by the world-wide bond of that language will have rendered a memorable service to humanity and to civilisation.

The writer of the present paper, addressing a learned society shortly after the death of Lowell, remarked that the poet seemed in his later years to have developed a kind of *Anglian* nationality, which embraced the English without being unfaithful to the American. And such things grow better and faster when they have a name.

R. J. LLOYD.

THE ROMANCES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE principal source of fascination in the stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne proceeds from an exquisite sympathy with the spiritually mysterious and appalling in our nature. His delineation of the peculiar phases of mental experience upon which he loves to dwell is usually accompanied by a vivid romanticism of situation and incident singularly original; and his descriptive pencil is never more at home than when it lingers over what is weird, unreal, or ghostly. In addition, Hawthorne's romances belong to a region of fancy which allows of them being informed by a unique power of subtle introspection. This power, in union with his fine insight, suggests that the novelist's imagination was of the phase which, according to Mr. Ruskin's classification, is in part analytical penetration and in part contemplative.¹ His genius, in its peculiar treatment of the idiosyncracies of his characters, may be said to resemble the whirlpool in its power of drawing all within its influence to one centre, although his artistic skill and sympathy enable him to dignify his conceptions with distinct if somewhat exclusive individualities. Our first experience of his works is one of mingled surprise and delight, to be succeeded by awe, not to say terror, as we grow more and more impressed with what is haunting and gruesome in his pages. Then it is we recognise how much of Hawthorne's power lies in the profound interest he evinces towards individuals in exceptionally ideal situations—situations which he is able to present to the reader, by the magic of his rare genius, with unique and thrilling intensity.

The contemplative element in his imagination may have led the romancer, for the selection of his subjects, to those set types of humanity to be found not so long ago among the ancestral descendants of the early village folk of New England; just as for his incidents he loved to explore the traditions of these earliest settlers of America. But, beyond suggestive touches of local and historical interest—fresh and attractive of themselves—there is always an original charm proceeding from the author's simple, direct, penetrating insight into enduring phases of thought and feeling in connection with his personages. Into the fanciful semblance of his favourite types of humanity he breathes the warm spirit of an existence.

¹ *Modern Painters*. Vol. i.: "Imagination."

which, to borrow the romancer's own language, renders his conceptions, if not actually human, yet so like humanity that they must be preternatural. The subtle and cultured art of Hawthorne's genius in no way shows its fine quality more distinctly than in the manner in which these delineations, although not of this world, are invested with a verisimilitude so natural, and in some instances so winning, as to draw us towards them in spite of their imaginative exclusiveness. Their affinity to humanity is unmistakable, sicklied o'er, though they be, with the pale cast of unreality. Another drawback to our sympathising to the full with Hawthorne's characters arises from the peculiarity of these not evolving the scenes of pathos and power which are the mainstays of his stories; on the contrary, the scenes are presented so as to illustrate by the force of their accumulated impressions the leading emotion or interest of the conception.

This brings us to another peculiarity of Hawthorne's artistic treatment. The special feature of his subject which he wishes to bring prominently out is illustrated by his powerful and painstaking fancy in so marked a manner as to make the spiritual lineaments of the character appear exaggeration if not deformity. No inapt illustration of this exceptional treatment may be found in that description of perspective drawing known as anamorphosis, where a portrait or figure is in one special point of view a distorted representation. Hawthorne's characters, in the point of view of the absorbing idea he is desirous of emphasising, loses that harmony and consistency essential to an exact representation of human nature. It is characteristic that the eccentricity is generally most strikingly displayed in connection with some profoundly significant ethical position. In *The Scarlet Letter*, for instance, the great and absorbing point of interest springs from the inevitable result of the sin of adultery as it affects two otherwise beautiful and noble characters. In *Transformation* it may be said that Hawthorne lavishes all the riches of his cultured imaginative subtlety upon foreshadowing the after-effect of a murder, committed under an impulse, in which the two chief characters of the romance are concerned in as exquisitely delicate a manner as their guilty deed will allow. To take two dissimilar but very suggestive instances from the shorter pieces: in *Roger Malvin's Burial* we have the picture of a sensitive-minded man, who had been induced to leave a companion to die while he himself escaped, passing through all the terrible experiences of one who had been guilty of some dastardly iniquity, and who finds no respite from the avenging recollection until by accident he has killed his son—has "shed blood dearer to him than his own"; in *Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe* we have a happier but equally fatalistic accumulation of incidents, only in this instance the event is allowed to cast its shadow

before, and in the end the tragic result is averted. But perhaps the most striking and intense illustration of the strange distorted manner in which Hawthorne's characters appear under the effect of a fixed or absorbing idea is to be found in *Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent*, an allegory which, when viewed in any other light than the fantastic one in which the story-teller presents it, loses its powerful meaning. Again, the character of the man who goes in search of the unpardonable sin, Etham Brand, a powerful and grotesque study, is only saved from becoming repulsive by that element of intense gloom and solitariness in his life which inevitably draws the victim to his doom, and finally leads him to plunge into the burning furnace. The vivid intensity of Hawthorne's genius when concentrated upon any particular feature of his conception, whether of incident or character, may be likened to the glare of fierce light which smote upon the face and figure of Etham Brand in this story, when the iron door of the lime-kiln was thrown open before him. As Turner in his pictures, by "distinctness of shadow expresses vividness of light," so in the representations of the American novelist, amid the gloomy fatalistic consequences of their actions, hovers a shining tenderness, ever ready, like a sanctifying peace, to descend when the destinies are satisfied.

Among the loveliest features of Hawthorne's works is the subtle and consummate manner in which he diffuses an etherealised atmosphere over his descriptions of natural scenery and imparts an idealised effect to the various situations in which his characters are placed. As Roger Malvin's burial—the novelist himself tells us—was "one of the few incidents of Indian warfare susceptible of the moonlight of romance," so most of the subjects Hawthorne's fancy delighted to elaborate, if we may judge of them as they appear now, were susceptible of an influence with a similar enchantment. Hawthorne's power in this respect sprang from the subtle informing charm of his genius, by which he was able to infuse something new and strange and wonderful into his work. Sensitive critic of himself as he was, Hawthorne, however, slighted the rare magic of his own powers when he dwelt so repeatedly upon the necessity of having an atmosphere as of "clear, brown twilight" in which to read his stories. There may be, as he says in the Preface to *Transformation*, great difficulty in writing a romance "about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong"; but the essential fascination of his genius transcended considerations of surroundings and created for itself the atmosphere best suited for its appreciation. That the beautiful tendrils of his fancy instinctively entwined themselves around what was congenial and vitalising, and gained strength from these accessories to the romantic and imaginative, is true enough. But it is pressing their assistance too far to regard them as indispensable. It would be

easy, as it were, to confront the novelist from his own pages with instances which show how his genius itself creates the atmosphere of romance without need of antiquity or far-off lands. Hawthorne seems in this respect to resemble Ralph Cranfield, in his beautiful story *The Threefold Destiny*, who went a weary world-search for mysterious treasures which he found after all lay at his own door.

To illustrate briefly what we have stated, we will glance for a moment at some of the more remarkable of Hawthorne's short stories to be found in *Twice-told Tales* (First Series, 1837; Second Series, 1842); *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846); and *The Snow Image and Other Tales* (1851). The subtlety, variety, and originality of the author's conceptions are what impress the mind most when we first become acquainted with these fascinating volumes. When, as in numerous instances, the novelist's characters are exhibited in connection with fears and forebodings which assail the human mind, as the result of some inherited tendency or of sin committed, the weird and gruesome element of Hawthorne's genius is predominant. This striking feature, and others referred to in Edgar Poe's succinct estimate of the romancer's powers—his possession of the "purest style, the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humour, the most touching pathos,"—indicate some of the exceptional attractions which are to be found in the early stories. Special mention may be made of three graceful fantasies, worked out with peculiar happiness and vigour—*David Swan*, *The Great Carbuncle*, and *The Great Stone Face*. In a different manner, we have realistic sketches marked by careful finish and pathetic interest, such as *The Old Apple Dealer*, *The Toll-Gatherer's Day*, and *The Village Pump*; elaborate allegorical fancies with profound meaning underlying the quaint, even grim humour with which they are accompanied, as *The Christmas Banquet*, *The Devil in Manuscript*, and *Chippings with a Chisel*—this last having about it a flavour of Addison's famous paper on Westminster Abbey; studies full of delicate insight and a vein of original thought, pursued with graceful exuberance through a succession of delightful pictures, as in *Sights from a Steeple*, *The Maypole of Merry Mount*, or *The Vision of the Fountain*; tender or fantastic apologues, through which runs a vein of refined irony, as in *The Celestial Railroad*, *A Select Party*, and *Earth's Holocaust*; and fairy legends of beauty—quaint, pathetic, or sentimental—like *The Threefold Destiny*, *Edward Kane's Rosebud*, or *The Lily's Quest*. To give one or two instances of the higher and more radiant flight of the romancer's imaginative conceptions, as well as of his finished and fascinating descriptive powers, we may mention *The Prophetic Pictures*, *The Birth-Mark*, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiments*, *Roger Malvin's Burial*, and *Rappacini's Daughter*, all of which are elaborated with rare psychological insight and invested with that weird glamour, that

haunting fascination, which, if we dare coin a word, we might term Hawthornesque. In many of the short stories the gaily-dressed fantasies turn to ghostly and sepulchral images of themselves,—the intensely thrilling, even harrowing effect, however, generally issues in a clear, artistically ordered work, which at its close is irradiated with some lovely thought, which seems to spring out of it as naturally as fragrance from the leaves of a flower. The short stories of these volumes also instance the ease, variety, and finish of Hawthorne's admirable style—a style graceful, vigorous, and flowing, into which the freshness of morning no less than the repose and beauty of summer woodlands seems at times to steal; a style giving life and buoyancy and fascination to whatever it describes, changing like a prism with metaphor and trope; easy, natural, varied, as it grows warm with feeling, vivid with landscape, or eloquent with human misery and wrong.

The rare attraction and subtle spiritual insight of Hawthorne's short stories are seen with elaborated distinctness in the four extended romances to which he owes his more solid reputation. *The Blithedale Romance*, as the outcome of experiences earlier than the production of *The Scarlet Letter*, or *The House of the Seven Gables*, although written after these, may be referred to first of all as the most realistic of his works. The story deals with actual circumstances in the light of an enthusiasm which sought to carry out an impracticable experiment in Socialism. This "transcendental picnic," as the scheme of the Brook Farm Community was called, cost Hawthorne his last thousand dollars, and gave the world a fresh and delightful book. The place and incidents of the Socialist settlement were chosen by Hawthorne for the background of his story, ostensibly, as he tells us, because he required "a theatre a little removed from the highways of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real life." Yet, with all the interest it may derive from its exceptional setting, the story disappoints on account of the vagueness of its purpose and incompleteness of design. The aspiration stirring the enamoured Socialists is the enduring charm of the romance, which required no imaginative touches or beauty of surrounding to make lovelier than when it sprang radiant from the hearts of the little band of colonists. Hawthorne's genius could do for their noble ideal what the members of the community themselves failed to accomplish. It could give reality to a vision, and by associating vivid personalities with the futile attempt bestow upon posterity a living memorial of a lofty but ineffectual enthusiasm.

We now pass to *The Scarlet Letter*, a work of far grander aim and profounder intensity of genius than any other of Hawthorne's romances—a work, indeed, which, if not the most artistic outcome of

his powers, is supremely beautiful, daring, and original in conception, and finished in workmanship. The little group of figures—a group worthy to have been portrayed by the powerful and discerning art of Rembrandt—in whom the interest of the story centres, are conceived with consummate vigour, delicacy, and imaginative suggestiveness. Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale, and the child Pearl, are wrought into the recollection, not only by the artist's minute and repeated touches, but by intense interest, sympathy, and regret. The restrained tenderness and pathos throughout—like springs of living water held in by stern granite rock—are all the more impressive on account of the forlorn nature of the position of Hester and the minister. The burning consciousness of her guilt, typified by the scarlet letter worn upon the fallen woman's breast, so that it is seen of all, is less hard to bear than the consciousness of the same wrong hidden in an otherwise pure and unsullied mind. Hester Prynne living a life of iron-minded resignation in her lonely cottage, until the symbol of her shame becomes idealised with another meaning, even to those who had imposed it upon her; and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, preaching the Word of God with the sublimest fervour and eloquence to his all-confiding people, yet with the secret consciousness of his own unworthiness shrivelling away his life, until driven to brand himself with the same stigma as that so long borne publicly by his fellow-sinner—are conceptions which reveal the human spirit in two transcendently remarkable phases of its convulsions with the result of sin. Idealistically more daring and marvellous is the inspiration of the elf-child Pearl, with her Protean variety of moods and diversions, and the fanciful manner in which she, as it were, plays with the secret of her mother's shame, and unwittingly performs the part of a Nemesis towards both parents. There is no need to dwell upon the scenes of masterly power and refinement of insight by which the work is characterised, but one most exquisite feature of rare poetic subtlety lies in the manner with which the natural world around is portrayed in harmony with the peculiar feelings and positions of the two principal characters, as if a spiritual pencil had felt the influence of the guilt between them, and had passed with etherealised touch over the scenes amid which they move. If the agonising chapter descriptive of the minister's vigil is the most dramatic in the book, assuredly the meeting between Hester and Arthur in the forest is the loveliest and most touching. Hawthorne's vision in presenting vividly and sympathetically the influence of the overshadowing guilt at the heart of the story, so that it is never allowed to escape, raises the work to a very high level, inspiring it at times with something of the daring, although its execution is deficient in the restraint and unity of Greek tragedy; a work, however, worthy of the new world, with a strength and freshness as of the pine forest, and a vitality and

intensity belonging to youthful blood—its depths of moral purpose imparting splendour to the desolation which, as the inevitable consequence of sin, pervades the story throughout.

Although *The House of the Seven Gables* may not possess the intensity and interest of *The Scarlet Letter*, it is to us a lovelier and more fascinating story, and belongs to a higher region of imaginative art. From the first we seem spirited into another world—the characters and their surroundings possessing that indefinable charm which belongs to ideal scenes and personages. These are of the simplest and most attractive description. A sister, the elaborately delineated, delightfully aristocratic old maiden, Hepzibah Pyncheon, who is tenderly attached to her brother Clifford—the most exquisitely inspired and finely delineated of all Hawthorne's characters—but from whom she has long been separated by the falsity of a relative, the Judge Pyncheon of the story; a bright, nimble-minded, joyous-hearted maiden, Phoebe, brought by stress of circumstances into the circle; and an intelligent, interesting, if somewhat moody artist, Holgrave. These are the suggestive characters to which the ancient and picturesque domicile of the Pyncheon family, the House of the Seven Gables, forms an artistic and appropriate background. Slowly, leisurely, but always beautifully, the story unfolds itself, like one of the legendary flowers in the quaint old garden behind the memorable house—with, too, a fragrance all its own. Everything in connection with the little group of characters is old-world, lovely, attractive, with an awe and interest owing to a mysterious shadow hovering round the inmates of the grotesque mansion. After the most startling event in the story—the sudden death of Judge Pyncheon—the shadow vanishes, and the romance closes in light and joyance. The feature of Hawthorne's genius which here stands out with more than usual refinement and charm is the art by which the exquisite group of characters, brought together by the simplest device of interest, are portrayed as forming parts of a harmonious whole. Among the pictures left upon the memory when we have closed the story, that of the dreamy, idealistic Clifford, with his refined, fanciful sensibilities, and tender, lovable admiration of what is beautiful and pleasing, so that his very existence seems to depend upon sunshine, is the most original and striking. One leading trait of this æsthetic dreamer is nowhere more finely illustrated than in his intercourse with Phoebe, who to his sensitive epicurean nature is as the light and fragrance of a spiritual bloom. Further, in no other of his stories does Hawthorne's humour play with such genuine and spontaneous effect. Its bright and glancing flashes usually linger on the surface, as if they had no power to penetrate deeply or warm through and through. His humour, as a rule, does not spring from the heart, or call forth irresistible mirth. Like his pathos, it is

generally reserved, almost steeled, as if shy of showing itself. But through this story ever and again there are indications of a freer and heartier impulse, as in the inimitable description of Hepzibah's experience on the first morning of her opening her little shop, with the references to the boy who devoured a whole caravan of ginger-bread animals; and in such touches as those describing Holgrave's friends, who "ate no solid food, but lived on the scents of other people's cookery, and turned up their noses at that." But it is as a whole that the work impresses one with its irresistible beauty. It is not often that the flower of romance blossoms so luxuriantly, or, when it does, bears such refreshing as well as ennobling fruit.

Transformation is the most unsatisfactory although in some parts the most richly descriptive of the longer stories. The author's method of elaborating his conception is so transparently revealed as to create impatience, and in the end disappointment, notwithstanding the fascination of individual parts. This conflicting experience arises from the contradiction between the chief incident of the story—one peculiarly suitable to Hawthorne's genius—and the surroundings he introduces of no special affinity to its essential interest. This essential interest culminates in a crime of an extraordinarily subtle and impulsive nature. The peculiar power of Hawthorne's imagination is here finely illustrated, and his delineation of the result of the crime upon the two personages concerned in it one of curious psychological discrimination. The story has no conventional ending, and perhaps fails to please some on that account; but from the peculiar nature of the leading incident such an ending is impossible; and, so far as the Hawthornesque element is concerned, *Transformation* might suitably have formed another twice-told tale with a haunting interest running through it, like *Roger Malvin*. On other grounds—those, for instance, which made the book such a favourite with Dean Stanley, who had read it, he tells us himself, seven times—*Transformation* is a most enthralling work. Its descriptive powers are of the highest order; its art appreciation delicate and original; its autobiographical touches of supreme and engrossing interest; its literary charm of style and thought in every way worthy of the author's lofty and cultured powers. With regard to one point of autobiographical interest, the touching and beautiful impression which lingers in the memory of one of the characters, Hilda—as pure and ethereal a conception as ever floated before a poet's mind—becomes transfigured, when we remember that Hilda is an idealised picture of the novelist's daughter Una, whom those who knew have enshrined by their references as a woman of the tenderest sensibility and grace. Una's great trial from early years was physical delicacy, and as a sequel to this we may add that, after having at thirty-three sustained the irreparable loss of her betrothed, her golden hair turned grey, and while devoting herself to religious duties she died in an English convent in 1877.

These admirable romances, with the short tales already referred to, constitute Hawthorne's noblest contribution to the imaginative literature of his country. The incomplete stories published after his death hardly increase our "rich surprise" at his fertile ingenuity. It is doubtful, had he been able, as he longed to do in the closing months of his life, "to write a sunshiny book," whether this would have materially added to the lustre of his reputation. For other and fresh illustrations of his original mind, we may turn to his various Note-books, and from these derive more intellectual wealth, as well as a closer fellowship with his richly-endowed faculties. Vivid flashes of mental and spiritual insight, imaginative suggestions of exquisite subtlety, incisive criticism upon natural and artistic subjects, incidental references to his own tastes and pursuits, make up the charm of writings which afford more and more delight on each re-perusal, and bring us face to face with the man in a most delightful and natural manner.

But it is as a writer of romance that Hawthorne principally concerns us now, with regard to whose special if limited imaginative powers, whose beautiful though peculiar inspiration of weird and ghostly rather than flesh-and-blood interest, we may add a few general considerations. Hawthorne's conceptions, for the most part, are deficient in human sympathy; his stories, long as well as short, are constructed without scaffolding of incidents or motives to sustain them; and beyond some absorbing idea as the central influence through the whole, independent of the usual accessories of the novel. If we turn in thought to one or two of our finest works of fiction—*Tom Jones* or *Waverley*, *Vanity Fair* or *Pickwick*, *Shirley* or *Adam Bede*—and compare these with *The Scarlet Letter* or *The House of the Seven Gables*, we are at once conscious of the vast difference both in design and effect, although there is a similar spirit at work throughout all, conducing to artistic harmony. But in the works we have mentioned in contrast to those of Hawthorne, the human interest is predominant and illustrated by rare delineation of character, in connection with stirring and varying incidents which go to make up life; and these, moreover, are presented with a distinct aim, as regards essential points in the narrative and to the final artistic result. But with Hawthorne, human interest, the impulse and diversion of action, the conflicts of feeling, the ambitions, fascinations, meannesses and vices of the world are not the keys upon which his skilled fingers loved to play. His harmonies are drawn from other sources, and although the ideas to which his fancy is most attracted are to its touch as strings of an *Æolian* harp, owing to the peculiar nature of these, the music which he calls forth is at times strange, unearthly, even harrowing. Hawthorne painted souls more than bodies, moods and impressions at those significant moments which affect the current of the after-

life, rather than the ambitions and energies called forth by action and stimulated by contact with the world. Referring again to the morbidly intricate and repellent in his works, we must not forget that accompanying these there is generally a touch of light which leads the mind to some higher consideration beyond the tangled and gloomy web. Masked under the modest reserve of a story-teller the noblest spirit is at work, and a beautiful and impressive lesson is found enclosed within the fancy. If Ruskin's assertion is sound, that the "perfect function of the imagination is the intuitive perception of ultimate truth," we have here one source of that noble feature of Hawthorne's stories by which through the contemplation of things lovely he rose to the appreciation of what is true. In his search for the beautiful, he too found more truth than philosophers in seeking the true, and through his divinations we are able to share in lofty and radiant secrets.

Hawthorne's method as a novelist—the process by which he arrived at the material for his stories—was very different from that of most gifted writers who have attained eminence in the same field. The American romancer's times of deepest inspiration were in those self-withdrawing moments when "the visible scene would enter unaware into his mind," and be carried "far into his heart." It was then that natural objects with which his spirit had affinity found recognition, to be presented to the world again in the light of his exquisite genius. But this affinity was essential before these could arrest his attention and become fused with his transcendental witchery. He himself felt the want of something substantial for his fancy to unite with. If he has a realistic background, such as that of *The Blithedale Romance*, we perceive how this enables him to present his scenes and characters more firmly and impressively; but if he abandons himself entirely to his own mental conjuring, as in *Transformation*, we have as the result a story hanging together as loosely as gossamer threads—hazy, beautiful, incomplete—and notwithstanding the light streaming over it from its vivid pictures of fascinating scenery, a confusing failure. The true cohesion of Hawthorne's stories lies in the subtle interest he is able to evoke by means of that penetrative imagination which is the rarest feature of his genius.

From his various Note-books we are able to form a very clear picture of the novelist's singularly pure, noble, and disinterested character. To the sterling qualities of the man, to his singleness of heart and mind, to his profound tenderness in his family circle, to the loyalty of his attachment to his friends as well as relatives, the testimony from all sides is exceptionally cordial and harmonious. A quiet, retiring, vision-loving, beauty-haunted spirit, Hawthorne recalls Joubert's assertion that "poets are great-souled, heavenly-minded children." The American romancer was a great-souled,

heavenly-minded child in many respects. The world never lost for him its robe of wonder; to the last, as in his earliest years, it was to him a dream of mystic beauty—perhaps the more so as he grew old. This visionary gift revealed much to his inward eye unperceived by others, and was the source whence he derived many of his indefinable mental treasures. When we picture a congenially-suitable home for his unique spirit, we recall the Old Manse, where he lived in 1843, and which is associated with the collection of stories that may be said to have first diffused a new fragrance of genius beyond his own country. Hawthorne, living in this beautiful and secluded place, might well feel that those early writings were “attempts to open an intercourse with the world.” “Like his own Hilda in *Transformation*,” to quote the sympathetic words of an admirer, “he was spiritually compelled to descend from his aerial hermitage, and unburden his heart in the world’s confessional.” One characteristic feature of the man, no less than the writer, is here indicated—his imaginative solitariness. The natural tendency of Hawthorne’s mind turned towards the companionship of his own thoughts, and, as with others of the world’s visionaries, he found a welcome asylum in dreams and experiences beyond the visible things around him. Something of the same spirit in the instance of Keats led that poet to entwine his fancies round the mythic images of Greece, and banished into regions of unsatisfied splendour the longings and aspirations of Shelley; it craved for some new sensation or experience with Byron, and made its home in a world of sensuous refinement with De Musset; while it developed an accompaniment of cynical melancholy to the wild mysticism of Heine. With Hawthorne the exquisitely-wrought sensitiveness of his being took an even rarer, more ethereal direction, and he lived in the actual, so that no dream of his mind seems more imaginary than parts of his own life. It was not so much from his genius as from his temperament—if we may distinguish the two—that this proceeded—from that habit in his early life to which he alluded when he wrote: “I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I got my cured habit of solitude.” But the natural tendency of his mind was towards solitude, and scenes and times most congenial to inward communing. Mr. Conway suggests that Hawthorne might have been a fit emblem of twilight for Buonarrotti to have carved over the gates of the New World; but Hawthorne’s nature, like the subjects which were most suitable to the play of his genius, required the “moonlight of romance” for its profoundest moments. The quiet, almost shy, manner of Miles Coverdale in *The Blithedale Romance*, his delicate observation, his open and natural tastes, his love for some lonely spot where he may meditate unobserved, and indulge his fancies

without check, are also exquisitely true of Hawthorne, who has sometimes been identified with the character.

Hawthorne was a romancer, and the cycle of troubadour minstrelsy had long closed. Belonging to the region of true vision as his conceptions do, some of them, however, suggest that their author had not altogether escaped the intense quivering of his day. In some of his works ideas and experiences are reflected which indicate that his rapt gaze was not always fixed upon the azure. But, regarding Hawthorne's life as that of a singularly high-minded, disinterested man, gifted with a profound spiritual insight as the source of his sympathy with the beautiful and good, we may not inappropriately imagine gathering round his massive forehead a shining light, similar to that which his own fancy has pictured flowing over the sweet, thoughtful countenance of him who resembled the Great Stone Face. With this impression in our mind, as we leave the "high pavilion of his thoughts," comes also the recollection of many hours of delightful intercourse with his fresh and original pages—with his idealisation of innumerable scenes and characters full of weird, grotesque, fascinating interest—with his visions of tender, lofty, and ennobling beauty, as well as of ineffable charm and witchery.

THOMAS BRADFIELD.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

OUR appreciation of the great work on Human Anatomy,¹ whose publication Professor Poirier is superintending with such skill and judgment, is in no degree lowered, but the reverse, as it proceeds steadily towards completion. In the latest instalment, as in the first, we note the same excellent arrangement of the subject matter, the same thoroughness of treatment, and the same accuracy of statement, while on all points the latest information is incorporated with a fullness that leaves nothing to be desired.

In the present fasciculus, which is the first of the third volume, the Anatomy of the Nervous System is the main subject dealt with. So comprehensive is the method of treatment, however, that it is not carried to completion, and a considerable portion is left over for the next instalment. The opening pages are occupied by Professor Charpy, who furnishes a concise account of the general disposition and functions of the nervous system. His object is to distinguish carefully between the various parts of the system, to explain their origin and mutual relations, and by a comparison with lower forms of animal life, to indicate the extent to which the concentration and condensation of the nervous elements has been carried in the evolution of the human body. This done, Professor Prenant takes up the story and contributes a chapter on the embryology of the central nervous system, which, without being overloaded, contains all the facts that are necessary for a clear comprehension of the successive phases of its development. Among other details, he gives those connected with the development of the medullary groove, the spinal cord, the brain and its membranes, and the transformations the brain undergoes during the embryonic stage. It is in the details, however, that the excellence of this part of the work is best seen, for the author has used with effect the results of the embryological investigations of His, and has allowed nothing of importance in the work of others to escape him. As an instance of this he introduces Baldwin Spencer's discovery of the "pineal eye" of the lower vertebrates and

¹ *Traité d'Anatomie Humaine* ; Publié sous la direction de Paul Poirier. Par MM. A. Charpy, A. Nicolas, A. Prenant, P. Poirier, T. Jonnesco. Tome Troisième. Premier Fascicule : Système Nerveux (Méninges, Moelle, Encéphale), A. Charpy ; Embryologie, A. Prenant ; Histologie, A. Nicolas. Paris : L. Battaille et Cie.

the tunicates and points out the relationship between the pineal gland of birds and mammals and this remarkable structure.

The next chapter is devoted to the Histology of the Nervous System, and is from the pen of Professor Nicolas. It is a very complete and logical summary of what is at present known on this important subject, and will compare favourably with the best accounts hitherto published. The author carefully avoids the very appearance of dogmatism in dealing with those matters which are still unsettled ; and wherever differences of opinion exist, either as to matters of fact or their interpretation, he gives impartial accounts of the various views that have been put forward. The difficult question that has arisen respecting the connection or independence of nerve cells is treated in this way, as is also the functional significance of the filamentous processes which emanate from nerve cells, whether they are merely those called protoplasmic processes or those which become the axis-cylinders of nerve fibres. The account of the structure of the different kinds of nerve fibres is the best we have seen. Besides the more generally known facts, we have concise digests of all the recent work done on the " myeline sheath," with the incisions of Schmidt, the mesh-work of neurokeratine, and the spiral threads of Rezzonico and Golgi ; the constitution of the nerve at the nodes of Ranvier, the nature of Schwann's sheath, and the composition of the axis cylinder. The origin and significance of these parts of the nerve are also considered, the author leaning to the view of Gedoelst that the myeline sheath, with Schwann's sheath and the nucleus of each internodal segment, are together the equivalent of a cell. We notice, however, that nothing is said of the origin of such cells, and the reader is left in doubt whether they are modified nerve cells, connective-tissue cells, or what. The nervous elements proper having been disposed of, the author completes his subject by adding two sections on the supporting elements of the nervous centres, the peripheral nerves, and the nervous ganglia, and the innervation of the blood-vessels and the lymphatic vessels.

Coming to the third chapter we have a description of the membranous envelopes of the Brain and the Spinal Cord, which, like the remaining portions of the volume, we owe to Professor Charpy. Though the first place is given to these membranes in accordance with the logical arrangement adopted throughout, it is suggested in a footnote that beginners may with advantage postpone the study of this part of the volume until they have some acquaintance with the structures which the membranes enclose. There is little scope here for originality, either of matter or method ; but the reader will notice how carefully the distinctions between the dura mater, the arachnoid membrane, and the pia mater are drawn, as well as the fullness of detail and clearness of arrangement which mark the description of each. In these respects, the descriptions are at least

equal to the best hitherto published. Moreover, the physiological aspects of these structures is not lost sight of, and the anatomical details are usually supplemented by brief references to their leading functions. The membranes disposed of, a chapter is interpolated on the chemical constitution of nervous tissue, the methods of neurological investigation, and the methods of preparing and preserving portions of the brain and spinal cord for future study, demonstration, &c. It is only short, but into it the author has compressed a large amount of information which will be extremely useful to students and others who are practically engaged in anatomical work.

With the fourth chapter, the first section of the volume, Book I., as it is called, is brought to a conclusion. The second book is occupied with the Spinal Cord, and consists of four chapters, devoted respectively to its morphology, structure, architecture and vascular supply. By this subdivision, each aspect in which the cord may be studied is kept distinct, and the treatment gains in breadth and thoroughness. In each section, amid much that is common to all treatises on human anatomy, there are many details, and these of no slight importance, which are not usually met with. Some of them are valuable for their bearing upon the problems of practical surgery, while others are interesting from a more purely scientific point of view. As an instance of the latter, the whole chapter on the structure of the cord may be referred to, as it embodies quite a number of fresh ideas upon its constitution, and especially those that are due to the researches of Golgi, Ramón y Cajal, Koelliker, Van Gehuchten, Lenhossék, and Bechterew. Another instance will be found in a brief, but intensely interesting, account of the foetal condition of the cord, which is based upon the work of His, Cajal, Flechsig and others.

In coming to the third book, which deals with the Anatomy of the Brain, we find only the beginning of the subject is included in the present fasciculus. To be precise, indeed, we have only an introduction and the first chapter, so that it is impossible to give a definite opinion on this part of the work. It may be said, however, that it promises well, and if, as there is every reason to expect, this part of the subject is as adequately treated as those already referred to, we shall have in the completed work a treatise on anatomy which will do credit to all concerned in its production, and take a leading position amongst the best works of its kind.

Before closing the volume, a word should be said of the numerous illustrations. They are from the pencil of M. A. Leuba, and are boldly drawn, of a good size, very accurate in their details, and in many cases coloured. Moreover, they are introduced without niggardliness, and wherever it is desirable a figure is repeated to prevent the inconvenience of hunting it up in the earlier pages.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR FRASER, who has earned the gratitude of the philosophical world by his splendid edition of the works of Berkeley, has laid us under a further obligation by now presenting us with Locke's famous *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*¹ in as perfect a form as possible. He has collated the text with the four editions published in the lifetime of the author, as well as with Costo's version in French which was made under Locke's supervision. Many of the changes made were important, and are shown by bracketing in this edition, so that the reader is able to judge for himself of the variations of the writer's thought upon many points. The notes serve to keep the leading purpose of the essay and the author's point of view before the reader, as well as to show how much the essay has contributed to more recent phases of philosophical and theological thought. No doubt on many points we have reached different conclusions from those which Locke arrived at, but none the less are we indebted to him for having paved the way. The work has had so much influence during the last two centuries that its historical importance cannot be over-estimated. The story of the origin of the essay is briefly told, and is highly interesting and significant. Locke tells us that on one occasion he and five or six friends were discoursing on a subject "remote from this" when they found themselves brought to a standstill by difficulties that arose on every side. It occurred to him that they were pursuing a wrong method, and that before they pursued inquiries of the nature they were engaged upon they should examine their own abilities and try to understand the proper limits of their powers. He proposed this to his friends, and at the next meeting presented them with some hasty, undigested thoughts, and this was the commencement of the investigations which, after many years, ended in the production of the essay.

Professor Fraser gives a sketch of Locke's life and pursuits, which throws light upon the kind of preparation he had for such a task as the essay, and this is followed by an account of its publication and the criticisms with which it was met. The reader will further find great assistance from the editor's Critical Introduction, which analyses the structure of the essay, and brings out in brief its leading ideas. The place of the essay in English philosophy is too well known to need any detailed criticism upon our part; a knowledge of it is indispensable to every thinker, and in future Professor Fraser's edition will be indispensable to a just and full appreciation of the original work. The two volumes are produced in the usual

¹ *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. By John Locke. With Prolegomena, Biographical, Critical, and Historical. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, D.C.L. Two vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1894.

faultless style of the Clarendon Press. A portrait of Locke, taken from that in Christchurch, by Messrs. Walker and Boutall, fronts the first volume.

One would have been inclined to think that little less than a miracle could have made an English translation of a German work on Metaphysics clear and interesting. This feat, however, has been accomplished by the joint labours of the author of the *Elements of Metaphysics*,¹ Dr. Paul Deussen, and his translator C. M. Duff. The philosophical system displayed in this work is the Idealism of Kant, wrought out to perfection by his disciple Schopenhauer and expounded by the author. He claims for it that its truth is indubitably confirmed by the threefold harmony which we meet in it, "harmony with itself, harmony with Nature, and harmony with the thoughts of the wisest of all times." If this claim can be established the system is entitled to high consideration. No doubt opinions will be divided, and it will meet with critics as well as believers. We should be disposed, though not without reserve upon some points, to enter ourselves among the latter. The author begins with a brief definition, and we may say that throughout his brevity is one element in the clearness of his presentation of a subject not in itself easy to understand. There are two standpoints only from which we can investigate the nature of things: the empirical and the transcendental. The result of the first is *physics*, that of the second is *metaphysics*. We all know what is meant by the physical or scientific method, its aims and its limits. But, after all, this only leaves us on the outside of Nature: so "the transcendental or metaphysical method proceeds from the fact that the sum total of experience and of the empirical knowledge derived from it, which forms the system of physics, is in reality neither more nor less than a series of representations in our consciousness." The fundamental question has always been: What are things in themselves; that is, apart from the way in which they are represented in the mind? We have to discover, if we can, how much is *à priori* and what part is *à posteriori*. The results, if we are enabled to arrive at any, will give us a system of metaphysics, which, with that of physics, will give us the only possible interpretation of the nature of ourselves and the world. A short sketch of physics follows these introductory remarks, and the author concludes that the empirical method alone must lead to materialism. The foundation of our author's system is to be found in the proposition that "the world is my representation. This whole material world, extended in time and space, is as such known to me only through my intellect. Now my intellect, according to its nature, can never furnish me with anything but representations. Consequently this whole world, and with it my own body, in so far

¹ *The Elements of Metaphysics*. By Dr. Paul Deussen. Translated by C. M. Duff. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

as I regard it through my intellect, that is, as corporeal in time and space, is nothing more than my representation." But the question is whether things are the same as I represent them or whether the intellect, through which alone we know them, is unable to reveal to us the real and true essence of things. It is here that Materialism and Idealism give different replies.

In order to discover what things are in themselves, that is, apart from our intellect, we must deduct that which the intellect contributes *à priori* to the representation of the world; and the author offers us six criteria by which these *à priori* elements may be distinguished. We cannot give them all, but, as an example, and the best example, we give the fifth as it stands:

"Perception can only furnish me with sensations. These are, as such, isolated and fragmentary, for difficult as it is to grasp at first, the materials of sensation given from without contain only the sensations themselves, but not any connection between them, for such a connection is merely the link between the different sensations, and therefore not itself sensation. Consequently that faculty which makes of the variety of perception a unity, and so creates coherence between my representations, must belong to me *à priori*. Therefore, whatever serves to establish the continuity of Nature, belongs to the innate functions of my intellect."

These six criteria are then used to demonstrate the "fundamental truth of all metaphysics" that there are three elements which are forms belonging originally to our intellect in which we range the material of perception in order to transform it into representations. Time, Space, and Causality—these three distinguish the phenomenal world from being-in-itself, and the author quotes in support of this view the Vedānta, Plato, and the Bible.

This is only preliminary, the most interesting and instructive portion of the book, the real body of the work, is the Metaphysics of Nature, the Metaphysics of the Beautiful, and the Metaphysics of Morality. The system is, of course, pessimistic in a purely philosophical sense, and is, therefore, according to the author, religious—"for pessimism is the basis of all religions." It is curious, also, to note that this author takes much the same view of religion as Mr. Kidd, in his much discussed work, *Social Evolution*; he contends that all purely moral—that is, self-denying—deeds, bear a supernatural character, and are opposed to all actions natural to man. We cannot understand how any of man's actions can be opposed to man's nature. In an appendix is given the text of a lecture on the Philosophy of the Vedānta in its relation to Occidental metaphysics. The book contains many really eloquent and beautiful passages, and we are grateful to the publishers for having placed it within our reach.

One of the principal questions which those who still retain any

affection for the Bible are trying to solve is, how, after accepting the results of modern criticism, the book can still be regarded as of any especial religious value? Of those who treat this question in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit, Miss Julia Wedgwood is one of the most successful. That her estimate of the Message of Israel¹ is higher than our own, we frankly admit, but nevertheless, we can appreciate her endeavour to extract great lessons from the literature of this remarkable people. There can be no doubt that to the intelligent reader who has accepted the general conclusions of criticism, the Bible is a far more intelligible and interesting book than it can be to those who still hold the old-fashioned orthodox theory of its supernatural origin. A thousand difficulties are cleared away, and numberless vexatious inconsistencies are found to be capable of explanation. Miss Wedgwood goes much further than this, and still finds in the Old Testament, reconstructed by criticism, a divine message given to Israel, and through Israel to the race as no such message has been given elsewhere.

Archdeacon Cheetham has added one more to the innumerable Church histories² which crowd the shelves of every theological library. Why these histories continue to be written is a puzzle we cannot answer. The writers have no fresh sources of information to explore or any fresh facts to give us. We have the same wearisome repetition of the same wearisome controversies, and the same jangle of antiquated watchwords, and the same endless story of deplorable quarrels. The present writer tells us, in much the same spirit as Moeller, that "the history of the Church of Christ is the history of a divine life and a divine society." It would need a very one-sided history of the Church to prove this thesis; yet it might be possible to a writer of unusual genius to undertake to show the continued existence of this divine life and divine society running through the tangled maze of the history of the so-called visible Church. This, however, Dr. Cheetham does not attempt, and his history consists of the usual material. The one merit about it is that it is a good condensation of a mass of matter, and may be found useful to the student or to the general reader who has not the patience to read more voluminous works.

Witnesses for Christ,³ by Backhouse and Tylor, may, we suppose, be regarded as a continuation of the popular *Early Church History* by the same authors. The writers make no pretension to original research, but collect their material from well-known and accepted authorities. But they exercise a judicious selection, and make no

¹ *The Message of Israel in the Light of Modern Criticism.* By Julia Wedgwood. London: Isbister & Co. 1894.

² *A History of the Christian Church during the First Six Centuries.* By S. Cheetham, D.D., F.S.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

³ *Witnesses for Christ and Memorials of Church Life from the Fourth to the Thirteenth Century.* By Edward Backhouse and Charles Tylor. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1894.

pretence to give a full and detailed historical account of the Christian Church. This work, however, differs from most church histories, by being written from a decided point of view, and is decidedly anti-Catholic, if not anti-ecclesiastical. The authors express as much, if not more, sympathy with the heretics than with the orthodox, and the sketches are principally of those exceptional men, who by their teaching and works stand far above the level of the ordinary Christian. There is more in this book to justify the claims of ideal Christianity than in the more orthodox history noticed above.

Bishop Moorhouse's addresses to the clergy of his diocese, published under the title of *Church Work, its Means and Methods*,¹ are excellent of their kind. They are sensible pastoral discourses dealing with practical subjects fitted for a body of men who have a work to do, but who, as much as any others, need instruction in their business. They could hardly find a wiser director than the Bishop of Manchester, whose wisdom is perhaps displayed in its highest degree by the fact that in these seventeen addresses there is scarcely anything that can be called theological.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Eight Hours for Work*² is unquestionably the most valuable treatise that has yet appeared on the Eight-Hours Question. Its arrangement is scientific, and its arguments clearly reasoned. It is crammed full of facts, but it is readable, clear, and concise.

The long hours, as Mr. Rae shows, only came in with machinery and the consequent increase of capital, and "for the last sixty years we have been slowly learning the lesson that all this successive prolongation of hours, which was near eating the heart out of the labouring manhood of England, was also, from the standpoint of the manufacturers' own interest, a grave pecuniary mistake."

The effect of the reduction of hours has been the very opposite of what the employers and opponents of the measure so freely prophesied. Instead of increasing the cost of production, this cost, on the average, has remained about the same, and the experience of England, America, France, Holland, Switzerland, and Austria is entirely in accord on this point. By actual specific facts, Mr. Rae proves conclusively that the reduction from 16 and 14 hours to 10 hours, under the Ten Hours Act of 1847, caused no diminu-

¹ *Church Work, its Means and its Methods*. By the Right Rev. J. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

² *Eight Hours for Work*. By John Rae, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

tion of the output, and even in piecework the work-people on the average earned as much as before. In 1875 another reduction took place in the textile industries, from 60 hours per week to $56\frac{1}{2}$, and Mr. Birtwistle stated that though the hands were paid the same piecework rate, they produced in the $56\frac{1}{2}$ hours 4 per cent. more than they ever did in the 60.

- Although the eight-hours day has not been tried in the textile industries by direct experiment, yet as long ago as 1844 it was accidentally discovered by Mr. Greg that when his mills were running only four days a week his men often produced five days' quantity and earned five days' wages—*i.e.*, in 48 hours a week they did as much as they used to do in 60 hours. But in other industries, Mr. Rae produces evidence of an incontestable nature: he relies not on general principles and assumptions, but on hard facts. He gives instances of the eight-hours day, or, more strictly speaking, of the forty-eight hours a week, actually at work in this country. The general assumption that so much work only per hour can be got out of a machine running at the same rate is conclusively refuted by Mr. Rae. Messrs. S. H. Johnson & Co., of Stratford, London, pay their hands the same rate of wages, they get more work done, and without any increase whatever in the cost of production. At the end of six months' trial of the forty-eight hours, Mr. William Allan, M.P., of Messrs. W. Allan & Co., Sunderland, declared that whilst paying the same wages the output was the same, and the cost of production not increased. Other instances to the same effect are quoted. How, then, are these results achieved? They are achieved by calling upon what Mr. Rae terms, "the reserves of personal efficiency."

It is abundantly clear from the evidence produced that shorter hours result in increased physical strength to the worker, and this, again, results in increased intelligence and mental vigour. Further, the increased leisure is not spent, as the employers prophesied, in the public-house. "The testimony of employers at the Labour Commission," says Mr. Rae, "was uniform and decided on this point." The foreign-competition bogey is effectually and convincingly disposed of by Mr. Rae. What could be a more convincing proof of the personal superiority of English labour than the following. According to Dr. Schulse-Güvernitz, there are 2.4 operatives for 1000 spindles in Oldham, 5.8 in Mulhouse, 8.9 in Alsace generally, 6.2 in Switzerland, Baden, and Wurtemberg, 7.2 in Saxony, and 25 in Bombay. At Mulhouse the machines run 10 per cent. slower, and lose 15 per cent. more in stoppages. One instance from India must suffice. While the best mill in Bombay will only turn out 5.60 ounces per spindle in its long day of twelve hours, an Oldham mill will turn out 24 ounces per spindle in its shorter day of nine. Mr. Rae disposes equally effectually of the unemployed argument in

favour of the Eight Hours Day. Since shorter hours really mean the same or more production and better quality, there is from this cause alone no opening for the unemployed. Although the advantages of shorter hours seem so obvious, and have been proved by practical experience, yet Mr. Rae believes that nothing short of legislative compulsion will make it general. This has been so in the past, and employers are naturally timid in being the first to break the ice. Although many would not be averse to the change under compulsion, few are willing to run the risk voluntarily with their rivals ready to take advantage of any momentary loss. We heartily commend this work to all students of economics.

In the *History of Trade Unionism*¹ we have the history of a state within a state. For it will be clear to the reader of this most valuable work that to be ignorant of the history of Trade Unionism is to be ignorant of a large portion of English history for the last hundred years. The authors combat the view held by Dr. Brentano and Mr. George Howell, that the modern trade unions are the descendants of the mediæval guilds, and they show pretty conclusively that the only common features between them are the spirit of association and the more or less similar picturesque rituals and observances adopted by the earlier unions. The craft guilds were assumed to represent the interests not of one class alone, "but of the capitalist *entrepreneur*, the manual worker and the consumer at large."

The object of trade unionism is something very different. "The fundamental purpose," say the authors, "of the trade union is the protection of the standard of life—that is to say, the organised resistance to any innovation likely to tend to the degradation of the wage-earners as a class." As the producer became divorced from the instruments of production, so the institution of trade unions became possible and necessary, and the introduction of steam-power speedily reduced the producer to the position of a mere wage-earner in a distinct class. It will thus be seen that the position and character of the modern worker is vastly different to that of the mediæval craftsman who was of the same social caste as his master, and who in the course of a few years became a master himself. And moreover, the authors declare that they have failed to discover "any evidence of the existence prior to 1700 of continuous associations of wage-earners for maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment." The most remarkable event in the early history of the movement is the repeal of the Combination Laws. Prior to this the position of trade unions was one of unmitigated and continuous oppression. The Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800 introduced distinctly new features into the law of England. The wage-

¹ *The History of Trade Unionism*. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

earner had been in the habit of looking to the Legislature as the ultimate court of appeal in all disputes as to work or wages, and numerous Acts were passed fixing the rate of wages and containing other regulations of the various industries. But the Acts of 1799 and 1800 were designed to check the rise in wages or the shortening of the hours of work, and it was made a criminal offence for workmen to combine, however innocently, in the furtherance of these objects. It is true that combination on the part of the employers to keep down wages was equally criminal, but in practice this was never regarded, and it was not seen that a single employer is as much a combination as the whole of his employé's put together. The account of the way in which Place and Hume contrived to smuggle the Bill for the repeal of the Combination Laws and for the legislation of trade societies through both Houses without either debate or division, and without even a suspicion in the minds of the employers of their ultimate effect, is intensely interesting.

The years 1829-1842 saw the rise of the New Unionism. This period is entitled by the authors the revolutionary period. The Old Unionism was represented by trade clubs, that is, combinations of the members of one trade. The ideal of the New Unionism was the consolidation of all manual workers into one vast universal organisation. Hence arose the Trades Union, that is a combination of different trades. The fever of contagion spread rapidly. Powerful unions sprang up on every side. But this policy was aggressive and too advanced for the time. It was at the moment of the highest success that the news of the infamous conviction of the six Rochester labourers in March 1834 fell upon the trade-union world.

In spite of the declaration by the executive of the Grand National, in which they deprecated disputes and advocated co-operative production, strikes, all of which were unsuccessful, were taking place all over the country. This was also the period, it will be remembered, of the Chartists, and with this movement the trade-union world was considerably involved. The next period, that of 1843-1860, witnesses the introduction of a new spirit. The unionists of this generation laid aside their projects of social revolution, and set themselves to sweep the worst of the legal and economic obstacles from their path. Strikes were denounced and discouraged, and all their strength was directed to perfecting the organisations of their several unions. But the volume of business created by the immense growth of the unions necessitated the introduction of permanent and paid officials. As the headquarters of many of these unions were in London, these salaried officials were brought into close personal influence. "And it so happened," write the authors, "that during these years the little circle of secretaries included men of marked character and ability." Of these the principal were William Allan, Robert Applegarth, Daniel Guile, and George Odger. This body of

men the authors style the "Junta," and it was the Junta, assisted by Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor E. S. Beesley, and "Tom Hughes," that fought the trade-union battles during this period with such consummate skill and success.

From 1860 to 1875 was a period of commercial prosperity and political reform. Acting upon the advice of Mr. Frederic Harrison, the Junta decided to reverse the former trade-union policy by participating in practical politics. This action resulted in the passing of the Trade Union Act and the Criminal Law Amendment Act 1871. Under the former, trade societies became for the first time legally recognised and fully protected, whilst under the latter trade-union methods of action were restricted. The latter Act caused much resentment in the trade-union world, and led to increased agitation, and the opposition of official Liberals to the claims of labour resulted, as it is doing to-day, in the running of Independent Labour candidates. In 1875 the Criminal Law Amendment Act was repealed, and, by the two Acts which took its place, imprisonment for breach of engagement was abolished, peaceful picketing was expressly permitted, and no act committed by a group of workmen was punishable unless the same act by an individual was criminal. "Collective bargaining, in short," say the authors, "with all its necessary accompaniments, was, after fifty years of legislative struggle, finally recognised by the law of the land." Chapter vi. deals with the sectional developments of the principal unions; chapter vii. defines the Old Unionism and the New as understood from the year 1875; and chapter viii. describes the position of the trade-union world of to-day.

This work has rightly been called a "masterpiece," and no practical politician and no student of economics can afford to pass it by without serious and attentive study.

With many of the views and opinions expressed in the *New Party*¹ we have much sympathy, but that there is the necessity, or even the excuse, for the creation of a new political party we are not prepared to admit.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., contributes a paper intended to prove that the Liberal party is effete, and that the only hope left to the workers is the New Party. Now it is perfectly true that the Liberal party contains men who are opposed to the demands of the Labour party; but these men are comparatively few, and the Liberal party will shed them as it has shed the anti-Home Rulers, and it will survive the ordeal and ultimately be all the stronger and purer. For we are convinced that the great mass of the Liberal party is progressive, and a progressive Liberalism is as wide apart from Conservatism as the poles. As idealistic writings many of the

¹ *The New Party*. Described by some of its members, and edited by Andrew Reid. London: Hodder Brothers.

essays in this volume are excellent reading; but when the authors seek to found a political organisation, and when the editor, in a P.S., says that any Isocrat (for this is the name the supporters of the New Party are to bear) who desires to fight as Parliamentary candidate for the New Party will, of course, have the Isocratic vote, that the partisan colour is to be purple and the flower is to be the pansy, and that this apparently is all that is needed to ensure the election of the New Party candidates to the House, we may well smile at these unpractical enthusiasts.

What the workers have to do is to take every advantage of the instruments that lie to their hand for bettering their position. It is in their power to influence, if not in the near future to control, the Parliamentary machine, and they will effect this, not by fighting through the Liberal party against Conservatism but by identifying themselves with Progressive Liberalism. We are ourselves just as keen for Land Nationalisation or an Eight Hours Day as any of these essayists, but we believe the practical way to attain these objects is by first so readjusting the registration laws that those who but for these regulations would be entitled to vote shall be able to exercise the franchise. If ever there was a man more closely identified than another with the claims of labour it is Mr. John Burns. Speaking the other day at Battersea, he said that labour must not be too narrow in its aim; it must show something more than a mere selfish desire for better pay and shorter hours. "Progress," he declared, "had been slow but it had been safe, and with all its faults England was the most democratic, the most socialistic country on the face of the earth. It was because of that, because of the practical character of Englishmen, and because he saw that slowly but surely they were winning recruits and converts to the cause of labour, that he was not impatient of Parliamentary work. Permanent success was better than anarchy at a bound." We commend these sentiments to the Isocrats, and trust that they will yet see their way to co-operate with all that is sound and just in Progressive Liberalism.

Three books belonging to that admirable collection, the Social Science Series, lie upon our table. *The Labour Question*,¹ an epitome of the evidence and the reports of the late Royal Commission on Labour, is an able little work so far as it goes. But in the face of the scathing and pitiless *exposé*, by Mrs. Sidney Webb, in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, of the methods adopted by the Commissioners, and the spirit in which they conducted the inquiry, few probably will think it worth while to purchase this work. The Commission has cost the nation £50,000. "Have we," asks Mrs. Webb, "got value for our money in this *omnium gatherum* of irresponsible and second-hand opinions in which the student turns over page after page without finding a single statement of fact?" So

¹ *The Labour Question*. By T. G. Spyers. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

far as we can judge, the only value of the book lies in showing the utter failure of the Commission. But for this, of course, Mr. Spyers cannot be held responsible.

*British Freewomen*¹ is a spirited vindication of the political rights of women. This question is treated by the authoress historically and constitutionally; and the legal, political, and economic aspects are not neglected. The authoress contends that women have been degraded from their original position of equality with men, and that to-day they are merely striving to regain that position. Whether this be true in the particular case of English women we are not prepared to argue here; but there can be no doubt, taking the human race as a whole, that the evolution of woman's position has been in the ascending rather than in the descending line. However this may be, Miss Stopes clearly shows that at one time English women enjoyed the same political rights as men.

The learned Sir Edward Coke comes in for very severe handling, and there seems little doubt but that he richly deserves it. The book is interesting and instructive, and will be appreciated by all right-thinking men.

*Population and the Social System*² is a translation, under the author's supervision, of a very valuable work of a well-known Italian economist. The first half of the book is historical, wherein the historic causes of the various economic theories with regard to population are treated. "The Malthusian theory," says the author, "was nothing else but a passing political theory, a protest of conservative individualism against the faith placed in human perfectibility by economic radicalism." And "countries," he adds, "which have a high birth-rate still follow Malthusianism; those in which the birth-rate is weak reject it." In the second half of the book population is treated in relation to the social system. According to Achille Loria, given the freedom of the land, the increase of population is in perfect correspondence with the growth of capital and of the means of subsistence. The author draws very acutely the difference between individuality and individualism. Civilisation, while increasing individuality, diminishes individualism. In primitive times man is more or less an absolute individualist; but as society grows he acquires new duties towards his family, towards his fellow-townsmen, towards his fellow-countrymen, and finally towards mankind at large. "But, on the other hand," writes the author, "as the links of association become closer, individuality increases. Not only is it safeguarded in life, but, by a succession of secular evolutions, it ends by being so, in his capacity for work, in his moral integrity, even in his liberty." For sound political and economic thought this work will bear comparison with the best.

¹ *British Freewomen*. By C. C. Stopes. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

² *Population and the Social System*. By Francesco S. Nitti. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The notion of the ordinary British elector as to matters connected with our foreign relations is surprisingly vague, and chiefly amounts to the conviction that he has nothing to do with such affairs; and the elected even, who should know better, in this matter often represent the electors only too faithfully. It is forcibly pointed out in Mr. Lund's little work¹ that the position expressed by the "No Foreign Policy" watchword is in fact an impossible position; although the principle of party Government must tend to endanger the stability of foreign policy in general. The *brochure* takes up "the point of view of the journalist and student of politics rather than that of the military writer or professional politician," and does not profess to cover the entire field of so large a subject. It is written in a clear and easy style such as is well calculated to awaken an interest about important questions among a class of minds to whom such questions have hitherto been mere names not representing ideas.

The writer, too, seems to be free from party animosity. The views expressed will not provoke violent resistance in general. Writing in some doubt as to the fact of an existing alliance between Russia and France, the author thinks that for the present England should certainly give *moral* support—but only moral—to the Triple Alliance, and should especially seek the friendship of Italy. With regard to the Eastern Question, he considers it certain that Russia will attempt to seize Constantinople before very long, especially as Turkey is too poor to set her defences in order, and too corrupt to enlist sympathy. After discussing the question whether in that case England should interfere, he decides in the negative, chiefly for the practical reason that such opposition would most probably fail.

With regard to the Russian advances in Asia, it is shown to be probable that these mean an attack on India at some time, though probably not just yet; although the English action has so far been merely to "bark and do nothing." However, a strong point is made of the indispensable retention of Afghanistan as a buffer-state, especially as Russia as a country is still in its infancy, and thus "untroubled by ethical considerations." This sounds like a rather sweeping charge.

Belgium and the Netherlands, we are repeatedly told, are not destined to retain their present independence, but either to be absorbed by Germany or to undergo partition between Germany and France. Among other people, we fancy the Belgians would have a word to say before this was arranged. As a consolation to the French for the decline of their population, it is somewhat naïvely pointed out that the same may be looked for elsewhere, as soon as

¹ *England and the Continental Powers. A consideration of some Questions of Foreign Policy.* By John Keighley Lund. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

other nationalities become sufficiently cultured and enlightened to see the benefits to be gained by a restriction as to family.

In some remarks upon the Morocco difficulty it is suggested that Gibraltar should be ceded to Spain in exchange for Ceuta. This idea hardly seems likely to commend itself to the British mind. A concluding chapter discusses the possibilities of a general disarmament, a step which is, of course, totally out of the question so long as a single nation—say Russia—declines to adopt it. Whether the general spread of socialistic views is likely to forward this object materially remains to be seen : but it would require a very powerful wave of opinion to move Russian authorities in the direction indicated.

Visions of the future are generally readable, whether realisable or not is quite another matter. It is rather difficult, too, here and there, to know whether to take the author of *Towards Utopia*¹ quite seriously or not.

His opening statement reminds one of the blank pessimism of Schopenhauer, and dwells on the futility of taking any interest at all in a mere "existence-farce." However, on fairly starting, he appears to pick up a few crumbs of hope as to the social possibilities of the nearer future. Since in order to realise these it is of the utmost consequence to choose the right road or method, it is here pointed out that the very first absolute and indispensable prerequisite is the existence of a state of universal virtue. It is to be feared that if we have to wait for this before even beginning, our Utopia cannot be looked for in the "nearer" future at all, and given only such a state of things, surely little more need be wished for. If we cannot improve our surroundings until we are good, and we cannot become good until these surroundings are improved, we find ourselves quite at a standstill.

After proceeding to discuss the "servant question," the question of caste, and several other points where a simplification of life seems called for, the author concludes by ascribing most of our existing evils to the prevailing insensate worship of "the almighty dollar," and warns us that no Utopia, nor even semi-Utopia, is to be looked for so long as such a state of feeling prevails.

"Free Lance" is a pure Hedonist, a firm Malthusian, with apparently no leaning towards Socialism. He denies that a dead level of ability is to be looked for in the future, but expects desire for fame to die out. It is rather singular that the writer appears still to hold the "wage-fund" theory.

As concerns the choice of vocables found here, one is certainly rather staggered by meeting with *tho* (not *tho'*) instead of *though*; also *thoroly* for *thoroughly*, and *therefor* for *therefore*. These simplifications may or may not be warrantable, but the expression "we non

¹ *Towards Utopia*. By "A Free Lance." Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

ignore" (*sic*) for "we do not ignore," is hardly English at all, and amounts to stretching toleration too far.

Until recently the bi-metallist was a theorist to be classed in the same category as the man who proves that the earth is flat. But during several years this question of standards has come to be regarded more and more as an open question, until, in 1893, Mr. Leonard Courtney candidly announced his conversion to a special kind of bi-metallism. Since then it has become plain to mono-metallists that the battle is to be fought over again.

Mr. Stokes, in his little work on *Joint-Metallism*,¹ has something to say on the subject, which is both fairly original and apparently unwarpd by partisan feelings.

Along with other bi-metallists he accuses the existing gold standard of causing scarcity of gold, with consequent appreciation of it, and constant depreciation of other commodities, and believes that the hoarding of money is thus induced, which of course only aggravates such scarcity. But it is not made plain why the withdrawal of silver *as a standard* need appreciate gold, provided that silver is still in actual use as much as ever, though only in the token form; especially as it represents thus a much larger quantity of gold than it would replace at its intrinsic value.

The scheme of bi-metallism proposed by Mr. Stokes for remedying these evils—real or imaginary—is as follows:

Gold and silver are to be current independently, not exchangeable at any ratio fixed beforehand, but at market rates to be fixed by Government each month. Debts are to be payable half in the one metal and half in the other, or of course by their paper equivalents. Precautions are to be taken for ensuring the full value both of gold and silver coins, by allowing both metals to be minted in equal quantities.

The benefits claimed for such an arrangement are that—(1) there would be no tendency thus for one metal to drive the other out of use, such as is pointed to in "Gresham's Law." And (2) the combination of two standards would afford greater guarantee of stability than any one metal alone can offer. It seems hardly possible to maintain the second point in view of the recent depreciation of silver, unless the opening assumption is made good—viz., that such depreciation is itself the effect of the demonetisation of that metal.

Again, it is hard to see what object is served by each payment being legally due half in gold and half in silver, when the rate fixed is the very one at which the halves are then exchangeable in the market. Loss due to wear and tear of coinage would under such a system fall upon the Government, since there would be no margin of profit derivable from token coins. The most obvious

¹ *Joint-Metallism*. By Anson Phelps Stokes. Published by the Knickerbocker Press.

drawback, however, lies in the constant alteration of the ratio of exchange. How long would it take the untutored mind—say that of the market-women of England—to understand that twenty shillings no longer make a sovereign, but that there are twenty-three shillings in a sovereign this month, and perhaps twenty-four next month ?

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MR. ARTHUR WALLACE has written a little book¹ in which he endeavours to sum up Lord Rosebery's qualities as a statesman. We cannot speak of Mr. Wallace's estimate as either an accurate or a profound one, for the view taken in this volume of ninety-four pages is based upon extracts from a few of Lord Rosebery's speeches, which are only a partial test of his intellectual dimensions. Mr. Wallace is apparently opposed to the Liberal policy with regard to Ireland, and appears to think that Home Rule would be a dangerous experiment. He accordingly endeavours to show that the present Prime Minister is not enthusiastic on the subject of Irish autonomy, and is a "Salisburyite" in the matter of foreign politics. We believe that Mr. Wallace is wrong on those two points. Whatever Lord Rosebery may be as a statesman, he is not a mere imitator. His work on Pitt proves that he can think for himself ; and he showed himself a capable Foreign Minister, not by copying Lord Salisbury's tactics, but by working out his own ideas as a practical politician. To blame Lord Rosebery for the recent Siamese trouble is absurd. Ministers are not autocrats, and the claims or pretensions of France in Siam, even though they might have been exaggerated, could not have been ignored by an English statesman. Altogether Mr. Wallace's little book does not do justice to the personality of one of the most remarkable men of our time ; and though it is not quite unsympathetic, its reasoning is shallow and its style unnecessarily flippant.

One admirable characteristic of the present age is its desire to do justice to true genius instead of exaggerating its frailties and its frequent lack of moral fibre. We find an example of this spirit in Mr. Mackenzie Bell's book, *Charles Whitehead : A Forgotten Genius*.² The fine qualities of Whitehead's mind have never been properly appreciated. We have attempted to atone to the memory of Poe by sincere admiration for his great poetic gifts ; but the English public has yet to realise what a great intellect and powerful imagination were lost to the world when poor Charles Whitehead died from

¹ *Lord Rosebery : His Words and Work*. By Arthur Wallace. London : Henry J. Drane.

² *Charles Whitehead : A Forgotten Genius*. By Mackenzie Bell, with an appreciation by Mr. Hall Caine. London : Ward, Lock & Bowden.

destitution in a Melbourne hospital. It is true that Whitehead did little permanent poetical work. His poem, *The Solitary*, is too reminiscent of *Childe Harold*, though it contains passages that Byron might have been proud to be the author. His greatest work is the novel, *Richard Savage*, which is quite as vivid in its portraiture of bygone times and manners as *Esmond*. He also wrote a tragedy, entitled *The Cavalier*, which was acted at the Lyceum in 1836. Some of his short stories are remarkably powerful, and possess the sombre grandeur and morbid gloom which we admire in Poe's prose writings, even when we shrink from the repulsiveness of the theme. Mr. Hall Caine's appreciation of Whitehead, prefixed to the present volume, will do much to revive interest in this gifted but ill-fated English writer.

The famous controversy as to the authenticity of the Ossianic poems has long ceased to excite burning interest. Most people know little more about James Macpherson than that he published poems which purported to have been translations of ancient Celtic manuscripts. The facts of his life and the exact nature of the controversy with regard to the Ossianic poetry published by him are related in a very readable fashion by Mr. Bailie Saunders.² There is a great deal of bathos in this poetry, which once excited the admiration of Byron and Goethe; but withal there are touches of real sublimity scattered through it, which entitle it to a place in English literature. The truth about Macpherson appears to be that he invented a great portion of the work, and interpolated traditional Highland legends concerning Fingal and Ossian, so that the "fragments" (as they were called) form a kind of patchwork of original composition and free translations or adaptations from the Gaelic. Macpherson was a very indifferent Gaelic scholar, and there was a great deal of pretentiousness and bluster in his attempts to brow-beat Dr. Johnson, who was, however, more than a match for him. To call him a literary impostor would perhaps be unjust; but he certainly was not troubled by over-scrupulosity. Mr. Saunders deals with Macpherson very sympathetically; but we scarcely think he has succeeded in showing that the subject of his biography, who managed to get on in the world, and who made considerable capital out of his Ossianic authorship, was an ill-used man. During his own lifetime Macpherson attracted far more attention than he deserved. His disregard for truth is shown by his audacious denial of the Irish Ossianic traditions, and his attitude towards his critics was that of a literary swashbuckler. Mr. Saunders's book will revive interest in Macpherson's personality, but it can scarcely make him appear in the light of an unappreciated man of genius to an age which is nothing if not critical.

² *The Life and Letters of James Macpherson*. By Bailie Saunders. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

In *Literary Industries*¹ we have an account of the life and works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, the American historian. It is an inspiring record, and displays the energetic and indomitable qualities of the American character. Hubert Howe Bancroft was an Ohio farmer's son. He was in early youth a clerk in a book-store. He went to California, where he started a store on his own account and prospered. As he himself expresses it, he "never found any difficulty in making money." But money did not satisfy his spirit's cravings. He happened to have a collection of statistics of the Pacific Coast in his possession, owing to the requirements of his firm. He collected from fifty to seventy-five volumes dealing with California and the Pacific coast, either directly or indirectly. Subsequently, he picked up several books of the same class in second-hand book-stores, and gradually the idea began to dawn upon him that the subject was a wider one than he had supposed. He enlarged his collection while travelling from one part of America to another on business. A visit to England enabled him to gather fresh materials. Then, he proceeded to compose his history, and prepared an index which embraced an enormous accumulation of details. Never for one moment did he pause in his task, although, at one period, the fear of financial ruin stared him in the face; even when his great store in San Francisco was burnt, he heard the news of the disaster without dismay. He inquired into his exact position, put his affairs in order, and, having satisfied himself that his firm was still solvent, resumed business with cool determination. Not only did he retrieve his losses, but he continued his historical labours with unabated enthusiasm. His great work, *Native Races*, must take rank beside the productions of the best historians. It is no collection of theories or "fads," but a marvellous storehouse of well-ascertained facts.

How different was this American toiler in the field of letters from Sir Walter Scott. Financial disaster broke Scott's heart, and injured his literary powers. His great genius lacked the sustaining force and unconquerable perseverance which are generated by the moral atmosphere and institutions of the United States. In Scott we have the type of the old-world literary man, endowed, no doubt, with "the vision and the faculty divine," but easily depressed by misfortune and overawed by the opinions of others and the prejudices of society. In men like Bancroft, we have an opposite type of mind and character—a spirit which no difficulties could daunt, an intellect resourceful and practical, a capacity for money-making united to a noble preference of literary achievement to material success. That Scott possessed more genius than Bancroft goes without saying; but the American had the advantage in strength of character and disinterestedness of purpose.

¹ *Literary Industries*. A Memoir. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Those who wish to obtain a true idea of the motives which actuated the representative men on the side of the Commonwealth in perhaps the most momentous period of English history, should read the *Memoirs of General Ludlow*.¹ An excellent edition of this work has just been published by the Clarendon Press. The Introduction, which has been written by Mr. C. H. Frith, presents us with a biographical sketch of Ludlow, showing clearly that whatever may have been his defects of intellect and character, he was a thoroughly honest man. He was born at Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, about 1617. His father, Sir Henry Ludlow, Knight, was the head of a family settled in Wiltshire from the fifteenth century. Not much is known as to Ludlow's education. It is surmised that he went to school at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. He appears to have been remarkable for his athletic prowess, for his old acquaintance, Payne Fisher, alludes to the fact in some Latin verses addressed to Ludlow when he was setting out for Ireland. Though he was a graduate of Oxford, Ludlow gained no academic distinctions. A hostile critic says that his chief characteristic was "a gruff, positive humour, resolutely bent upon whatever his own will suggested." After quitting Oxford, he went to London, where he entered the Inner Temple in 1638. We gather from his Memoirs that he was only twenty-five when he joined the Parliamentary army. His father, who represented Wiltshire in the Long Parliament, belonged to the most extreme section of the popular party, and having expressed the opinion that the king was unfit to govern, was denounced in the royal declaration as guilty of high treason. At his father's invitation, young Edmund Ludlow took up arms for the Parliament. The question in dispute between the king and the Parliament was, according to Ludlow, "whether the king should govern as a god by his will, and the nation be governed by force like beasts, or whether the people should be governed by laws made by themselves, and live under a government derived from their own consent."

During the Civil War, Ludlow distinguished himself. His defence of Wardour Castle against the Royalist troops was characterised by great bravery and determination, though eventually he was obliged to surrender, and was conveyed to Oxford as a prisoner.

The portion of Ludlow's Memoirs relating to the war is rather of local than general interest. His tributes to the military genius of Cromwell, with whom he afterwards quarrelled, may be regarded as a proof of his conscientious desire to tell the truth about the events of the period. Ludlow opposed Cromwell's ambitious designs, and, in the later portion of his Memoirs, refers to the Protector as the "usurper." The Republicanism of Ludlow was uncompromising.

¹ *The Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, Lieutenant-General of the Horse in the Army of the Parliament of England (1625-1672)*. Edited by C. H. Frith, M.A. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

He signed the king's death-warrant because he believed Charles I. was criminally responsible for all the blood shed in the war. Unquestionably the Parliament held out every inducement consistent with adherence to their own rather fanatical views to make the king submit to a constitutional form of government. But, even while the negotiations were ostensibly going on, Charles, instigated by his wife's injudicious advice, was making every effort to organise an army for the purpose of crushing Parliamentary opposition. From Ludlow's point of view, the execution of the king was an act of self-preservation which the nation could not avoid without sinking into a condition of absolute slavery. This strenuous supporter of the Commonwealth had the courage to denounce Cromwell when he suspected him of the design to become king. At the Restoration, Ludlow protested against the treachery of Monk. From the room of a house in which he was hiding he could see the troopers of the fallen Republic return from escorting Charles II. to Whitehall, and, a few days later, he learned that Harrison and others had been arrested. For some months he managed to avoid imprisonment by a series of artifices, and, having settled his affairs as well as the circumstances permitted, he succeeded in escaping to France just when a proclamation had been issued offering three hundred pounds for his arrest. The rest of his life was practically spent in exile. He found an asylum in Vevay in Switzerland, at which place his *Memoirs* purport to have been printed, though this appears not to be in accordance with recent investigation. In 1689, he returned to England, hoping to be of some public service under the government of William III., which was more or less in accordance with his advanced political opinions. He was, however, received in a hostile manner, and an obscure Cornish member moved in the House of Commons that an address should be presented to the king to issue a proclamation for Ludlow's arrest. The result was that the old patriot left his country for ever, and during the remainder of his life he resided at Vevay, where he carved above his door the Latin words, "*Omne solum forti patria quia patris*"; thus finely translated by Macaulay : "To him to whom God is a father every land is a fatherland."

Perhaps the most notable passages in the *Memoirs* are the description of Charles I.'s trial and execution (vol. i. pp. 213-219), and the account of the execution of Harrison, Carew, Coke and others concerned in the king's death (vol. ii. pp. 309-321). Ludlow narrates even the most terrible events dispassionately, but his apparent impassiveness is only the stoicism of a man who has repeatedly faced death, and whose principles are dearer to him than life. Carlyle charges Ludlow with "mulish" obstinacy in refusing to accept Cromwell's government, but cannot avoid expressing respect for his courage and absolute honesty. There never lived an Englishman who was a more devoted and unchanging Republican

than Edmund Ludlow. We may not entirely sympathise with his political views, cramped as they were by the fanaticism of a thorough-going Puritan, but we must honour his memory on account of his singleness of purpose, his fearless devotion to a cause, and his utter incorruptibility.

BELLES LETTRES.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S *The Garden that I Love*,¹ is an ingratiating volume, sure to appeal to all those who care for their gardens intelligently, or to the extent of giving to them the labour of some personal superintendence. The plates with which the book is furnished, although poor as art, suffice to prove that Mr. Austin's garden is well worthy of the love he gives it; that it is full of variety and charm, of old-world poetry, and luxuriant flowers and verdure, worthy to be sung and to be rejoiced in. With many quaint turns and fancies, in simple, confidential, garrulous style, the pages ramble on, communicating their author's pleasure and the sweetness of his reminiscences, conveying the impression of a simple restful rural existence, filled with small interests and hourly cares, but bathed, as it were, in a wider atmosphere, touched here and there with a deeper significance. They are interspersed (but all too sparingly) with snatches of verse, mostly written in praise of gardens, though perhaps the most charming among them are the gravely sweet lines, "Yet Love can Last." Altogether this is a delightful book, for it is pleasant thus to hear the poet of the spring speak of his favourite season in tender prose, and dwell with a loving minuteness on each dainty detail of spring's awakening, specifying with quaint felicity each delicate and vernal joy.

Miss Helen Mathers' *A Man of To-day*² is one of those clever, yet flimsy, three volume novels that contrive somehow to interest and excite in spite of the protests of the more critical judgment. None of the characters are particularly interesting (although the figure of Easter is fresh and picturesque), the plot is at once commonplace and impossible, the style leaves much to be desired; but throughout the authoress holds firmly to her intention of attracting and holding her reader's attention, and, like most people who have the strong desire to please, she to a great extent succeeds in making herself agreeable. In parts the book is a little highly seasoned, the more passionate scenes being forcibly written up; but it is not without

¹ *The Garden that I Love.* By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co.

² *A Man of To-day.* A Novel. By Helen Mathers. London: F. V. White & Co.

some freshness of handling, and altogether is perhaps rather more than a fair sample of the circulating library novel.

A new cheap edition of the clever *My Ducats and My Daughter*¹ deserves a word of notice, although the book has already been reviewed at length in our columns. This novel by two authors is unusually full of matter, and is particularly admirable in those pages dealing with the true inwardness of a newspaper office, and the conversation of the editor of the *Forum*.

In a small volume entitled *Propos de Littérature*,² M. Albert Mockel discusses the qualities of the poetry of two prominent representatives of the Symbolist school—M. Henri de Regnier and M. Francis Vielé-Griffin. Symbolism is a form of idealism based on a subjective revelation of the poet's mind. The poetry of M. Regnier resembles in some respects that of Baudelaire, but it is free from Baudelaire's morbidness. M. Vielé-Griffin differs chiefly from M. Regnier in taking his themes from everyday life. M. Regnier's grand source of inspiration is legend, and his method is to embody thought in verse by means of some characteristic keynote. One merit the Symbolists may fairly claim, that they have striven to attain true perfection of form, and if we except Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne, they far surpass the English poets of the nineteenth century in symmetry and harmonious versification.

*Maia*³ is a curious romance, founded on a Basque legend of a man who, owing to the influence of a supernatural being—a beautiful mermaid—was rendered incapable of loving his wife. The sufferings, not only of the afflicted wife but of the wretched husband, are well described in M. Charles de Borden's highly absorbing narrative. The hero of the story, Armendaritz, is a brave hunter who is bewitched by Maia, a female personality resembling the syrens of classic mythology. The incidents are rather far-fetched, but the reader who enters into the spirit of the legend will be sure to read the book from beginning to end with thorough enjoyment of its charming style and bizarre character.

ART.

THE latest volume in the series of "Celebrated Artists," published by *L'Art*, is devoted to the Venetian Antonio Canal, known as Canaletto.⁴ The author, M. Adrien Moureau, has done his work

¹ *My Ducats and My Daughter*. By P. Hay Hunter and Walter Whyte. New edition. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

² *Propos de Littérature*. Par Albert Mockel. Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant. 1894.

³ *Maia*. Par Charles de Borden. Paris: Librairie Plon.

⁴ *Antonio Canal dit le Canaletto* (Les Artistes Célèbres). Par Adrien Moureau. Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 1894.

well, in something over one hundred pages of text, and with the help of forty-nine full-page engravings. After an introductory chapter on Venice and Venetian life in the eighteenth century, he describes in detail the artistic formation of Canaletto's talent, the subjects of his paintings, his engravings, and the special quality of his talent, with an added chapter concerning his imitators and pupils. One of the latter, his own nephew, Bernardo Bellotto, was also known as Canaletto, and is identified with the Museum of Dresden. It is to be regretted that more details could not have been given in the appendix as to the present whereabouts of the pictures and the collections where Canaletto's designs are reproduced. The engravings of the present volume only serve to excite interest in the works of this singular artist.

From the point of view of pure Art, Canaletto was clearly but a *petit maitre*, as were nearly all the other artists and *litterati* of that eighteenth century which was big with little else than revolution. But we can seldom take our Art unmixed, and with Canaletto the mixture is of the purest historical interest. He is the illustrator of a day that is gone—of the Carnival of Venice when its riches and pomp remained, though the heroes were past, and the heroic deeds which had made the city were only a matter of outdoor theatricals. But, out of doors, what a glorious stage-setting of half-Oriental architecture and mysterious gondolas crowding the canals between, or sailing forth to the enchanted gardens of the Lido, or accompanying the gilded Bucontaur as it bore the Doge to his symbolic wedding with the sea. Canaletto never entered the great buildings to paint them. He was content with the outside and the life of nobles and populace teeming in the splendours of the sunlight. The history of Venice, especially in its later days, has yet to be written. But its living transcript is to be found in the designs of this child of the Lagoons who was born the same year as Tiepolo—the last representative of Venetian grand art. With this Venetian side of Canaletto's work M. Moureau deals at great length and with intelligent sympathy.

Canaletto early came into relation with the official representative of England in Venice. In default of original creations of their own country, British galleries had long been gathering precious art stores from Italy and the Netherlands. Consul Smith was a notable connoisseur and collector, and, when occasion offered, a vendor of the thousand works of art to be had for good guineas throughout Italy. He became a great patron of Canaletto, which led to the number of this painter's designs now to be found in so many private collections. The Venetian was even tempted for a short time from his native sunlight to the banks of the Thames, and depicted the damp glories of Vauxhall Gardens.

Four new numbers of the *Documents décoratifs Japonais*,¹ devoted respectively to animals, flowers and plants, and fish-life, show what we have already remarked concerning this collection. It is the immense superiority of the Japanese designers of the last century over all European artists in utilising the reality of living things for pictorial decoration. Greeks and Goths alike seem unable to take the vital grace from nature without regularising it into symbols from which the natural form has all but disappeared. This may be excused in architectural design, with whose acanthus leaves and the rest botany need not meddle. But even the pictorial decoration of the Renaissance and later schools has always sedulously reformed the suggestions taken from natural objects. Without warranting the exactness of Japanese natural history, the jelly-fish of Riōsoui (1762), the mice and hounds and comical rabbits of Tatibana Morikouni (1720), and the "beings from the depths of the mountains" of Shumboku (1715), are all instinct with a real life whose graceful movements fill out the page as symmetrically as any sectoral composition of our Western schools.

We have also received six numbers of the series of large folio designs from old and modern masters, issued by *L'Art* in one of its many *bibliothèques* for the use of students. The execution of the plates is unequal, perhaps from the fact that some are already *fatigued* elsewhere. But the selection seems to be good, and the collection attains its end. There is something peculiarly instructive in the reproduction of rough sketches made by great painters with a view to future work. Thus the nude figures of the Magi as drawn by Lionardo da Vinci are certainly examples of a practice much disputed in present-day studios. This consists in obtaining accurate design by drawing first the actual anatomy of the figures in their required poses, leaving the clothing of them to be done later. This academic method is in disfavour with those who rely entirely on the immediate impression of the scene. They profess to be able to "draw what they see." The old masters of design would retort: "Yes, provided you really see it—that is, analytically"; and analysis requires a knowledge of the elements which are discerned only by such previous study as this. Perhaps the good time is coming when impressionism and correct drawing can go together. The present collection simply presents a fair representation of designs from Raphael to Millet, and even later.

¹ *Documents décoratifs Japonais*, 3^e Série (Bibliothèque d'éducation artistique) Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 1894.

² *Dessins de Maîtres Anciens et Modernes* (Bibliothèque des écoles de dessin). Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 2894.

September 1894
CO-OPERATION AND THE AGRICULTURAL
DEPRESSION.

By launching, in the form of an "Irish Agricultural Organisation Society," a practicable scheme of co-operation for the farmers of Ireland, Mr. Horace Plunket, M.P., has inaugurated a work which, wisely and energetically pursued, promises to help more effectively towards restoring prosperity and contentment to that island than any amount of political agitation. As one who has during the past five years travelled extensively throughout Australasia and America, and in the capacity of a journalist specially commissioned to investigate has closely studied in these countries the agricultural and allied industries, in which co-operation is playing an all-important and ever-extending part, I venture to think I may be able to bring together a few facts and figures that will be of value to those interested in the movement. I desire, however, to address not only Irish farmers, but British farmers and landowners as well, for the lesson has been borne home irresistibly to my mind that in co-operation lies the only effective remedy for the agricultural depression that is so heavily weighing upon these islands. It may be hardly necessary to state that by co-operation I do not mean the sinking of individualism in those socialistic communities that have from remote times been the dream of theoretical reformers, but, when put to the practical test, have invariably resulted in failure and extinction. The term is applied simply to combined and concentrated effort on the part of persons engaged in a particular industry for the advancement of that industry, and consequentially for the betterment of their own individual position.

Any one who has traversed at harvest time the Red River Valley of North Dakota and Manitoba, and has witnessed the garnering of the wheat crops on ten thousand acre farms by means of battalions of reapers and binders—last autumn I saw forty-five of these machines simultaneously at work in one field, cutting down the golden grain at the rate of an acre a minute—must come away with the impression that the British farmer, should he still persevere with the cultivation of wheat, courts financial disaster. When one next proceeds to investigate the economical system of working these vast American farms, and the equally economical system of handling the

wheat by means of elevators, and through the agency of elevator companies, the impression becomes all but certainty. If the observer has also had the advantage of visiting India and studying the conditions of cheap labour there, and has furthermore traversed the boundless tracts of unbroken soil in Australia that but await the advent of population and the plough to become yet another inexhaustible granary for the world, the all-but certainty grows to absolute conviction. In a word, wheat growing in these islands is doomed. Under the conditions of cheap and rapid communication with the furthestmost corners of the globe, our harvest fields must in the near future lie exclusively across the seas. The truth, for many reasons, may be regrettable; but it is none the less truth.

But do not let the British farmer for one moment imagine that he is the only one that has been hit and ipped by the advent of cheap wheat. The farmer in Victoria and the agriculturist in the Eastern States of America has felt the pinch quite as severely. Had the farmer in the rich western lands of Victoria continued to place his reliance on grain crops, he would have been swept into the bankruptcy court during the financial crisis through which that colony has recently passed, just as has actually happened to his less fortunate brother, the farmer on the mallee lands, who is necessarily from his environment solely a wheat grower. The salvation of the West Victorian agriculturist has been nothing more nor less than co-operative dairying. Similarly, in such a State in the American Federation as Vermont, the stress of competition with the more westerly States has virtually put an end to wheat cultivation and turned the land into one great co-operative dairy-farm. But in each of these cases the crisis that has been passed through in changing from one branch of agriculture to another has resulted in good, and the dairy-farmers of both countries are to-day far more prosperous men than when wheat was the chief product of their fields. The lesson for the British farmer is obvious; he must adapt himself resolutely and unflinchingly to the exigencies of the times.

When it is set down in hard, matter-of-fact figures that dairy produce to the value of £25,820,000 was last year imported into Great Britain from Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, and Switzerland, from Canada and the United States of America, from Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand, the conclusion becomes irresistible that our home agriculturists are not making the most of their opportunities. The cheapened supplies, which we owe mainly to the foreign and the colonial producer, have proved that the markets for butter and for cheese, at the very door of the British farmer, are capable of almost indefinite expansion. Yet in many instances we find the British farmer grumbling that dairying is no longer profitable because he is being undersold by the foreigner.

The truth lies in the fact that the foreign and the colonial producers, who are under a positive disadvantage through being at a distance from their markets, have been more quick to grasp the problems of the industry, to adopt scientific methods and new appliances, and to follow the most economical lines of turning out and marketing their produce. Let me illustrate the point by the case of Victoria. Five years ago not a pound of butter was shipped from Melbourne; now the exports are little short of £750,000 per annum, and within another decade will be double or treble that amount. Thus, almost at a bound, the colony has become one of the great butter-producing countries of the world. This result is due to organisation and co-operation. The Government, at the request of the farming community, sent practical men to study American methods of dairying, and also introduced American experts to teach local producers the use of the very latest appliances. A travelling dairy, equipped with the best machinery and placed in charge of a skilled instructor, was organised, and journeyed round the colony, remaining in each district a sufficiently long time for everyone interested to attend the lectures and master the various processes. The value of this work is sufficiently proved by the fact that the travelling dairy invariably left behind it in each locality a co-operative dairy, or creamery, its itinerary being marked by a series of new buildings equipped with centrifugal separators, milk-testers, and all the newest appliances, owned and managed by the farmers themselves, and worked on a system that eliminates the middleman and is almost ideal in its realisation of the principle of co-operation.

Again, what do we find in America? The people of the United States have long since recognised that the dairying industry is the mainstay of agriculture. Nearly every State has its agricultural college and experimental station. In these institutions the dairy experts, besides imparting instruction, conduct painstaking and systematic investigations into such questions as the relative value of breeds of cows as milk and butter producers, the cost and effect of different feeding stuffs in their relations to the yield of milk and the percentage of butter-fat therein, the comparative advantages of deep and shallow setting of milk, the profit of using centrifugal separators, the influence of temperature on the percentage of cream obtained, the ripening of cheese and the securing of a uniform grade, the utilisation of the by-products skim-milk and milk-sugar, and other problems of vital importance to dairy-farmers. The result of this enlightened and combined national effort has been to multiply tenfold the value of the dairy produce of the United States within a quarter of a century, till now the assessed value of the milch cows in the country far exceeds the capital of all the national and registered banks added together. The following figures, show-

ing one year's production (1892), indicate the magnitude of the dairying industry in the States :

530,000,000 gallons of milk consumed in liquid form.
793,000,000 pounds of butter.
198,000,000 pounds of cheese.

Vermont is one of the chief dairying States in America, but it enjoys no advantage over England or Ireland in respect of soil, climate, or close-at-hand markets. In Vermont, butter-making at the farmhouse has almost entirely given place to butter-making at the creamery, or factory. The whole land is dotted over with these establishments, simply because co-operative effort enhances the returns, the readiest and best market being for factory-made butter in large quantities and of uniform grade. The result has been that every small farmer, who before could not give up his time to dairy work, now finds it exceedingly profitable to keep a few milch cows, whose presence on the soil is incidentally a great advantage to the farm as a whole. In this way the whole agricultural population is brought to participate in the dairying industry. To show how the many littles make a magnificent grand total, let me instance the creamery at St. Albans, Vermont, which enjoys the distinction of being the largest establishment of the kind in the world. It is purely a co-operative concern, having over 1000 shareholders, who own about 15,000 cows, figures which indicate that most of the co-operators are small farmers with perhaps only five to ten dairy cattle on their land. To meet the convenience of this large and scattered *clientèle*, there are no fewer than sixty centrifugal separators situated along the lines of railway converging towards St. Albans. The farmer drives with his milk to the nearest separator; has it weighed and its butter-fat value ascertained by that most ingenious of all dairy appliances, the milk-tester; waits during the few minutes necessary for its passing through the separator; receives his voucher for the cream delivered; and then returns home, carrying back his skim-milk to be utilised, sometimes with the butter-fat replaced by some cheaper fat, such as linseed, for the feeding of calves and hogs. It will be observed that only the cream goes forward to the central factory and has to pay railway freight. At St. Albans, in 1892, the amount of butter made was 2,060,000 pounds, the largest product on any one day being 18,000 pounds. So far the establishment has been unable to supply the demand for its butter, and as the number of contributing cows is steadily increasing the plant has been extended so as to be capable of producing 25,000 pounds of butter *per diem*. Now, there are in the United States over 6000 co-operative creameries of this kind, large and small, and new establishments were started last year at the average rate of two a day! And yet there are no signs of

over-production, for summer butter cannot be bought at the factories for less than 20 cents. per pound, and winter butter for less than 30 cents. per pound, while the application of ammoniacal refrigeration is extending rapidly, and is gradually equalising prices all the year round, by enabling the summer surplus to be stored for winter use without appreciable deterioration in quality.

Both in England and in Ireland there are creameries, but they are few and far between. Moreover, unlike the creameries of Australia and America, most of them are private capitalistic establishments, which purchase the farmer's cream at the lowest possible figure, block him from participation in the profits secured by cheapened production, and do nothing to cause the system of co-operative dairying to expand, so to speak, automatically over the length and breadth of the land, as has been the case in Victoria and in Vermont. Be it observed that it is not creameries, but *co-operative creameries*, that make a thriving dairying community. The lesson was taught by Denmark and Sweden to America and Australia, and must be learned by British and Irish farmers if they are to gain a share of the £25,000,000 paid by their countrymen annually to over-sea producers of dairy produce.

Another consideration that arises is the slowness of the British agriculturist, as compared with his competitors abroad, to take advantage of modern scientific discoveries and inventions. Even the cream separator, the principle and utility of which are universally understood, has not yet come into general use in this country. As for the milk-tester, its very name is unknown to thousands of our farmers. Yet the value of this simple and inexpensive appliance to every one who owns milch cattle is incalculable, and its employment is doing more to advance the dairying industry in America and elsewhere than perhaps even the separator itself. Mere quantity of milk does not give any clue as to the butter producing capability of a cow. But by the tester the percentage of butter-fat in each cow's milk is ascertained, with hardly any labour and with absolute accuracy, before the milk is poured into the common receptacle for butter-making purposes. The dairyman who has no tester merely knows the quantity of butter his cows produce in the aggregate; he has no clue as to the value of each individual cow in the herd. With the tester, on the other hand, he knows exactly how much butter each individual cow produces from every gallon of its milk. By this means he is enabled to cull his herd, replacing poor butter producers by good ones. The poor cow costs just as much for food and attention as the good one, but the annual monetary returns of the two animals show a wide margin of difference. Moreover, a good butter cow produces good butter stock, and so, from his knowledge acquired from the use of the milk-tester, the breeder of dairy stock is enabled to select the proper calves to rear and the proper

ones to reject. In this way it becomes perfectly possible, as has been actually done on farms in Vermont and elsewhere in the United States, to grade up a dairy herd from an average production per cow of 150 pounds of butter per annum to an average of 300 pounds and over. With these figures before him, even the layman will grasp the value of such an invention to each individual farmer who uses it. But let us reflect what are the money advantages of the system when spread over the 1000 farms that contribute to such a creamery as that of St. Albans, Vermont; what the gain to the whole of that great dairying State; what the enhanced profit to the vast dairying industry of America. Were the milk-tester in universal use throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the capitalised value of our dairy herds might be increased in a few years' time by fully 25 per cent. If, then, the British farmer does not eagerly avail himself of such an invention, can he fairly grumble at being ousted from his own markets by his foreign competitor?

I have dwelt at length upon the subject of dairying, because this is the one great department of farming industry in which the experience of other countries has conclusively proved that the secret of success lies in co-operation. Moreover, the magnificent results achieved by co-operative dairying in these countries have already led to the principle of co-operation being adopted in other branches of agriculture. In California, for example, the drying, canning, and marketing of fruit is being steadily placed on a co-operative basis. Central depositories and preserving factories have been built by capital subscribed among the fruit-growers themselves, and the middleman, who has hitherto had the producer at his mercy, is being displaced. Similarly in the Californian wine trade, the vineyard owners have jointly established in San Francisco a depôt where the wines of every individual shareholder can be sampled and orders are booked. But, next to dairying, the grandest example of co-operation in farming enterprise is afforded by the New Zealand frozen mutton trade. In that colony, before the establishment of the score and more of freezing works with which every pastoral district is now supplied, the price of sheep was subject to great fluctuations, surplus stock oftentimes having to be disposed of for the mere nominal sum of sixpence or a shilling a head. To remedy this state of matters the flockmasters combined, and, with the assistance of a certain amount of outside capital, founded the New Zealand frozen meat industry which, within a single decade, has grown to enormous proportions, the unlimited demand, and the steady, continuous supply causing whole fleets of steamers to be specially constructed for the trade. Last year New Zealand was thus enabled to export close upon 2,000,000 carcasses of sheep, out of a total of about 18,000,000 sheep on the island. The result has been to steady and enhance the value of sheep to the

farmer, and now a price of about sixteen shillings per head can be secured all the year round for prime young wethers. Australia, where surplus stock is still liable to extraordinary fluctuations,—in 1892 I myself saw a flock in the back blocks sold for threepence a head—is now following the example set by New Zealand, and at this moment large co-operative companies are being formed both in Melbourne and in Sydney with the object of erecting chilling works in the pastoral districts and great central storage depôts at the ports of shipment. In these new enterprises the plan of working adopted in the co-operative creameries of the dairy-farmers is being exactly followed, each consigner of stock taking shares in the venture, the charges of freezing, handling, marketing, &c., being reduced to a minimum, and all surplus profits being annually divided among the co-operators, from whose ranks are elected the men who manage the entire business.

These examples sufficiently show the growing power of co-operation in agricultural enterprise. So long as each farmer in a country continues to struggle along forlornly for his own hand, he is powerless. Union brings irresistible strength. This was strikingly proved during the past few months, when the Victorian Government made it a condition for the renewal of the mail contracts that the steamers should provide adequate cold storage accommodation for dairy produce and at the same time reduce their freight charges. Nothing but strong organisation on the part of the producers, exerting irresistible pressure upon Parliament and the Government, could have forced such concessions from the powerful shipping companies. In Great Britain and Ireland the farmers often are heard to complain that the charges of the railway companies paralyse their efforts to raise their industry from its present languishing condition. The example of Australia surely shows that in co-operative organisation they have an effective weapon ready to their hands. The principle cannot be applied at once to every department of agriculture, but the call for co-operation in dairying is clear and clamant. With co-operative creameries in every important centre, increased facilities for theoretical and practical teaching in dairy work, and the general use of the latest appliances, such as the separator and the milk-tester, it is not too much to say that an era of renewed prosperity may open for British agriculture such as certainly no amount of wailing from the housetops, and almost as certainly no number of Parliamentary discussions and Royal Commissions, can ever bring about.

EDMUND MITCHELL.

WHAT EVOLUTION TEACHES US.

IF any person devoted his attention to the correction of popular errors, there is little probability that he would have any spare moments for any other occupation. Indeed, his time for eating and sleeping would be materially reduced, assuming that he made a serious effort to correct a limited number of popular fallacies every day. In this connection, I may say that I have recently encountered a man of mature age, who supposed that the science of economics was the practice of frugality; another gentleman, a book-keeper in a large wholesale house, pointed out to me that the depreciation of silver was quite unimportant, because the American silver dollar always possessed the same purchasing power; and a young lady, of no mean intellectual capacity, inquired in my presence if the Jews' reason for abstaining from the eating of pork was dislike of the taste of the flesh of the pig. These are three typical examples of the common mistakes which have come under my personal observation within the past few months.

Upon scientific questions, the great mass of the so-called "educated" classes has the haziest ideas. We have most of us heard of the bookseller whose knowledge of Mr. Herbert Spencer and his writings was so small that he asked that gentleman to give him the sole right of publishing *The Fairy Queen*; and many of us have some old lady friend who always takes care to keep a large piece of sulphur in her dog's drinking-water!

The popular belief concerning Evolution is that a person named Darwin wrote a book with the object of proving that men were the descendants of monkeys. Mr. John B. Martin, of Martins' Bank, London, relates an anecdote concerning a customer of the bank, who insisted upon removing his account, because he had observed that one of the partners in the bank had attended Darwin's funeral. Most assuredly this person must have supposed that Darwin had injured the human race by the shocking discovery that men and monkeys were such near relatives!

To-day everybody talks about evolution as if it were something which had been suddenly and recently discovered. Like electricity, the bacilli of consumption and typhoid fever, woman's rights, or the tariff question, it appears to have attracted the attention of the whole world from Mr. Gladstone to "Professor" Garner, the latter gentle-

man having, according to a newspaper report, kindly condescended to explain that he did not agree with Darwin that man's predecessors were monkeys.

Everybody believes that he knows all about evolution, and many people discuss it in much the same way as they do the merits of books which they have not read, or the fighting capacity of Corbett and Jackson. Everybody is aware in a sort of unconscious way that the whole theory was invented by the late Mr. Darwin, and systematised by Mr. Spencer, the prevalent impression being that we are all descended from men with tails, who were the final offspring—a sort of *édition de luxe*—of the gorilla or the chimpanzee.

Practically every part of this programme is a delusion; Mr. Darwin no more invented evolution than Mr. Edison invented electricity. We are no more descended from *men* with tails than we are descended from the Manx cat, which has no tail; and our relationship to the gorilla is not nearer than a fiftieth cousinship, and is far more remote than that existing between the cat and the tiger. Scientists are not making daily efforts to discover the "missing link," because such links as are missing are not of paramount importance.

It is tolerably safe to say that whatever is evolutionary in the popular mind is a burlesque upon the evolutionist's true opinions. So far as the masses are concerned, they first heard of evolution when Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1859. That book consists of a theory as to the causes which have led to the distinctions of kind between animals and between plants. It tells us nothing about origin of the first life in a crude form, and it takes for granted the origin and existence of the sun, the earth, the stars, the sea, the land, the mountains, and the valleys. The book deals with the various types of species and with nothing else; its full title is "The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life." Those critics who assert that the book tells us nothing about the origin of species have not only omitted to read the work, but have failed to understand its title.

Charles Darwin was born in 1809, and before his time evolution—not under that name, it is true—had become a recognised force in science. Kant, who lived from 1724 to 1804, and Laplace (1749–1827) had worked out the development of suns and earths from white-hot star clouds; Lyell (1797–1875) had worked out the evolution of the earth's surface to its present condition; and Lamarck (1744–1829) had worked out the descent of plants and animals from a common ancestor by gradual modification. And—probably most important of all—Spencer, during Darwin's lifetime, began to work out the growth of mind from its most simple beginnings to the highest development of human thought. But the

οἱ πολλοὶ cared nothing for all this; the principles of evolution had never been put into any one book which was obtainable at every public library. In the absence of this "every man his own evolutionist," the world at large recognised in the so-called "Darwinian theory" a belief that men were only monkeys who had lost their tails, either by sitting upon them or by eating them when they were hungry, and the learned Mr. Darwin had invented and patented the whole process.

The philosophies of the ancients were all of them founded upon very limited observation; they were merely speculative fancy pictures largely evolved from the author's own consciousness. Modern philosophy, however, is of an entirely different character; it has been founded upon scientific observation and investigation, the evidence having been as carefully weighed, and as impartially as it is in a court of justice. Mere surmise and assumption form no part of the stock-in-trade of the scientists of the evolutionary school.

The philosophy of the nineteenth century began to take shape and form in the last century in the separate conceptions of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802). These men must be regarded as the true founders of modern evolution; Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are the leaders who led the chosen few to the promised land which had already been dimly descried in the distance. Judging from the *comparatively* small sale of these two scientists' works, one would suppose that the number of the chosen people has been small—very small. "For many are called, but few are chosen," even when anybody may become one of the chosen by using his own brains.

Kant and Laplace came first, as astronomy comes first in logical order. Planets and stars must necessarily precede in development plants or animals; it is not possible to grow onions, or to "raise hogs," until you have solid earth upon which to plant the one and to build a sty for the other.

The universe, according to the theory of evolution, began as a single vast ocean of matter of gigantic tenuity, spread all over space, and differing little within itself when looked at side by side with its final historical outcome. As this statement may appear perplexing, I quote Mr. Spencer's formula of evolution, viz.: "An integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent homogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." This definition, while perfectly lucid and full of meaning, must be pondered over to be properly apprehended, and with such readers as are not of the chosen few, a liberal use of the *Century Dictionary* is desirable, probably essential.

In the beginning this world—and all other worlds—existed as a vast nebula of enormous extent and inconceivable thinness. The matter composing it was of such excessive gasiness that millions of miles of it might have been compressed into one of the little glass bottles into which the Messrs. Carter put their little liver pills. Slowly settling around common centres, the gas gradually collected into suns and stars, whose light and heat are, in all probability, due to the clashing of their component atoms as they gravitate continually towards the centre of the mass. In a burning candle the impact of the oxygen atoms in the air against the carbon and hydrogen atoms in the melted tallow produces the light and causes the heat of the flame; in the same way, in nebula the impact of the various gravitating atoms, one against the other, produces the light and heat by whose aid we are enabled to see those distant bodies.

The matter, or rather the gas, which composes our sun was once spread out to the furthest orbit of the outermost planet—that is, to the planet Neptune, unless, of course, there are other planets of whose existence we are at present ignorant. From the orbit of Neptune, or some other planet outside it, this inconceivably thin mass began to converge, growing denser and denser and smaller as it gradually approached its existing dimensions. As it condensed, revolving upon its axis, the solar mist left behind it at intervals, portions of cloud-like matter cast off from its equator; these masses of gas, undergoing a similar evolution upon their own account, have, with great slowness, hardened into Jupiter, Saturn, the Earth, and the other planets. Meanwhile, the main central mass, always retreating as it left these masses behind, formed eventually the sun itself, the chief luminary of our system of worlds.

It must be understood, however, that this simple nebular theory is now partially disputed upon astronomical as well as mathematical grounds; but it will not fail in its object if it conveys to the popular mind the idea that the whole universe was not turned out completed, like a suit of ready-made clothes, but was due to the slow working of natural laws, in consequence of which each heavenly body has assumed its present place, weight, and motion.

This conception of gradual development thus applied to the component bodies of the universe by Kant and Laplace, was equally applied by Lyell and his school to the one particular planet upon which we live. If the world began by being a white-hot mass of gas in an extreme state of external excitement, boiling with the heat of its emotions, it gradually cooled with age—for growing old is growing cold, as all animals eventually discover. As it passed from the volcanic age, a solid crust began to form upon the cooling surface; and the watery vapour which had at first floated as steam around the heated mass, condensed in time into a wide ocean over the hardened shell. By degrees this ocean moved into two or three

main bodies which sank into hollows of the viscid crust, the precursors of the great seas of to-day. Wrinklings of the crust, caused by the cooling and contracting process, gave rise to mountain ranges, and eventually the condition of the earth as we see it was reached, through the action of natural laws during millions of years. Changes are still taking place, and will continue to take place, although they occur far too slowly to be apparent to pigmies like ourselves, whose lives are always limited to a hundred and fifty years.

Eventually seas and lands, continents and islands, rivers and mountains were wrought out of the crust thus gradually fashioned by internal or external agencies. The evaporations from the oceans gave rise to clouds; the water falling upon the mountain tops cut out the valleys and river basins—and so the everlasting process went on. Geology has shown us that the world is, as it is not in consequence of any sudden creative act, but by virtue of the slow continuous action of the laws of nature which are still operative.

Evolution in geology naturally leads to evolution in the science of life. If the world itself grew, did not the animals and plants which inhabit it? The first man to hint at the truth was Buffon (1707–1788), a French Count who lived in the days of Louis Quinze. But he did not venture to assert that he thought that all animals and plants were evolved one from the other with slight modifications, because, had he done so, the Sorbonne would have silenced him for his wickedness by imprisonment—probably for life.

Erasmus Darwin was the most far-sighted man of his time; he saw that Buffon was hinting at something new, and he worked out Buffon's ideas to their logical conclusion. Life, according to Erasmus Darwin, began in minute marine forms, which gradually acquired fresh powers and larger bodies, so as imperceptibly to transform themselves into different creatures. While it is certain that since the earth has been in its present chemical condition, life has never been produced by dead matter, yet there is every reason to believe that when this globe was in a different chemical condition low forms of life—whether you call them animal or vegetable is merely a matter of a name—were so produced.

I ask pardon for this digression.

Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles of that ilk, noticed that man takes rabbits, dogs, and other animals and alters them, almost to his own ideas. From "great danes" and deerhounds the extinct old Irish wolfhound has been manufactured or evolved; from "dorkings" "black Spanish" have been produced; and the wild rabbit has been the basis from which "lop-ears" and many other varieties of rabbits have been bred. If man, with his limited powers, limited intellect, and limited length of life, can make these transformations at his own sweet will, why cannot Nature, with time to the power *n*—infinity—at her disposal, have produced all the varieties

of vertebrate animals from one common ancestor, and all life from the most rudimentary beginnings? It should be added that most geological authorities are now agreed that life first appeared upon this planet, not less than twenty million, and not more than four hundred million, years ago. Erasmus Darwin, however, did not live long enough to know of the calculations by which this conclusion has been arrived at.

Darwin grandpère was a bold man. In his day scientific investigators were regarded as persons who were in league with the devil. Yet although he practised medicine in the cathedral city of Lichfield, he makes no mention of having lost any patients, or having incurred the displeasure of the Church dignitaries by his outspoken views upon scientific questions. Outspoken he certainly was, for he asserted that quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, monkeys, and men were all divergent descendants of a single original form, and that "one and the same kind of living filament is and has been the cause of organic life."

All this was laughed at, as might have been expected. Reformers are always regarded as fit subjects for ridicule. I am, indeed, experiencing it myself at the present time, when I assert that I can show that the brain is not dormant during sleep.

The people of the eighteenth century said that Mr. Darwin was an amiable yet eccentric gentleman. His poems—especially the one about poor Eliza—were nearly perfect, but his scientific theories were far too ludicrous to be worthy of any serious attention. Beautiful as his poetry was, his prose was not to be taken seriously—even in homeopathic doses. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Poor Eliza, being of the class of the unfit in a poetical sense, has not survived, and the much-abused zoological theories have become the foundation of all accepted modern science.

In the early part of the present century Lamarck avowed his conviction that all animals were really descended from one, or a very few, common ancestors. He believed that the evidence conclusively showed that organisms were as much the result of natural laws, not of miraculous interpositions, as suns and worlds, and all the other natural phenomena around us. He saw that what the naturalists call a species differs from what they call a variety only in the fact that it is a little more distinctly marked—just a little less like its nearest neighbours elsewhere; he recognised the gradation of forms which causes one species to merge into another, and he observed the analogy between the modifications in various animals, birds, and plants, brought about by nature and those induced by the hand of man. He was an evolutionist in every sense of the term, although he failed to notice the point of paramount importance to which the fame of his grandson is due. The theory of Natural Selection, the cardinal point in Charles Darwin's *Origin of*

Species, played no part in Erasmus Darwin's writings. This fact, perhaps, demands further elucidation. The grandfather Darwin attributed the monkey's apposable thumb to the continual grasping of boughs of trees by many generations of monkeys; he likewise believed that the long neck of the giraffe was caused by the incessant stretching of the necks of innumerable generations of giraffes in search of the leaves of the trees upon which they feed. Darwin grandson, however, added the theory, which he, in company with Spencer, Wallace, Huxley, and others, have proved to be a verity—of the survival of the fittest. By this addition Charles Darwin has some claim to be regarded as one of the founders of modern evolution, yet he must share this claim with Mr. Spencer and Mr. Wallace, to whose work I shall subsequently refer.

All plants and animals, said the younger Darwin, vary perpetually and indefinitely, and all the varieties so produced are not equally adapted to the circumstances of the species. When the variation is not suited to its surroundings it tends to die out, because every point of disadvantage works against each individual in the struggle for life. If, upon the other hand, the variation is of a satisfactory character with regard to external conditions, it tends to persist, because every point of advantage tells in favour of each individual specimen of the variation in the continual battle for life.

Before Charles Darwin's time some scientists were evolutionists; after Darwin, all men of science became so immediately, and the rest of the world, except the ministers of religion, is rapidly following their leadership; and it was the addition of the theory of natural selection to the conception of evolution which converted so many scientists to "the Darwinian theory."

To briefly sum up: as applied to life, the evolutionary idea is that plants and animals have all a natural origin from a single primitive living creature, which was itself the result of the influence of light and heat upon the chemical constituents of some part of the earth, probably the bed of an ocean after the water had left it. Beginning with that single primitive form, life, both animal and vegetable, has never ceased to increase and to develop, gradually changing its character from the original shape, size, and general construction, to an unlike, or heterogeneous, form, until eventually the present immense variety of beasts, birds, men of different races and colours, fish, insects, as well as trees and plants, have been brought into existence. Evolution has been incessant and never-ending, from gas to planet, from early form of sea-inhabitant to cat and dog. This is the great truth of evolution, and, as a matter of fact, no scientist of to-day with any reputation to sustain disputes the accuracy of it.

But evolution does not stop here. Psychology, a part of the

science of physiology—for if it is not, it cannot be a science at all—has its evolutionary aspect. If the bodies of animals are evolved, their minds must also be evolved. The exposition of this part of evolution has been accomplished by the scientist whom I must describe as the modern Aristotle, and in so doing I am by no means sure that I am paying Mr. Spencer any compliment. Widely different as the two philosophers are, the one having lived 384 years before Christ, the other living in the nineteenth century, there can be no serious doubt that the work of the one is, from whatever point of view it may be judged, quite equal to the work of the other.

Mr. Spencer was born in 1820 ; his first important book (*Social Statics*) was published in 1850. It was not, however, until ten years later that he announced the issue of *A System of Synthetic Philosophy*, beginning with the first principles of all knowledge, and tracing the law of evolution as realised in life, intellect, morality, &c. But prior to this, between January 1852 and May 1854, Mr. Spencer had given to the world a great, though brief, essay, *The Development Hypothesis*. To this essay I wish to draw special attention, because the most cursory perusal of it will, in my opinion, convince the reader that Mr. Spencer had knowledge of the process of natural selection at least five years before Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared in print. The simple title, *The Development Hypothesis*, might not by itself prove anything, except, what everybody ought to know, that it is impossible to investigate any complex question without the use of hypotheses ; but the excerpt which I set out in full amply justifies the assertion I have made above :

“ Should the believers in special creations consider it unfair to call upon them to describe how special creations take place, I reply that this is far less than they demand from the supporters of the Development Hypothesis. They are merely asked to point out a *conceivable* mode. On the other hand, they ask, not for a conceivable mode, but for the *actual* mode. They do not say, show us how this *may* take place ; but they say, show us how this *does* take place. So far from its being unreasonable to put the above question, it would be reasonable to ask not only for a possible mode for a special creation, but for an ascertained *mode*, seeing that this is no greater a demand than they make upon their opponents.

“ And here we may perceive how much more defensible the new doctrine is than the old one. Even could the supporters of the Development Hypothesis merely show that the origination of species by the process of modification is conceivable, they would be in a better position than their opponents. But they can do much more than this. They can show that the process of modification has effected, and is effecting, decided changes in all organisms subject to modifying influences. Though, from the impossibility of getting at a sufficiency of facts, they are unable to trace the many phases through which any existing species has passed in arriving at its present form, or to identify the influences which caused the successive modifications ; yet, they can show that any existing species—whether animal or vegetable—when placed under conditions different from its

previous ones, immediately begins to undergo certain changes of structure fitting it for the new conditions. They can show that in successive generations these changes continue, until ultimately the new conditions become the natural ones. They can show that in cultivated plants, in domesticated animals, and in the several races of men, such alterations have taken place. They can show that the degrees of difference so produced are often, as in dogs, greater than those on which distinctions of species are in other cases founded. They can show that it is a matter of dispute whether some of these modified forms are varieties or separate species. They can show, too, that the changes daily taking place in ourselves—the facility that attends long practice, and the loss of aptitude that begins when practice ceases—the strengthening of passions habitually gratified, and the weakening of those habitually curbed; the development of every faculty, bodily, moral, or intellectual, according to the use made of it, are all explicable on this same principle. And thus they can show that throughout all organic nature there is at work a modifying influence of the kind they assign as the cause of these specific differences: an influence which, to all appearance, would produce in the millions of years, and under the great varieties of condition which geological records imply, any amount of change.

“Which, then, is the most rational hypothesis?—that of special creations which has neither a fact to support it nor is even definitely conceivable, or that of modification, which is not only definitely conceivable, but is countenanced by the habitudes of every existing organisation?”¹

In 1858 Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished scientist and explorer, sent to Mr. Darwin from the Malay Archipelago a memoir for presentation to the Linnean Society. Upon reading the manuscript, Mr. Darwin found, much to his surprise, that it contained the main principle of his own theory on Natural Selection. He communicated the facts to Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, who persuaded him to read to the Linnean Society a paper of his own in company with that of Mr. Wallace. This was done on July 1 of the above-named year.

Thus Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace made the discovery of the law of the Survival of the Fittest at almost the same time; at which period the supposition that such a condition existed in nature first dawned upon the minds of these scientists, is not a matter of any importance. Let it be remembered, however, that the publication of Herbert Spencer's *Development Hypothesis* preceded the announcement of Darwin's and Wallace's investigations by seven years.

It will naturally be asked why the theories of the pre-Charles Darwinian philosophers had failed to gain any general acceptance among naturalists and zoologists. The answer to this is that no explanation had been given as to how modification from one species to another could take place “so as to acquire the perfection of structure and co-adaptation which justly excites our admiration,” such hypotheses as habit, the will of the organism itself, and many others,

¹ *Spencer's Essays: Scientific, Political, Speculative.* Vol. i. London, 1868. Pp. 378-380. This Essay appeared in *The Leader* between January 1852 and May 1854.

having failed to survive careful scientific scrutiny. The opposition of Cuvier (1769–1832), the great anatomist, who was opposed to the theory that animals were connected by common descent, may also have exercised some influence against the theory of evolution.

To return to Mr. Spencer's work. That scientist has demonstrated how the intellect of man is slowly evolved from the most crude forms of sense and sensibility; how the emotions and the reasoning power gradually come into existence; and how the action of surrounding circumstances on the organic structure produces a system of nerves, first of moderate complexity, afterwards increasing in intricacy by gradual steps, until at last the brain of such men as Homer, Socrates, Cicero, Shakespeare, Mill, Gladstone—if one may select such very different types of great minds—is produced. The tissues by gradual development have become a means of communication between one part of the human system and another, the sense organs having been first formed on the outside of the body, where it comes most into contact with external influences. Continual use and habit, through many generations, has created these organs into the instruments of taste and feeling and smell. Pigment spots, sensitive to light, or its absence, have grown by very moderate degrees until the eyes of the mammals have been evolved. Quivering nerve fibres with a tendency to respond to signals of sound have become so harmonised that the human hearing organ has been brought into being. Simultaneously certain portions of the brain have grown up in a corresponding manner, so that the coloured picture impressed upon the eye by some external scene is carried from the retina of that organ through the fibres of the optic nerve to the required position in the brain.

The process I have attempted to describe has been incessantly at work, the great cause of all the changes that have taken place having been the influence of the external conditions of the outer world; and the result is seen to-day in the intellect and the will of civilised man. Mind began as a knowledge of touch by some primitive form of life; it has now extended as far as a systematic and logical realisation of the entire cosmos upon the part of a profound scientist.

The evolution of man, apart from other animals, demands notice. For our information upon this side of the subject we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Edward Tylor and Sir John Lubbock. After the growth of solar systems, continents, animals, plants and men's minds had been worked out, the next step evolved the elucidation of the gradual development of nations, languages, habits, religions and customs, &c. Man, a savage, differing at first very little from his ape-like ancestors, slowly freed himself from his brute characteristics as a primary step; then he learned, by the slowest degrees, the use of fire, the method of manufacturing implements out of stone, this

being the commencement of the art of making earthenware vessels. As to speech, man began by simple movements of the body or the limbs, followed by sounds, which afterwards proceeded parallel with the development of the organs of hearing. He tamed for his own benefit the various animals with which he came in contact—the dog, horse and others; he cleared the forest and grew maize and other plants. After the lapse of time—probably many centuries—he dug the ground deep enough to find ore, the next step being the knowledge of the use of the various metals.

After the abandonment of the cave as a place of residence, he built the hut, the house, at last the palace of a Vanderbilt; he used leaves, skins, feathers as clothes prior to the days of woven wool or fibre. During this period the family was evolved, at first communal, eventually monogamous; tribes and nations were also formed, kings were chosen, customs became laws, and the great empires of Egypt and Assyria were established. Man's picture-writing then grew into hieroglyphics, the final outcome being the alphabetical symbols as we know them. He made a canoe—its evolution is the *Paris* or *Majestic*; he used a sling and stone with which to destroy his enemies—its evolution is the Krupp 120-ton gun. And while all this is disputed by those few non-scientific persons who believe that man was created in much the same form as he appears to-day, yet the evolution of the Italian and French languages from Latin is universally acknowledged, even by the ministers of religion—the chief opponents of science and scientific investigation.

The establishment of one general system of philosophy for the entire universe is due to Herbert Spencer. The facts, and the scientific proof of them, having been collected by innumerable writers, it remained for Mr. Spencer to accomplish the synthetical portion of this great work.

The names of a few pre-Darwinian and post-Darwinian philosophers are appended; it is a *very incomplete* list. The classification of these writers is also very imperfect, in consequence of lack of space; it is only intended to serve as a general idea of each writer's speciality.

Count Buffon (George Lewis), 1707–1768—biologist and naturalist.

Kant (Immanuel), 1724–1804—writer, chiefly upon ethics.

Hutton (James), 1726–1797—geologist.

Darwin (Erasmus), 1781–1802—naturalist.

Wolf (Caspar F.), 1783–1794—founder of modern embryology.

Herschel (Sir William), 1788–1822—astronomer.

Herder (Johann G.), 1744–1803—writer upon human development in connection with man's physical environment.

Lamarck (John B.), 1744–1829—naturalist.

Laplace (Pierre S.), 1749–1827—mathematician and astronomer.

Goethe (Johann), 1749-1832—botanist and geologist.
Sprengel (Kurt), 1766-1838—botanist.
Hegel (George W.), 1770-1831—writer upon ethics and psychology.
Von Bach (Leopold), 1774-1853—geologist and geographer.
Schelling (Friedrich), 1775-1854—wrote upon philosophy of revelation.
Oken (Lorenz), 1779-1851—naturalist.
Schopenhauer (Arthur), 1788-1860—wrote upon ethics and psychology.
Carus (Karl G.), 1789-1869—physiologist and psychologist.
Herschel (Sir John), 1792-1871—astronomer.
Von Baer (Carl E.), 1792-1876—naturalist.
Lyell (Sir Charles), 1797-1879—geologist.
Scheiden (Matthias), 1804-1881—wrote chiefly upon vegetable histology.
Darwin (Charles), 1809-1882—naturalist.
Lewis (George Henry), 1817-1878—psychologist.
Bates (William H.), 1825-1887—explorer and naturalist.
Bagehot (Walter), 1826-1877—physicist.
Clifford (W. K.), 1845-1879—metaphysician.

The following names are so well known, even to the uninitiated, that it seems superfluous to mention them; they are all names of recent scientific writers of eminence. The title of at least one work of each author is given, in order to stimulate a desire for further information:

Alexander Bain: *The Emotion and the Will; The Relation of Mind to Body.*
Archibald Geikie: *A Text Book of Geology; The Story of a Boulder.*
James Geikie: *The Great Ice Age in its Relation to the Antiquity of Man, Prehistoric Europe.*
R. E. von Hartmann: *Truth and Error in Darwinism.*
Ernest Haeckel: *The History of Creation.*
(Sir) Joseph Hooker: *The Genera Plantarum: The Flora of the British Isles.*
T. H. Huxley: *Man's Place in Nature; An Introduction to the Classification of Animals.*
(Sir) John Lubbock: *Prehistoric Times as Illustrated by the Customs of Modern Savages; The Origin of Civilisation.*
Henry Maudsley: *The Psychology and Pathology of the Mind.*
St. George Mivart: *The Genesis of Species, Man and Apes.*
Theodule Ribot: *On Heredity, Recent English Psychology.*
George J. Romanes: *Scientific Evidences of Organic Evolution, Mental Evolution in Animals.* (This eminent scientist died suddenly on May 23 last, at the early age of forty-six. It is unnecessary to say that his loss to the scientific world is very serious, and greatly to be deplored.)

James Sully : *Sensation and Intuition ; Outlines of Psychology.*

Herbert Spencer : *First Principles of a System of Philosophy ;
Principles of Biology.*

Edward B. Tylor : *Researches into the Early History of Mankind ;
An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilisation.*

A. R. Wallace : *The Malay Archipelago ; The Action of Natural
Selection on Man.*

LAWRENCE IRWELL.

NOTES ON AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

THOSE who seek to *navigate* the air—that medium which contains a pathway leading to every land, could we but traverse it—are divided into two parties—viz., those who seek the solution of the problem with an apparatus lighter than the air (necessarily a balloon of some kind), and those who believe its solution is only possible with an apparatus heavier than the air. Here I purpose only considering the latter. The former admittedly on all hands can only be a partial success, owing, in the first place, to the great amount of surface that the balloon, or gas-holder, no matter what its shape, must present to the force of the wind, and consequently the great amount of force required to drive it through the air at any pace—twenty or thirty miles an hour, for instance; and secondly, its frailty, which would not allow it to be so driven without destruction.

The wings of a bird—whose body, be it noted, is many hundred times heavier than the same volume of air—when flying, perform a twofold function. They primarily form an extended surface, or *aëroplane*, very much after the manner of a kite riding upon the wind; and, in the second place, they constitute a propeller for driving it forward.

It appears now to be a matter of common consent among scientists that if man be ever able to *navigate* the air, it must be on the principle of the *aëroplane*, or large extended surface, sailing, as it were, on the wind; that the weight of the machine and freight (human or otherwise) must be carried by a large plane driven at a high velocity through the air.

Supposing, then, that we do away with our gas-bag, and try what a flying-machine, supported (as a condor or a vulture is supported) by a widely extended surface, or *aëroplane*, whose front edge is rather higher than its back, will do, we find (founding our facts on the solid basis of scientific experiment) that a propulsive action much less effective would keep afloat a flying-machine of many hundred times greater density than the air under these conditions.

Such a flying-machine, of course, labours under none of the disadvantages that a large inflated gas-bag does.

Supposing, then, we have a large extended surface, or *aëroplane*, resembling an immense kite placed nearly horizontal, with the front edge a little higher than the back; and supposing we drive it

through the air by means of a vertically rotating fan, or screw, this form of propulsion being chosen because it is found to possess a high degree of efficiency and a possibility of applying a large amount of power in a continuous manner without any vibration or unsteadiness of action, and the screws or propellers may be connected with any motor without any intervention of the numerous articulated levers necessary to imitate the complicated movements of a bird's wing. Now, supposing we are able to drive this *aéroplane* through the air at thirty to forty miles an hour, then we can at once dispense with our gas-bag; for it will be found that the pressure on the under side of this *aéroplane* will sufficiently exceed that on the upper by quite as much as the gas-bag, or balloon, would lift, thus having the buoyancy of the balloon, with nothing to prevent its being rapidly driven through the air.

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim (of gun fame) in England, and Professor Langley (of the Smithsonian Institute) in America, have both independently undertaken a series of careful and elaborate experiments by means of a large whirling machine, or horizontally rotating arm, at the extremity of which was attached delicate and accurate apparatus for the purpose of measuring how much propulsion power was required to drive a plane (of given size and shape) through the air; how much the same plane would lift at various speeds and angles of inclination to the horizontal; the efficiency of different kinds of screw-propellers, &c. &c.

The results arrived at were as follows. Professor Langley, using small planes, carrying loads of only two or three pounds, found that an *aéroplane* would carry 250 pounds to the horse-power of energy expended. Mr. Maxim, using large planes, carrying from twenty to one hundred pounds, the load being heavier and the area less in proportion, found that the load carried was at the rate of 133 lbs. to the horse-power. On one occasion, however, when the plane was placed at an angle of 1 in 25, it was found that it would carry 250 lbs. to the horse-power. The angle, Mr. Maxim goes on to say, was so slight and the speed so high that it was difficult to arrive at the same result the second time on account of the trembling of the plane in the air. The angle was accordingly changed, and nearly all subsequent experiments were tried with the plane placed at an angle of 1 in 14—*i.e.*, when the plane advanced fourteen feet it pressed the air down one foot. This "trembling" of the plane in the air when moving at a very small angle and a high speed is worthy of careful notice as it apparently shows that there is a limit to the smallest angle practical with *aéroplanes*.

We may then assume, I think, that an *aéroplane* angle, 1 in 14, will certainly carry 133 pounds to the horse-power of energy expended.

Mr. Maxim also found that the *aéroplane* was more efficient when

the speed was greater than thirty miles an hour, the most favourable speed being about sixty miles an hour.¹

Suppose we have a thin aëroplane twenty feet long by two feet broad, with well sharpened edges,² the under side slightly concave, and the top slightly convex,³ suspended in the air with its front edge one inch higher than its back edge, and driven through the air with a two-bladed screw propeller, twenty-eight inches in diameter, at a rate of fifty miles an hour, then, according to Mr. Maxim, such a machine would carry 240 pounds, including its own weight and that of the propeller, which need not be more than twelve pounds, and the power required would be 1.33 horse-power, to which must be added twenty per cent. for what is termed the slip of the screw.

This brings us to the question of the motor—without doubt the point of chief importance. Scientists have long said: "Produce a sufficiently light and powerful motor, and we will give you a successful flying-machine." I do not think it is quite as easy as all that, but it is no doubt the first consideration in the production of a flying-machine.

Mr. Stringfellow of London built, nearly a quarter of a century ago, a steam motor that weighed only thirteen pounds per horse-power.

Mr. Norman L. Munro's yacht *Norwood* had boilers and engines weighing only nineteen pounds per horse-power.

Professor Langley is the authority for the statement that effective steam-engines have lately been built weighing less than ten pounds per horse-power.

Mr. Maxim has actually accomplished this, having built a motor that weighs 1800 lbs.⁴ and develops 300 horse-power or 8 lbs. per horse-power.⁵ This motor is the one that is attached to his great air ship and which works two large screw propellers 17 ft. 10 in. in diameter, shaped like the screws of an ocean steamer but made of wood instead of metal, possessing great smoothness and lightness. The thrust of these two screws, when running at top speed, is a little more than 2000 lbs. Notwithstanding all efforts to reduce unnecessary weight when loaded and carrying three men there are over 7000 lbs. to be lifted.

The railroad on which this machine is tried is about three-

¹ Speeds varying from thirty to ninety miles an hour were experimented with.

² Well-sharpened edges have been proved by experiment to give 16 per cent. better results than blunt-edged ones.

³ Aeroplanes concaved in the line of direction of the wind, and convex at the back, with well-sharpened edges, give a 2.74 times better result than the ordinary blunt-edged flat plane. Proved by Mr. Horatio Phillips, who made, a few years ago, a series of elaborate experiments on the effectiveness of curved surfaces, his investigations taking eighteen months, three days a week being devoted to the purpose. For complete results see *Engineering* Aug. 14, 1885, vol. xl., p. 160.

⁴ Including steam generator, smoke stack burner, pumping machinery, and gas generating apparatus, &c.

⁵ Including atmospheric condenser, which forms part of aëroplane, and weight of water, and steam or gas in circulation through boiler, &c.

quarters of a mile in length and double, with an upper and a lower rail and when the machine is lifted one inch from the lower rail it touches the upper one which prevents it leaving the track, and it is found that the machine when running at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour (driven by means of aerial screws) lifts from the lower rail and the wheels (on which the machine is mounted) run on the upper, in other words—it flies.

Mr. Maxim hopes eventually to get a maximum speed of thirty-five miles an hour from this air-ship. He is, however, building a smaller one, to carry a motor of 100 horse-power, which is to weigh, if possible, no more than 500 lbs. He is said to have spent over £10,000 in his experiments, and to be responsible for the statement that, before a couple of years have passed, we shall see the flying-machine an accomplished fact.

The machine of Mr. Maxim, it would appear, possesses ample maintaining power when once floating in the atmosphere, but this is not the only requisite. The machine requires a smooth piece of level ground of fair dimensions, along which it must run on light, broad wheels, driven by its aerial propellers, until the pressure on the under side of the aeroplane is sufficient to make it soar. The piece of ground must, in addition to this, evidently possess no lofty boundaries. This is, of course, rather a drawback. A flying-machine of this character might, however, be specially adapted to rise and alight on the surface of water, where it would float like a boat. Alighting on water would remove all risks of dangerous and unpleasant shocks. Otherwise the descent must be so controlled as to alight on a smooth place at a low velocity, and with a sliding contact, causing as little shock as possible.

A flying machine to be perfectly satisfactory should fulfil the following conditions :

- (1) Be able, slowly and swiftly, to raise and support itself vertically in the air in calm or storm.
- (2) Be incapable of upsetting.
- (3) Be easily steered in any direction.
- (4) Be capable of rapid propulsion, in order that it may be independent of all ordinary winds.
- (5) Its various parts, while possessing the minimum of lightness, must yet be so strong as to require a strain or stress of from six to ten times any to which they are ever likely to be subjected before breaking down.
- (6) Its general configuration must be such as to offer the minimum of resistance to the medium through which it moves *at the velocity at which it is intended to drive it.*

Mr. Maxim's machine is evidently incapable of fulfilling condition (1) for it weighs (with three men) rather more than 7000 lbs. and the push from his propellers, working at full speed, is only a little

more than 2000 lbs. Thus, supposing the propellers were fixed on a vertical axis and rotated horizontally, they would not nearly suffice to raise it; 5000 lbs. more push being required. The weight of the motor itself alone is, as we have already stated, about 1800 lbs., without the other parts of the machine and the men. This motor, therefore, is just capable of raising itself vertically in the air. The first starting as in the case of a steamer or railway train is of course the most difficult part of the affair. The screw at starting is held back from its work as it were and does nothing else but drive down a current of air instead of making progress on to fresh air and take advantage of its inertia¹

Supposing we use a double, or superposed, screw. The bottom one, to be effectual, must have its pitch four or five times greater than the top one (revolving, of course, in a contrary direction), in order to obtain any useful effect from the downward current of air caused by the upper screw, and even then must work at a great loss. A great deal, of course, depends on the distance between them, the further apart the more effective, only this means longer shafting, &c —*i.e.*, more weight to be lifted.

Once started, a machine raised by such a means as this would rise very rapidly into the air, because experiment has shown that when the propelling screw is free to move in the direction of its axis there is a gain in efficiency of about 30 per cent.

Possibly something on the principle of the rocket might be used for first starting the machine in the air. It would, of course, be absurd to suppose that a finality has in all probability been reached in the production of the lightest and most economical motor. A few years ago it would have been quite impossible to have constructed a motor capable of raising itself alone vertically in the air by means of horizontally-rotating screws; may we not soon hope to see a motor capable of raising twice or three times its weight in like manner? If the engine and propellers be so fixed to the flying-machine as to be capable of being gradually rotated about a horizontal axis, so as when the machine has attained a suitable elevation to commence drawing it sideways through the air, and

¹ A short time ago I constructed a small experimental wheel in the form of a horizontally rotating screw so made that its lifting powers could be measured when moving at different speeds and angles of inclination and I found when I exerted 2-man-power (measured by a dynamometer) equivalent to .25 horse-power the screw lifted 8 lbs. including its own weight, or at the rate of 32 lbs. per horse-power. Dr. Freninges of Copenhagen in his experiments found one horse-power would raise 33 lbs. M. La Landelle's and M. Kervoir's experiments give about 32 lbs. and 26 lbs. respectively per horse-power. From this it would appear safe to say that one horse-power will raise 30 lbs., and therefore 300 horse-power, 9000 lbs. Mr. Maxim with his 300 horse-power engines gets however a push of only just over 2000 lbs. or about 7 lbs. per horse-power. One horse-power will raise 30 lbs., experiment has shown it, 300 horse-power will not apparently raise 9000 lbs. A "full grown" flying-machine will never be made with data obtained from a "baby" model. And that is one of the chief reasons why I think that Mr. Maxim (of all now experimenting in this field) is the most likely to succeed. Of course, much no doubt depends on the number and form of the propellers.

gradually allowing the æroplanic surface to support the machine instead of the screws, until finally the entire weight of the machine is supported by it, driven through the air by the screws now revolving vertically instead of horizontally.

On descending, these motions would of course be similar, but reversed. Such a flying-machine as this would, I think, as far as rising and alighting are concerned, fulfil every condition. But we must not ask too much at once. The evolution of the coming flying-machine—for come I fully believe it will—will, like everything else, be of gradual and slow growth, and it would be as absurd to expect a perfect flying-machine in the next ten years as for the contemporaries of Watt and Stephenson to have expected from them the economical and efficient steam-engine of to-day.

With regard to the other conditions mentioned above, (3), (4), and (5) present no especial difficulty. With regard to (6) but little is at present known, save with regard to resistance offered to certain shaped bodies moving through water. Experiment is here much needed. The idea at present seems to be to give the body of the machine—*i.e.*, the part containing the boiler, engine, passengers, freight, &c.—the shape of a fish with its greatest diameter two-fifths of the distance from the front to the back. This matter is, of course, one of importance, as it is one which must greatly affect its rapid propulsion through the air. Condition (2), “That the machine shall be stable,” is, when you have once risen into the air, of the first importance.

Mr. Maxim has provided his air-ship with five narrow sails hinged on to the great æroplane to be used to keep the equilibrium correct and to keep the machine at a fixed angle in the air.

The balancing of an air-ship on a calm day, to say nothing of a gusty one, is, however, a matter that will, I think, tax to the utmost the skill of our inventors. The “plunging” of the first air-ships will probably be, in spite of every precaution, something that the earliest aerial travellers will never forget.

Mr. Maxim evidently possesses every confidence in his invention, and intends, it is said, to take his wife with him on his first aerial voyage.

It will probably be many years before express speeds are attained, or before aerial navigation reaches a stage of development that will present an attractive field for commercial investments. All that is expected is that “aerial navigation” will become an accomplished fact.

Its first use would evidently be for military purposes.

The French, we know, during the siege of Paris, made great use of the ordinary drifting balloon. How much more useful then would they have found their present “dirigeable” one which could

not only have left Paris, but, under favourable circumstances, would have been able to return to the place of its departure?

Under favourable conditions of the atmosphere a few "dirigeable" balloons fitted with the very light motors now attainable, and moving at a high altitude in a comparatively calm atmosphere, at a speed of twelve to eighteen miles an hour, over any army, town, fort, or fleet of ships, dropping their deadly "bombs" of powerful explosives, are weapons awful enough to make the boldest shudder, and which the French at any rate could make use of at once, if occasion required. How much more deadly then would be a true flying-machine capable of travelling at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, with no gas bag to be easily pierced, and whose superior speed would allow it to engage with a dozen "dirigeable" balloons which it could, under skilful management, ram almost at pleasure.

Supposing a warlike continental nation first successfully solved the problem of aërial navigation—and more than one is strenuously endeavouring to do so—it would, no doubt, make its power felt and rearrange matters to suit its own convenience. When all the great nations have learnt how to "fly" successfully, then possibly the long looked for millennium of peace may become inevitable, and the great armaments which have existed so long, happily become a thing of the past; for aërial warfare, unlike terrestrial or naval fighting, is one which is quite as disagreeable and dangerous to the rulers of a nation as to the poorest individual, to the king as to the beggar, for all then are equally open to attack.

V. E. JOHNSON, M.A.

ENGLISH MONEY IN AMERICAN MINES

THE above is a sore subject with many, calling to mind, as it does, bitter recollections of disappointment and pecuniary loss.

Occasionally isolated cases of flagrant swindles have been ventilated in a half-hearted manner by some of the financial newspapers. Indignant protests have then been heard on many sides from chagrined shareholders, and threats of resorting to law have been loudly talked of, but nothing has ever come of them all. The situation of the mine was so far away. So many men were engaged in the swindle, that the collection of evidence would have been a costly undertaking, and the duped shareholders eventually determined to pocket their losses without throwing good money after bad in the most probably fruitless effort to obtain satisfaction.

In this article the object is not to expose any of the numerous frauds at present in existence, or to rake up tender recollections of those which have terminated, as they all will eventually, by the winding-up process, but rather to warn the British investor for the future, and to give him a few reasons why it is not probable he can make a good investment by placing his money in the shares of American mines. Of course there may be a few exceptions, but to this rule there are so very few, that they will more than prove the justice of the following remarks, which come from a man who has spent the best years of his life in the various mining camps of the Western States of North America, and has been engaged as a miner in many properties held by English companies.

The losses referred to are due to the following reasons: misrepresentations in the prospectus, over-capitalisation, faulty expert opinion, and mismanagement. Widely differing as these causes do, they are nearly always allied, especially over-capitalisation and faulty expert opinion. These two are the causes mainly referred to here; the first, misrepresentation in the prospectus, opens up such an enormous field for discussion that it would be simply impossible to treat it within the limits of this article; and the last, mismanagement, while it has doubtless been the cause of much loss, has taken place at mines which under no possible conditions could be worked at a profit, and has, without directly being the cause, hastened the winding-up.

For mere speculation, perhaps, American mines, as placed before

the British public, offer as good a field as any other, but for the purpose of investment they are absolutely worthless. This may appear to be a strong assertion, but upon examination it will be recognised as a perfectly true and fair one, for out of the scores of American mines which have been floated in London within the last twenty years, there is not one to-day the shares of which are quoted at par, neither is there even that small number at this date paying regular dividends, and there is not one in operation at the present time, or any which have been and since wound up, which have repaid to their shareholders the amount they originally invested.

Of the enormous sums, amounting to millions upon millions, which have been sunk by the gullible British investor in these fatuous enterprises, the amount returned to him in the shape of dividends has been so ridiculously small that I ask myself: Will he never learn a lesson? Perhaps he will, but when he does it will be driven into him by the hard unanswerable logic derived from the fact that such investments never pay, and that the capital sunk in them is never realised. These results may take him time yet to learn, but he can prove it now, if he will, by reference to any American mine which has been floated on the London market within the last twenty years. But are there not a large number of American mines owned by Americans which do pay their proprietors large returns for the money invested? he may ask. And why should English investments of a similar nature be foredoomed to failure, while the others have a fair prospect of success?

In answer to this I will request him to accompany me, and together we will take an imaginary trip to one of those mining camps which dot the mountain sides of the giant Rockies, in whose dark recesses lie the buried hopes of many a poor deluded British investor. For the purpose of illustration we now find ourselves taking a bird's-eye view of one of the gold-mining towns of that region. Before us we perceive three mines in operation. Two of them are owned and operated by Americans, and the third by an English company. In this as in nearly all cases the mines are not being worked by the original discoverers, but have been bought by capitalists from the prospectors, who, too poor to purchase machinery for the purpose of developing their claims, sell them for a sum frequently much less than their real value. In each case mining is being conducted at a profit, in so far as the gold extracted from the ore exceeds the expense of mining and milling it. But notwithstanding all this, it is fair to say that while the Americans will realise handsomely on their investments, the shareholders of the English company are certain to lose on theirs in the long run. And here I may be allowed to say before proceeding further that in this illustration the case is not a hypothetical one; the figures given being absolutely correct and refer to mines which for obvious

reasons I do not here refer to by name. The history of the two American mines is this. They were bought from the original discoverers for \$25,000 and \$45,000, approximately £5000 and £9000 each. Upon them were expended additional sums for the erection of mills and hoisting machinery and such other incidentals necessary for placing them on a working basis. These all told did not exceed \$30,000, £6000 in the one case, and \$45,000, or £9000 in the other, bringing the capital invested in the two ventures up to £11,000 and £18,000 respectively. For two years the former had paid to its owner a profit of £15,000 per annum, and the latter had paid £22,000 the first year, and £31,000 the second, clear of all expenses. In the latter case, however, the upper levels of the mine had been completely worked out, and as the quartz in this camp, which is frequently the case, deteriorated with depth, its life could not be looked upon as a long one, but as the owner sententiously remarked to me, "I got my money out of the first ten months of working and it is all profit now. Before it peters out," he continued "I shall have made \$400,000 clear." A good investment truly, I thought to myself, but such a one as the British investor never makes.

And now let us turn our attention to the mine owned and worked by our countrymen. It, like the others, had originally changed hands for a reasonable figure; \$45,000, or £9000 sterling, was the price paid to the prospector by a shrewd Yankee capitalist, but he knew a thing or two which beats working, so he hied himself to London, armed with reports and assays, and as vendor disposed of his property to a limited liability company for £60,000. Possibly he did not pocket the entire difference between the price paid to the prospector and the amount which he nominally received in the prospectus, for it is fair to suppose that the gentlemen who acted as promoters of the enterprise received their reward. That, however, is immaterial to the question involved. The mine cost the English shareholders £60,000. Upon it was spent an additional £25,000 for a mill and machinery, and a working capital of £15,000 was also provided to meet all contingencies. Thus is accounted for a capital of £100,000 upon which the British investors fondly hope to earn handsome dividends and at some future date receive back their capital with interest. True they have as fine a mill as can be procured, more elaborate and better appointed in many respects than those of their American neighbours, besides commodious residences for their manager and highly-paid staff, which, compared with the plain yet comfortable quarters of the others are handsome and luxurious in the extreme—aye, almost palatial. For two or three years all goes well. Dividends are paid regularly every six months. The shares command a small premium on the Stock Exchange. And then—the crash comes. The camp is worked out. The

American mineowners vanish. Their cheap structures are left for the birds to build in. Their machinery is stored or left in charge of a caretaker until the opening of some new camp with fairer prospects attracts them to another field. And how fare our English friends? Badly it must be confessed. For the first time they realise that gold mines are not permanent industries. That the money placed in such ventures must be recouped within a few years or it is irretrievably lost. They learn also that while it was possible for the American operators to earn a handsome profit on their small investments of eleven and eighteen thousand pounds, it is quite a different matter for them to earn dividends on and finally recover a capital of £100,000.

In this connection I could continue giving instances without end of over-capitalisation, but am compelled to content myself with but one more example, for the space at my disposal is limited, and I have to deal with other reasons, within the limits of this article, why British investments in American mines have not been and cannot be profitable.

Some years ago I worked in a mine owned by an American syndicate in the then territory of Montana. The entire capital invested, including the original cost of the claim and plant was \$80,000. From this mine, in the course of six years, \$700,000 worth of ore was extracted, and worked at a profit to the owners of \$380,000 dollars. Encouraged by such success as this, an English company was formed to work a group of claims on the other side of the mountain, the veins in which were a continuation of those owned by the American syndicate. The sanguine shareholders of the English company subscribed a capital of £100,000, a figure which appears to be a favourite one with the promoters of mining companies. A fine mill, with all the latest improvements, was erected. The best that could be obtained in the way of machinery was imported into the camp, and operations were commenced with great expectations. Within four years from the date of opening the mine was shut down. The pay ore had been exhausted. During the time it had been in operation, ore to the amount of \$420,000 had been extracted, which, after deducting all the working expenses, left a profit of \$150,000, or £30,000. This sum, as it had accrued, had been paid out in dividends, and for a time the shares were quoted at a premium. To-day the mine is closed. That £30,000 is all the shareholders ever got in return, so it will be seen they were out of pocket on their investment £70,000, to say nothing of interest on their money. The company has since been wound up. The promoters who exploited it have forgotten it ever existed, and are in expectation of soon placing another before the British public.

Looked at from the view of a practical miner, this failure was

pitiful. The mine was not to blame. Under different circumstances it would have made money for its owners; but over-capitalisation hung like a millstone round its neck and throttled it. In the hands of practical mining men, who would have given but one price—that paid to the prospector—and have purchased only such machinery as would be necessary for its successful working, it would have paid handsomely; but weighed down with a fictitious value, it was handicapped from the start, and foredoomed to failure.

And what of expert opinion! Was the mine not examined previous to purchase by an English expert? Yes, it was, and furthermore all, or nearly all, the mines which have failed or proved afterwards to have been worthless were examined and favourably reported on by English experts, some with a string of initial letters affixed to their names, which have carried conviction to the hearts of many innocent and confiding British investors, but whose report has afterwards been proved unworthy of the paper upon which it was written; inaccurate and misleading as it was in every paragraph.

In regard to experts I will not go so far as a friend of mine cognisant of the true inwardness of mining transactions, who cynically says, "Show me your expert, and I will tell you his price," for I believe that in some cases there are to be found honest men among them, but I will say this, and the fact that their opinions have time and again been given in favour of enterprises which have afterwards proved rotten to the core, will bear me out, and it is, that while they may thoroughly understand the geological formation of veins and the mineral composition of quartz placed in their hands, they cannot, at all events they do not, come to a right conclusion of a mine's real value, and the chances it has of proving a profitable investment. They are merely closet mineralogists; they are not practical mining men.

While dwelling on this subject, a little incident which once happened to me crosses my mind. An expert, high in the estimation of English investors, was sent out to report on an American mine. I happened to be working a claim close to the property in regard to which he was to furnish a report. The day he arrived in the camp I met him, and, after the usual formality of an introduction at the hotel, I cautioned him to be on his guard when dealing with the owners of the mine which I was well aware had been salted. Judge what my surprise must have been to find him, instead of thankful for my well-intended warning, actually indignant that I should have for one moment thought him incapable of arriving at a right conclusion in the matter. "Young man," said he, turning to me with an air of injured dignity, "when I want your advice I will ask you for it." Needless to say, I shut up promptly, and turned on my heel, in doubt as to whether he was a rogue or a fool. In due time

his favourable report was received in London, and upon it the mine was purchased for a good round sum. As a natural sequence, every penny invested in it was lost as irretrievably as though it had been thrown into the ocean. Sometimes I think that that expert was not a fool.

And yet another source of danger is where a mine which has previously been successfully worked by American operators is sold in England the more readily because the vendors can point to a long period during which it produced large quantities of bullion. Does it never occur to the trusting Britisher that if the Americans had possessed such a good thing as the prospectus pictures it to them they would not have parted with it, but have still continued to work it and secure to themselves the profits such as they had reaped in the past? Of course the real reason of the transfer never enters his head. Why should it? Such an unimportant detail as this is too insignificant for him to waste his time in discussing. His mental eye sees nothing but annual dividends of ten and twenty per cent. and his shares fetching a heavy premium on the Stock Exchange. Foolish man; little does he know of those "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" so readily resorted to by the shrewd Yankee vendor. He does not know that the mine which he is investing in is gutted, that the pay ore has been worked out, and that his savings go into the pockets of a little ring of manipulators who laugh in their sleeve at his gullibility. As I write I can call to mind half a dozen worked-out mines that have been sold in England during the last decade on their past reputation; but, as I said before, my object is not to make specific charges against defunct organisations, or to create ill-feeling by pointing my finger to those still struggling with the inevitable, but rather to warn the British investor of his danger and if possible turn him from the suicidal course of placing his savings in American mines.

Before concluding I will touch lightly on the subject of mismanagement, and in doing so would repeat that I do not directly lay the blame of much loss to this cause, for while undoubtedly some money has been squandered in this manner, the amount has relatively been so small as not to be worthy of consideration when compared with the other causes referred to—viz., over-capitalisation and faulty expert opinion. The mines where this has taken place were doomed to failure any way, and mismanagement only hastened the end without being the cause. Reference is merely made to the subject in the hope of drawing attention to the fact that English interests five thousand miles distant are frequently of little concern to those in whose hands they are entrusted.

Of all the cases which have come under my observation, perhaps the most flagrant was that of a Montana mine, not now in operation. It was placed on the London market with the usual flourish

of trumpets. The experts gave most glowing accounts of large bodies of ore of fabulous wealth, and in order to be prepared to handle them a splendid sixty stamp mill was erected. Machinery of the latest and most improved design was brought to it. A costly house was built for the superintendent, and everything which could have made the mine a success had the gold been there was done—but the gold was not. After the vendors had, at a ridiculously high figure, foisted the mine on the English investors they withdrew, and the management was left to a man, a schemer like themselves. He did not prove satisfactory, however, and in his place another was installed whose dense ignorance on all matters connected with mining I have never seen equalled by any man occupying such a position. He engaged as foreman a personal friend, who, while better acquainted with mining affairs than himself, was just as unscrupulous. Between them they managed things to suit themselves. They owned the miners' boarding-house, the store, and the drinking saloon. The men they employed were compelled to board at their house, to purchase their supplies at the one store, and those who drank spent what was left at their saloon. They took care to employ none who did not. The supplies used at the boarding-house, the merchandise sold at the store, and the whisky consumed in the saloon were all brought to the camp by teams which belonged to the mine, and should have been employed on no other business.

Because there was not sufficient pay ore to feed the mill and keep the whole sixty stamps busy, the men were instructed by the foreman to throw in waste rock so that the mill would be run at its full capacity. Even then there was not sufficient work to keep the large force of men employed, and they consequently took things pretty easy. They found it no difficult matter to fill the cars with quartz and refuse, and then have plenty of time to spare, which they managed to while away smoking and playing cards in the stopes.

For a time at least the mine could have been worked without losing money, for there happened to be some chutes of ore that could have been milled with a small profit. But such considerations as these did not find favour with the management, who were bent on feathering their own nests. Of course such a ruinous state of affairs could not last long. The working capital was soon dissipated. The mine had to be closed, but the foreman and superintendent retired comfortably rich. This is no mythical case, the incidents related are facts.

In conclusion I would say that while I may not have fully covered the ground of this subject I have laid before the British public the main reasons why their mining investments in the United States are always disappointing, and if any enthusiastic investor thinks he understands the subject better I would ask him to search the records of any and all the American mines which have been placed on the

London market. To look at the prospectuses of those which have been wound up. To examine the experts' reports in them and the promises held out as a bait for subscriptions. I would ask him to count up the great sums which have been invested, to compare with them the paltry amounts returned as dividends, and then I think his deductions would be the same, and though they would be arrived at from a different point of view they would be identically those of

A PRACTICAL MINER.

A FORERUNNER OF KEATS.

“ Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry ? ”

WHITE'S POEMS.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, the subject of this paper, died in the year 1806, at the age of twenty-one, leaving behind him a record of aspiration and achievement rare in the annals of literature.

Most of his poems were written, and a small volume of them published, before their author had attained his eighteenth year. This fact alone argues a precocity of talent which Chatterton alone among White's predecessors has paralleled, while among the poets who have come after him, not one has, *at a similar age*, exhibited such a ripe and amazing gift of song.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest which the sudden flash of his genius kindled in the public mind, its meteor-like disappearance seemed to justify the subsequent neglect from which his poetic reputation has suffered, and which has almost obliterated his memory from amongst us.

Moreover, it will be remembered that, shortly after White's death, the public gaze was attracted to another quarter of the literary horizon, where other brilliant luminaries were swimming into ken, and where in particular—

“ Those morning stars that sang together, rose.”

Whether we apply Mr. Watson's beautiful simile to Wordsworth and Coleridge, as we believe he means us to do, or, as I prefer to apply it, to Shelley and Keats, the fact remains that before the growing splendour of the literary firmament, the after-glory of Kirke White waned—waned until, like Cowper, he came to be cherished by a devout circle of mild admirers, more for the sake of his pious musings than for any poetic beauties his verse contained.

It is true that the year after White's death the poet Southey—not yet laureate—with much care and sympathy, edited his poetic remains, and, without hesitation, gave this as his verdict :

“ I have inspected all the existing MSS. of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.”

And again, with reference to the poems, he remarks :

“ The greater number of them are of such beauty that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.”

But this same year (1807) saw the publication of two of Wordsworth's volumes, and also *Hours of Idleness*.

The last-mentioned poem, and the scathing satire which followed close upon it, effectually distracted the attention of the critics from the pale and trembling flame of White's inspiration to the fiercer blaze of Byron's genius.

Keats was only eleven years old at this time, and three more years were to pass before Shelley launched *Queen Mab* as the poetical exposition of his atheistic doctrines.

The revolutionary spirit was still abroad, and the air resounded with songs to free-thought and liberty.

White, who had been nothing if not fervently religious, had no place in the jubilant chorus, but, on the contrary, was discovered to have written a prose treatise "to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty and the Goddess of Reason."

This, without doubt, sufficed to work his condemnation with the younger generation, even if it counted to his credit with the elder poets—Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth—whose ardent enthusiasm for liberty had cooled with years and experience.

It needed all the art of a Keats to lure the muse from the dangerous paths of didacticism into which she had strayed, and to confirm the opinion that a poet may achieve greatness without openly sacrificing at the altar of Liberty.

The advent of Keats—of Keats *who was so like him*—sounded the literary death-knell of Henry Kirke White. As Keats increased, White decreased, until in 1814 it became possible for a rash and incompetent reviewer of English literature, flying in the face of Byron's appreciation and Southey's judgment, to declare of Henry's poetry that,

"if compared with the strains of Cowley or Chatterton at an earlier age, it will be seen to be inferior in this, that *no indications are given of great future genius. There are no seeds or traces of grand conceptions and designs*, no fragments of wild and original imagination, as in the *Marvellous Boy of Bristol*."

Such being his decline, without doubt this verdict helped him to his fall, so that to-day it is among the dusty, unearthed treasures of some second-hand market bookstall we must seek his too "unvalued book."

For critical purposes I have found it convenient to notice White's poems in the following order: (1) *Childhood*, a poem written before the publication of *Clifton Grove*; (2) (a) *Clifton Grove*; (b) *The Christiad*; (c) *Time*—his three longest poems, all written during the same period; (3) the Odes and Sonnets, which are scattered throughout the whole period of composition; (4) the shorter pieces and fragments, some of which were among his earliest and some among his latest poetic effusions.

The poem *Childhood* was, according to Southey, "one of Henry's earliest productions, . . . written when he was between fourteen and fifteen."

Without doubt it bears on the face of it the influence of Milton, Gray, Cowper, Shenstone, and others, but is none the less a work of surpassing genius for so youthful a muse. The rush of recollection, so overpowering to the ordinary mind, here finds adequate and satisfying expression in a fluent eloquence which in parts would not be unworthy of Cowper at his best.

What, for instance, could be more vivid than this description of boyish play, with its humorous climax in the last line:

"Well I remember how with *gesture starched*¹
A band of soldiers off with pride we marched;
For banners to a tall ash we did bind
Our [hand ?] kerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then in uncouth array, our feats to crown
We stormed some ruined pigstye for a town!"

The following description of an evening walk, in spite of what has been obviously borrowed from Gray and Milton, speaks for its own beauty:

"At evening, too, how pleasing was our walk
Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way
To view the last beam of departing day.
How calm was all around! No playful breeze
Sigh'd mid the wavy foliage of the trees;
But all was still, save when with drowsy song
The gray fly wound his sullen horn along!"²

* * * * *

The silver mirror of the lucid brook
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took,
The rugged arch that clasped its silent tides
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides;
The craggy rock that jutt'd on the sight,
The shrieking bat that took its heavy flight
All all was pregnant with divine delight!"

Clifton Grove was written when Henry was in his sixteenth year, and although, like many young poets, he was not always at sufficient pains to eradicate from his verse the echoes of other poets under whose immediate influence he wrote, yet he incorporates them with a grace and smoothness that we cannot desist from admiring.

This poem, for example, opens very beautifully, if much after the manner of Gray:

¹ The italics here and elsewhere are my own.

² Milton has: "What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn."

"Lo! in the West fast fades the lingering light
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
Which with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke.
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows, assembling, seek their wind-rocked bed.
Stilled is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds;
And general silence reigns, save where below
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow."

Such exquisite fragments as are dropped here and there among the lines go to prove what an illustrious pupil of the elder poets was here. Take this :

"The woods that wave, *the grey owl's silken flight,*
The mellow music of the listening night."

Or this :

"Still every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl dull screaming to the wandering moon,
Now riding, cloud-wrapped, near her highest noon,¹
Or when the wild duck, southering hither rides,
And plunges sudden in the sounding tides."

These wonderful lines bring the whole midnight scene before us.

In the execution of that fragment of a divine poem called *The Christiad*—a work produced under the direct influence of Tasso and Milton—Mr. Southey discovered "great power."

Whether White borrowed anything from the Italian Vida's poem of the same name cannot now be determined; but there can be no doubt of his indebtedness to *Paradise Lost* for the subject matter of Satan's flight or projected vengeance.

Without doubt this somewhat wholesale plagiarism of what White may have considered a stock subject, has much detracted from a true critical appreciation of the noble and somewhat Tassonian manner in which the materials are treated. The five opening stanzas are, to my mind, as fine as anything that has been produced of the kind.

It will be remembered that one of Milton's earliest poetic attempts was an heroic poem on the same subject, which he named *The Passion*, but finding it "to be above the years he had when he wrote it," he left it unfinished.

Upon a comparison of some few of the opening stanzas in each poem—and I have in each case selected those bearing as nearly as possible upon the same subject—I do not find Milton's poem, written.

¹ Milton has—

"The wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon."—*Il Penseroso*.

in his twenty-third year, either grander in conception or finer in treatment than Henry's, written when he was *not yet nineteen*.

There is in White's verse what we must call an august dignity of sorrow and self-reproach, mingled with an uplifted accent of religious ecstasy, to which Milton, in this particular effort of his genius, does not attain.

A paralleled quotation from the respective compositions will enable the reader to judge for him or herself in the matter :

THE CHRISTIAD.

"I sing the Cross ! ye white-robed angel
choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to
sweep ;
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires
Were wont of old your hovering watch
to keep,
Oh ! now descend, and with your harp-
ings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious
stream
(Of music—such as soothes the saint's
last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its
dream
And teach me how to exalt the high
mysterious theme.

"It is for this, proud Solyma ! thy
towers
Lie crumbling in the dust ; for this
forlorn
Thy genius wails along thy desert
bowers,
*While stern destruction laughs, as if in
scorn,
That thou did'st dare insult God's eldest-
born ;
And with most bitter persecuting ire,
Pursued his footsteps till the last day
dawn
Rose on his fortunes—and thou sawest
the fire
That came to light the world in one great
flash expire.*

(*The Invocation.*)

"Spirits of pity ! mild Crusaders come !
Buoyant on clouds, around your min-
strel float ;
*And give him eloquence who else were
dumb,*
And raise to feeling and to fire his
note !
And thou Urania ! who dost still
devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal
shrine,
Whose mild eyes 'lumined what Isaiah
wrote,
Throw o'er thy bard that solemn stole
of thine,
And clothe him for the fight with
energy divine."

THE PASSION.

"Erewhile of music and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth
did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's
birth
My muse with angels did divide to
sing,
But headlong joy is ever on the wing
In wintry solstice like the shortened
night
Soon swallowed up in dark and long-
outliving night.

"For not to sorrow must I tune my
song
And set my harp to notes of saddest
woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize
ere long.
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and
worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest
plight,
Of labours huge and hard, too hard
for human wight.

(*The Invocation.*)

'Befriend me, Night, best patroness of
grief ;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle
throw,
And work my flattered fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are coloured
with my woe ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to
know :
The leaves should all be black whereon
I write,
And letters, where my tears have
washed, a wannish white."

It will be seen from these extracts that, while neither poet has as yet grasped his own individuality—dared, as it were, to be himself—White, in adopting the classic style he had learned from Milton's masterpieces, showed more judgment of what was "fit" than did Milton in borrowing from Spenser and other Elizabethans.

Milton's opening is just a trifle casual, scarcely majestic enough for the treatment of a divine tragedy.

"Most perfect hero" is sufficiently happy in describing an Arthur, but does not to my mind express divinity equally with White's:

" God's eldest born
 the fire
That came to light the world "

Further, the conceit with which Milton closes his fifth stanza appears to me trivial and out of place.

Concerning *Time*, Henry's other ambitious attempt in verse, we are informed that it was "begun either during the publication of *Clifton Grove* or shortly afterwards." It is a poem of some six to seven hundred lines in blank verse.

Upon a first perusal we are possibly somewhat prejudiced against it by the writer's too obvious striving after a Miltonic grandiloquence, but this becomes less apparent after the first fifty lines. Despite all the many crudities of an unformed style, we are more or less carried away by the author's fearless grasp of a difficult subject, as well as by the unhesitating boldness of treatment, the range of thought, the brave and continuous eloquence that characterise the work throughout.

Here and there we come upon passages replete with a noble dignity of thought and expression, such as the following:

'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind.
 Where is Rome?
She lives but in the tale of other times.
Where now is Britain? Where her laurelled names?
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust;
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.
 O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods silence, and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude."

This brings to a close our notice of Henry's most serious—if least pleasing—attempts in verse. I must confess that in the face of two such noble fragments as *Time* and *The Christiad* I am completely at a loss to understand the preferred charge of lack of "grand conceptions and designs." On the contrary I am convinced that it has been given to few muscs of such tender wing to attempt or attain so ambitious and sustained a flight.

Among Henry's shorter poems, we distinguish some ten odes, and about twenty sonnets, besides many of the verses and fragments not so particularly defined.

Of the Odes, that *To my Lyre* originally prefaced White's first publication. The yearning expressed in the eighth stanza lends it a pathetic interest quite apart from the simple charm of the whole. I quote the first and eighth verses :

"Thou simple Lyre ! Thy music wild
Has served to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has guiled,
When even pain has owned and smiled
Its fascinating power.

VIII.

And oh ! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam or Isis winds along
Perchance, *inspired with ardour chaste*,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song."

Of the remaining nine, the one to H. Fuseli, Esq., R.A., is perhaps the most ambitious. The lines referring to Dante are among the finest. Henry describes the Florentine as :

"Him who grasped the gates of Hell,
And bursting Pluto's dark domain
Held to the day the terrors of his reign.
* * * * *
Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurned the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead."

The odes *To the Earl of Carlisle* and *To Genius* are more or less disappointing. In the latter he refers to Chatterton as

"The youth who smiled at death
And rashly dared to stop his vital breath."

Of the five other Odes, four are of distinct beauty and merit. Of that *To the Moon* only an unfinished fragment remains. It opens with this delicate and graceful address :

“ Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.”

To Midnight is marked by a gentle gravity suitable to the subject.

But the two remaining odes, *To Thought* and *To Disappointment*, are without doubt among Henry's most finished compositions. So touching and beautiful are they that it is almost difficult to admit a preference, except in so far as the more tragic subject of the last mentioned lends it a solitary grandeur which is perhaps wanting to the first.

I quote some of the most satisfying stanzas from each, in the order mentioned :

“ Hence away, vindictive thought,
Thy pictures are of pain,
Thy visions through my dark eye caught ;
They with no gentle charms are fraught.
So prythee back again.
I would not weep ;
I wish to sleep ;
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep.

III.

“ Go thou, abide with him who guides
His bark through lonely seas,
And as reclining on his helm,
Sadly he marks the starry realm
To him thou mayest bring ease,
But thou to me
Art misery,
So prithee, plume thy wings and from my pillow flee.

V.

“ The drowsy night-watch has forgot
To call the solemn hour ;
Lulled by the winds her slumbers deep,
While I in vain, capricious sleep,
Invoke thy tardy power ;
And restless lie,
With unclosed eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.”

Few of White's poems surpass the resigned majesty of the following :

"Come Disappointment, come,
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned thy peaceful cypress twine.

"Tho' fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation in her cell
Hears with faint eye the lingering knell
That tells her hopes are dead;
And tho' the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile and say, 'My all was not laid here.'

"Oh! what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies.
*Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies.*
*Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall.*
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pull.

"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day,
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet;
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid."

There now lie before us the sonnets and various shorter pieces not previously noticed. Here we certainly come to White's finest work. With regard to the sonnets, it is my deliberate conviction that no other poet of *Henry's years*, Shakespeare alone excepted, has written anything that can compare with them; nay more, that not a few of them will rival anything of the kind in English literature.

I quote four of the most magnificent, beginning appropriately with that written in defence of the Sonnet :

*"Let the sublimer Muse, who wrapt in night
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade
With wildest song;—me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmur of thy frequent close."*

Art such as this must needs have delighted Pope had he lived to read it! Equally magnificent is that written *To the Moon*. Written in November:

*"Sublime, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee Moon I hail,
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funeral dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way;
Now unto thee, pale Arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark each moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And still unchanged, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's early spring."*

The same sad personal tone gives a poignant beauty to the following:

*"As thus oppressed with many a care,
Though young yet sorrowful, I turn my feet
To the dark woodland longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast, and tired with this vain coil
I shrink dismayed before life's upland toil,
And as, amid the leaves, the evening air
Whispers still melody—I think ere long
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak,
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night."*

White seems to have been possessed by that passion for music which often accompanies a highly-strung and sensuous nature.

Only an intense lover of music could have composed this ecstacy—
On Hearing the Sounds of an Æolian Harp :

“ So ravishingly soft upon the tide
 Of the infuriate gust it did career,
 It might have soothed its rugged charioteer
 And sunk him to a zephyr ;—then it died,
 Melting in melody ; and I descried
 Borne to some wizard-stream, the form appear
 Of Druid sage who on the fur-off ear
 Poured his love song, to which the surge replied :
 Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim’s knell,
 Lost in some wild enchanted forest’s bounds,
 By unseen beings sung ; or are these sounds
 Such as ’tis said, at night are known to swell
 By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
 Keeping his night watch sad, portending death ? ”

Other very beautiful sonnets, which want of space forbids me to quote, are *To the Trent ; To Consumption*—that beginning, “ Ye unseen spirits whose wild melodies,” and “ Yes, ’twill be over soon.”

And now leaving these, I pass to those shorter pieces and fragments not included under previous headings. Of these, the lines *To the Morning*, written during illness, are particularly fine :

“ Beams of the daybreak faint ! I hail
 Your dubious hues, as on the robe
 Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
 I mark your traces pale.
 Tired with the taper’s sickly light,
 And with the wearying, *numbered*¹ night
 I hail the streaks of morn divine.

* * * *

“ The lark has her gay song begun.
 She leaves her grassy nest
 And soars till the *unrisen*¹ sun
 Gleams on her speckled breast.
 Now let me leave my restless bed
 And o’er the spangled uplands tread.

* * * *

“ Till on the mountain’s summit gray
 I sit me down and mark the glorious dawn of day.”

The remaining fragments quoted below are among Henry’s latest compositions, and were for the most part found written on the back of his mathematical papers. Their exquisite texture shows an approaching maturity of poetic genius which, had its possessor lived, might have rivalled that of Keats himself.

Witness such lines as these :

¹ The italics here are White’s own.

*"Lo ! on the Eastern summit, clad in grey
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel comes,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down."*

Or these, written shortly before his death :

*"O give me music—for my soul doth faint ;
I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere."*

Then, as if he heard it :

*"Hark how it falls ! and now it steals along
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve
When all is still ; and now it grows more strong,
As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Mellow and many voiced ; where overy close
O'er the old minster's roof in echoing wave reflows."*

Reading this we seem to hear it too. I close these extracts with Henry's impassioned farewell to poetry :

*"Hush'd is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.*

*"Yes—it is still—the lyre is still :
The spirit which its slumbers broke
Hath pass'd away—and that weak hand that woke
Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.*

*"Yet I would press you to my lips once more
Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy :
Yet would I drink the fragrance that ye pour
Mixed with decaying odours : for to me
Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy
As in the wood-paths of my native [shore ?]."*

We have, at the risk of wearying the reader, been at some pains to illustrate the nature and quality of White's verse, and this with a further view of showing what, for want of a better phrase, we must call his *anticipation of Keats*. We use this expression advisedly, inasmuch as the charge of—even unconscious—plagiarism, if it could be preferred against so original a genius as Keats, is considerably weakened by the discovery that while Keats's prose and verse writings glow with his admiration for Chatterton, *he does not so much as mention Kirke White in either*.

Yet it seems impossible to think that Keats had never heard of White, and almost equally improbable that he had never read him.

Be this as it may, the fact is indisputable that Keats does not so

much as refer to him. This is the more strange since their poetry has so much in common that it is difficult to decide whether we have in White a lesser Keats, or in Keats a greater White.

Both poets were possessed of the same dreamy, visionary nature, which led them to flee the "madding crowd," and meditate alone. Surely the seventh and tenth, sonnets of Keats breathe the very spirit of the following *Verses* :

" When pride and envy, and the scorn
Of wealth, my heart with gall *embued* (*sic*)
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence in the solitude ;
To hear the forest bee on wing,
Or by the stream or woodland spring
To lie and muse alone.

" Now surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way,
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray ?
So to the woods and wastes I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower ;
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour."

Did not both poets see wondrous visions, and "strange deeds upon the clouds ?" White tells us :

" Now we espied the Thunderer in his *car*
Leading the embattled Seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In gothic grandeur, frowning on the sky."

Similarly Keats has :

" for lo ! I see afar
O'ersailing the blue cragginess a *car*,
And steeds with streaming manes —the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear."

Both White and Keats were deeply tinged, nay, saturated, with the love of romance which with the former found its most concentrated expression in his delightful *Ode to the Genius of Romance*, of which many lines, more particularly those I have put in italics, hand us on to the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and to one or two of Keats's romantic pieces.

" Oh ! thou who, in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Were wont to win my infant feet
'To some retired, deep-fabled seat,
Where, by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was seen to glide ;

Or lay me in some lonely glade
 In native Sherwood's forest shade,
 Where *Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,*
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold ;
 And there, as musing deep I lay,
 Would steal my little soul away.
 And all thy pictures represent
Of siege and solemn tournament,
 Or bear me to the magic scene
 Where clad in greaves and gaberdine
The warrior knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee,
And bore the high-born dame away,
 Long held the fell magician's prey ;
 Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
 Of murders, and of goblins pale
 Haunting the guilty baron's side,
 (Where floors with secret blood were dyed)
Which o'er the vaulted corridor
On stormy nights was heard to roar
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide ;
 Or else the mystic tale would tell
 Of Greensleeve or of Blue-Beard fell."

Keats adopted the same metre for several of his poems, particularly for his ode to *The Bards of Passion and of Mirth*, and for his lines on *Robin Hood*.

But of all subjects or objects that most fascinated White, the *Moon* seems to have been the most prominent in his thoughts and affections. Apart from the two odes and one sonnet he addressed to her, his poetry abounds in references to

"Yon pensive orb that through the ether sails."

For him Cynthia exhaled not only light, but sympathy. He embodies some such feeling in the following lines :

"Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
 A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
 Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.

* * * *

"Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
 Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
 And breathe the soul of peace ;
Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
It is not pain that brings this tear,
For thou hast bid it cease."

One of the last fragments White wrote was inspired by the moon and ends with the lines :

"No moon to-night has looked upon the sea
 Of clouds beneath her, answered Rudiger,
She has been sleeping with Endymion."

What then of Keats? Did he adopt his forerunner's delicate cult? Was he, too, an ardent devotee at Cynthia's shrine? *Endymion* answers for him. The following passage, taken from the third book of that poem, is strangely similar in feeling to what White expresses in the above-quoted and in other passages:

"What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently? *When yet a child*
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.

* * * * *

I'es, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee was fashioned to the selfsame end:
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours."

More ecstasy follows, but we quote enough to show how these two poets seem to have suggested one another.

White, in spite of his later asceticism, was, no less than Keats, possessed of a highly sensuous, luxurious nature. Both poets, if we may believe their letters and poems, experienced the same tender, emotional yearning towards the gentler sex, both were peculiarly susceptible to the "charm of lovely women," and, when Death baulked them, both were overwhelmed with a like despair at the sight of beauty they were not destined to win.

Both poets, curiously enough, use the same metaphor to express a lover's utmost distress: White's

"He stood a *marble monument* of woe"

seems distinctly echoed in Keats's

"Upon his knees he sank, *pale as smooth-sculptured stone.*"

Both poets at times dwelt fondly on the thought of death. White's

"And I do ponder with most strange delight
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night,"

seems to anticipate Keats's

". and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death."

They even foretell it in the same words. Henry's

"Yes, *I must die*—I feel that I must die,"

finds itself repeated in Keats's

"And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of God-like hardship tells me *I must die,*
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky."

Both desired the same accompaniment. White's prayer :

"O, give me music! for my soul doth faint,"

and

"Oh, let the aërial music round my bed

* * * * *

Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear"

is paralleled by Keats's

"Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight"

Apart from these and many other similarities of thought and diction, it is impossible not to notice the striking resemblance which is manifest in their personal characteristics, and in the events of their lives.

There is in both cases the same humble birth, the same tender affection for brothers and family, the same longing for fame, the same endeavour, if not to forestall, at least to deprecate, the harshness of criticism.

Both withdrew from a profession that was distasteful to them; both loved unhappily—the lady being, curiously enough, in each case named *Fanny*; both had the foreknowledge of their approaching death, and both suffered in consequence from a penetrating melancholy, amounting at times to a refined despair, the outcome of baffled hopes and thwarted ambition. Both died young. The trumpeter of their fame had his clarion already at his lips, but hurrying death stopped their ears, so that they did not hear the blast.

It would seem as if their lives and memories had been handed on together, as if our knowledge of the one is not complete without a knowledge of the other.

Keats seems to have taken up the thread of Kirke White's inspiration, or to have woven it into the fabric of his own genius; he seems unconsciously to have become the sequel, the completion, the consummation of White. He did not so much *eclipse*, as pass into, comprehend, and, as it were, *re-issue* him.

Much of Keats's verse seems an echo, a remembrance of Henry's, but a remembrance that is given with a more satisfying expression, a more artistic utterance.

White might have said of Keats, had he known him, what Baudelaire said of Poe—that he produced "Poems and stories, vague and confused, which had been lying dormant in my own brain, whilst he had known how to combine, to transcribe, and to bring them to perfection." White, like Keats, is peculiarly the child of this century, though he died on its very threshold. There is in

both cases the same self-destroying, heart- and brain-consuming passion for the unattainable.

Henry possessed the genuine *fin-de-siècle* temperament, without being in any sense a sickly, sentimental, self-absorbed nineteenth century *poseur*. Like Tasso, he battled with his agony. His pain struck music from him; and until death seized him, his brave, high-minded courage enabled him to conceal the *torture of his despair*.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since he died, and while the name of Keats is upon many lips, the world only occasionally hears of Henry. But his genius cannot perish, and from time to time there will be breathed upon the air an echo of what he himself calls his "faint, neglected song."

ALICE LAW.

OUR COMMONS AND FORESTS.¹

It is peculiarly fitting that the history of the great struggle inaugurated in modern times by the Commons Preservation Society should be told by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Mr. Lefevre comes of a distinguished family. His father, the late Sir J. G. Shaw-Lefevre, K.C.B., Senior Wrangler in 1818, a fellow of Trinity, was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1824, and represented Petersfield in the Liberal interests in the first reformed Parliament. His uncle, Viscount Eversley, after entering Parliament as the member for the now disfranchised borough of Downton, became Speaker of the House in 1839, and continued in that high office for eighteen years, until his retirement to the Upper House. And his sister, Miss Madeline Shaw-Lefevre, is now principal of Somerville Hall, Oxford. Mr. Lefevre was born in 1832, and, like his father, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, and called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1856, of which Inn he is now a bencher. He entered Parliament in 1863 as the Liberal member for Reading, and after holding various secretaryships was appointed First Commissioner of Works in 1880, in which capacity he gained much credit for important improvements of the London streets, notably at Westminster and Hyde Park Corner. In 1884 he succeeded Mr. Fawcett as Postmaster-General, and his administration at the Post-Office was marked by the introduction of the sixpenny telegram. At the present moment Mr. Lefevre is President of the Local Government Board.

But it will not be for these administrative services, valuable as they have proved to be, that Mr. Lefevre's memory will be kept green. As long as our commons and woodlands remain free so long will their freedom be connected with his name. He it is who has played the most prominent part in assisting the humble commoners in resisting the rapacious greed of the great landowners, and who has contributed more than almost any other in restoring to the public some portion of their heritage in those commons and woodlands of which they had been robbed.

Mr. Lefevre commences his work with a short account of the historical origin of the commons. I have already, in the pages of

¹ *English Commons and Forests; the Story of the Battle during the Last Thirty Years for Public Rights over the Commons and Forests of England and Wales.* By the Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P. London: Cassell & Co. 1894.

this REVIEW,¹ given a brief sketch of this origin, and it is in almost entire accord with that now under consideration. It must suffice to state here that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre supports the view now more generally entertained "that the common rights now existing are in most cases survivals of a system of collective ownership of land by the inhabitants of their several districts, the prevalence of which in the early stages of communities has been traced over the greater part of Europe," and Mr. Lefevre might have added in India and the East, and in fact wherever civilisation had advanced to that stage of which the village community is the well-known type. "Under this system," he continues, "there was originally no individual ownership of land. It was owned in common by village communities. That portion of it only which was suitable and necessary for the production of corn and other crops was enclosed and cultivated; the remainder was open to the cattle of all; and all members of the community were entitled to cut turf and bracken there for their fuel and litter. The enclosed part was generally divided into three great fields for a three-course system of husbandry, of which one field was in turn left in fallow. Each of these fields was divided into a certain number of equal parts which were distributed annually by lot among the heads of families constituting the village community."

In this account, Mr. Lefevre seems to me to be not quite accurate. Under the mark system, one type of the village community, which obtained a strong foothold in this country, in addition to the homestead with its curtilage or yard, there were three distinct divisions of the land, viz., the arable, the pasture and the waste. The arable was divided in the way described by Mr. Lefevre, but it was only the commoners or the heads of families occupying the homesteads who had the right of turning so many specified head of cattle or sheep on to the pastures. The waste was usually the surrounding woodlands, where all the inhabitants had the right of cutting fuel and feeding swine on the acorns; in some cases the waste no doubt consisted of bogland from which peat might be cut, and in other cases of open ground covered with gorse and scrub.

It was these pastures then that, as a rule, became the commons and were called folklands, and it was the waste that developed into the royal forest.

The Common Fields or Lammas-day Land, instances of which survive to the present day, were thrown open at the end of every season, the fences being removed; and it was this permanent conversion of these into individual ownership that caused so much complaint during the Middle Ages.

This view of the origin of commons adopted by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre

¹ WESTMINSTER REVIEW, December 1893: "The Origin and Evolution of Property in Land."

has been called in question by some of his critics, but I venture to think any one who has given serious attention to the origin and evolution of property in land will be bound to admit the correctness of this view.

But the greatest interest in this work lies not so much in theories as to the historical origin of commons as in the narratives describing the incidents of the various struggles for possession of the commons and forests, now for the first time put into a connected form.

The Commons Preservation Society was founded on the suggestion of Mr. P. H. Lawrence, an eminent London solicitor, in the year 1865, and elected as its Chairman Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, a post which he has filled, with the exception of the periods of 1870 to 1874 and 1880 to 1885, down to the present time. Among the Society's original members were John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett, Charles Buxton, Cowper Temple (afterwards Lord Mount Temple), Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Burrell and Baron Pollock. Other prominent members were Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. James Bryce, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Mr. E. N. Buxton, Mr. Burney, Mr. Briscoe Myre, Miss Octavia Hill, Lord Thring, and Mr. Walter James (now Lord Northbourne). The late Lord Granville and the late Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir William Harcourt and other well-known public men have been subscribers to the funds of the society.

Mr. P. H. Lawrence severed his professional connection with the society in 1868 when he was succeeded by Mr. (now Sir Robert) Hunter who on his appointment in 1882 as solicitor to the Post Office gave place to Mr. Birkett.

It is to the legal knowledge and professional skill of these gentlemen that according to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre the success of the society has been mainly due.

Hitherto public policy had been in favour of inclosures. And naturally so, for at one time about two-thirds of England was common or waste land, and it was essential that a large proportion of this should come under cultivation and so increase the productive wealth of the country. But, as I have pointed out elsewhere, all this was no reason why nineteen-twentieths of the profits thereby derived should go into the pockets of the landowners *quâ* lords of the manors. That this should have been the result is of course not surprising when we remember that the Statute of Merton (20 Hen. III. c. 4) was passed by the Barons only, no popular representatives having yet been summoned and that the modern Acts of Inclosure have been passed by Parliaments in which the landowning class has been predominant.

It was the Wimbledon Common Inclosure Bill 1864 that fired the spark and showed the change in public opinion which had taken place.

For it was recognised that further inclosures are not necessary for increased food supplies, and that these open spaces, especially those contiguous to large towns, are absolutely essential to the health and recreation of the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts.

The agitation caused by Lord Spencer's scheme for the inclosure of Wimbledon Common together with other threatened inclosures of London commons, and the inroads which had already been made on them by various railway companies, led to a committee being appointed by the House to inquire into the best means of preserving for the use of the public, the forests, commons, and open spaces in the neighbourhood of London.

The Wimbledon Common Bill was included within the scope of this inquiry.

Before the Committee the lords of the manors contended that they were practically owners of the commons; that the commoners were few in number and their rights so limited as to be unworthy of consideration and such as to offer no substantial hindrance to the exercise of their own powers of ownership; that most of these rights had lapsed through non-user, and that under the Statute of Merton or under customs of their manors they could disregard the public, who had no legal rights whatever to the use or enjoyment of the waste no matter how long or how extensive had been their uses for purposes of recreation or profit.

On behalf of the commoners these claims were not admitted, and it was contended that rights of common still subsisted and had continuously been in existence, sufficient to prevent inclosure, and that this non-user of late years did not operate as a legal abandonment of them.

The Committee naturally found itself unable to decide the disputed point of law and facts submitted to it, but if the Legislature had seen the wisdom of carrying into effect its recommendations embodied in the report drawn up by Mr. Lefevre and Mr. Lawrence, there can be no question that an immense maelstrom of litigation, with its attendant expense and ill-feeling, would have been averted. The Committee reported that in their opinion rights of common subsisted over all the commons sufficient to prevent inclosure under the Statute of Merton; that the non-user of such in recent times had not operated as a legal abandonment of them; that although the general public had legally no right of use and enjoyment of their commons, yet this proceeded on no intelligible principle, but upon a narrow doctrine of the Courts; that the time had now come for the repeal of the Statute of Merton, and that within the Metropolitan Police area no further inclosure should be authorised under the Inclosure Act 1845.

This Report had two important results. Foiled before the Com-

mittee, the lords of manors commenced or threatened to commence inclosures in all directions. Their opponents, confirmed in the justice of their cause and determined to uphold their rights, founded the Commons Preservation Society. There was nothing for it but a recourse to the law, and for thirty years the Courts have been occupied in deciding these conflicting claims.

"Out of the seventeen cases," writes Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, "which have been tried in the Courts, in proceedings for the purpose of preventing inclosure of commons, by the advice of the Commons Society, and generally with the assistance of their able lawyers, there was not one in which the lord of a manor was able to justify his proceedings under the Statute of Merton. The cases of Berkhamsted, Plumstead, Tooting, Coulsdon, Epping Forest, Ashdown Forest, Dartford, Banstead, Wigley, Malvern, and Walton, formed an unbroken series of victories. In four other cases there was practical surrender by the lords of manors without coming to a decision in the Courts. This was doubtless due to successes which had been achieved in the other and principal cases."

"The only two cases in which the results were unsatisfactory, those of Tollard Farnham and Rowley Green, were not inclosures under the Statute of Merton. The Tollard Farnham case turned upon the right of the inhabitants to provide themselves with fuel under a local custom. In the Rowley Green case, the inclosure was justified under a special custom of the manor, not under the Statute of Merton."

The Hampstead Heath case was the first to engage the attention of the Courts. This case was unfortunately settled, for there is every reason to suppose that if it had been fought out, there would have resulted an important victory for the commoners. Two years after the institution of this suit in 1868, Sir Thomas Wilson, lord of the manor of Hampstead, the defendant, died. In his lifetime he had offered to sell his rights to the Metropolitan Board for £100,000. His successor, Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson, was more amenable to reason, and transferred his rights to the Board for the sum of £45,000, but as subsequent events proved even this amount was far too large for such shadowy rights as he possessed, and the chief effect of the compromise was to encourage other lords of manors to stand out for equally excessive sums. Of all the Commons cases that of Berkhamsted was perhaps the most romantic, and was attended by the most important legal consequences. Berkhamsted Manor with its common was originally Crown property, and in 1346 became an appanage of the Duchy of Cornwall. Very unwisely in 1862 the council of the Duchy were induced to sell their manorial rights for £143,000 to the trustees of the late Lord Brownlow, who wished to add the common to the adjoining Ashridge Park. Without waiting until a deed was executed under

which the commoners were to surrender their rights in consideration of a plot of land of forty-three acres as a recreation-ground for the inhabitants of Berkhamsted, the trustees in February 1866 caused iron railings to be erected, in two lines across the centre of the common, enclosing 434 acres, and leaving a completely detached portion on either side. "Those fences," says Mr. Lefevre, "contained no openings; they were erected without regard to any public rights of way, and entirely intercepted the public from access across the common to districts to the north and south. The inclosure meant expropriation immediate or prospective of the whole common."

It was soon ascertained that many of the commoners had never agreed to surrender their rights, and amongst them was the late Mr. Augustus Smith, then a member for a Cornish borough. He was easily induced to take up the case, and after consultation with Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. P. H. Lawrence, he decided to abate the inclosure by bodily removing the fences. The account of the manner in which this decision was carried out cannot be more graphically described than in Mr. Lefevre's own words: "With this object, it was arranged with a contractor in London to send down at night to Berkhamsted a force of 120 navvies for the purpose of pulling down the iron fences in as short a time as possible. On March 6, 1866, a special train left Euston shortly after midnight with the requisite number of labourers, skilled workmen and gangers, armed with proper implements and crowbars. The train reached Tring at 1.30 A.M. At this point the operation nearly miscarried. The contractor, it appeared, had sublet his contract to another person. The two met together at a public-house near Euston station the evening before the intended raid, and drank so freely that neither of them was in a condition to lead the force into action, and the navvies arrived at Tring without a leader and with no instructions. Fortunately Mr. Lawrence had sent a confidential clerk to watch the proceedings from a distance and this gentleman perceiving the difficulty, took the lead of the force. A procession was formed at the station. A march of three miles in the moonlight brought them to Berkhamsted Common, and the object of the expedition was then for the first time made known to the rank and file. The men were told off in detachments of a dozen strong. The substantial joints of the railings were then loosened by hammers and chisels and the crowbars did the rest. Before 6 A.M. the whole of the fences, two miles in length, were levelled to the ground and the railings were laid in a heap with as little damage as possible. It was seven o'clock before the alarm was given and when Lord Brownlow's agent appeared on the scene, he found that Berkhamstead Common was no longer inclosed. It was too late to do more than make an energetic protest against the alleged trespass. Meanwhile

the news spread and the inhabitants of the district flocked to the scene. Gentlemen came in their carriages and dog-carts, shopkeepers from Berkhamsted and farmers in their gigs; labourers on foot tested the reality of what they saw by wandering over the common and cutting morsels of the flowering gorse, to prove, as they said, that the land was their own again. Thus were 434 acres restored to the common and two miles of iron fences removed. It was said that the erection of these iron fences had cost more than a thousand pounds. Their removal entailed a very heavy expenditure on Mr. Augustus Smith. There could not have been a more direct and deliberate challenge to Lord Brownlow, and it was to be expected that within three days of the demolition he would commence an action of trespass against Mr. Smith for forcibly pulling down the fences." This suit was, unfortunately for Mr. Smith, brought to an abrupt termination by the death of Lord Brownlow in 1868, who left his opponent saddled with costs of an abortive action. But in the meantime Mr. Smith had brought a cross action in Chancery against the trustees. "Every possible objection," says Mr. Lefevre, "was raised by the defendant. It was contended that the manor was not a single one, but that Berkhamsted and Northchurch were two distinct manors; it was objected that Mr. Augustus Smith could not sue on behalf of the freehold tenants of the manor; it was asserted that the rights of common were of a limited character; it was claimed that the inclosure was justified under the Statute of Merton." At length, in January 1870, after the usual intricate and dilatory legal proceedings, judgment was delivered by Lord Romilly, then Master of the Rolls, in favour of Mr. Smith on all the points raised by Lord Brownlow.

Mr. Lefevre appears to me to have made a grave mistake in attempting to whitewash the Lord Brownlow who inclosed this common in the manner described. He says: "It is fair to state that Lord Brownlow himself could scarcely be held responsible for this inclosure. He was at the time in very broken health, and left matters almost completely in the hands of his trustees and agent." Is not this rather a dangerous doctrine to preach? In law a master is responsible for the acts of his servant committed within the scope and in the course of his employment. How much more then is he not morally responsible? Moreover, the effect of such inclosure would have been to enhance enormously the value of Lord Brownlow's property, and when a man commits an illegal or inequitable act in his own pecuniary interests he cannot be allowed to cast the responsibility upon the shoulders of his agents. And even if Lord Brownlow had been ignorant of the proposed inclosure, the action for trespass wherein he attempted to justify the act of inclosure, could hardly have been brought without his knowledge and without his consent. Why not call things by their right names? A peer who

encloses 1150 acres to which he is not entitled is just as much a "landgrabber" as the squatter who filches a rood of roadside waste.

The Tooting and Plumstead Commons cases tried before Lord Hatherley on appeal in 1871 decided two points in advance of the Berkhamsted case. It was held that where rights of commons have been exercised for many years, the Court will endeavour to find a legal origin for them, Lord Hatherley expressly declaring that "it is the duty of the Court to discover if it can a legal origin." It was also held that a freehold tenant of a manor does not by ceasing to pay quit rents and by neglecting to claim admission, lose his rights against the lord.

The story of the recovery of Epping Forest as told by Mr. Lefevre, though not so strikingly romantic as that of Berkhamsted Common, is yet more pathetic and full of incident. By 1851 Hainault Forest, one of the finest woods in England, consisting of 4000 acres, was entirely swept away, and Epping Forest had been reduced from 9000 acres to 6000. From that year onwards inclosures continued to be made, but it was reserved for Mr. Maitland, lord of the manor of Leighton and rector of the parish of that name, to bring matters to a crisis, and the Established Church can hardly be congratulated upon numbering this gentleman among her ministers.

Having made terms with such of the tenants of the manor as he chose to recognise he boldly enclosed the whole of the manor and commenced to clear the forest. Now the inhabitants of the manor had from time immemorial enjoyed the right of lopping trees for fuel during the winter months for their own use from St. Martin's to St. George's Day. In pursuance of this custom a labourer named Willingale and his two sons on St. Martin's Eve 1866, broke in upon the fences, perambulated the forest and lopped the trees in vindication of their rights and those of their neighbours. For this act they were summoned before the local bench and though, if the custom were good, the magistrates had no jurisdiction, and one of them at least was an interested party, they were convicted of malicious trespass and sentenced to two months' hard labour. One of the sons was put into a damp cell which resulted in his death. Great indignation was caused by these high-handed proceedings, and upon Willingale's release a suit was commenced in his name under the auspices of the Commons Society, but owing to the old man's death in 1870, the proceedings terminated without the main points having been decided.

It was at this moment happily discovered that the City Corporation was in possession of common rights within the precincts of the forest, and owing principally to the efforts of Mr. Lefevre, the Corporation was induced to take up the cudgels on behalf of the commoners and the public. This the greatest of all the commons

suits commenced in July 1871, and on July 24, 1874, the Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, delivered a most elaborate judgment upholding the case of the Corporation on all its main points and granting an injunction against the lords of the various manors involved prohibiting them from inclosing in the future and requiring them to remove all the fences erected within twenty years before the commencement of the suit.

The effect of this suit was that at the cost to the Corporation of £210,000 in costs, about 3000 acres which had been purloined by the adjoining landowners were restored to the forest, which on May 6, 1882, was thrown open to the public and dedicated to them for ever by the Queen in person, and thus in Mr. Lefevre's words "restitution was in a sense made by the Sovereign of land which in very ancient times had probably been taken from the folk-land for the purpose of a Royal Forest."

The remaining commons cases merely confirmed the decisions already arrived at, and I do not propose to dwell upon their history, for which I must refer the reader to Mr. Lefevre's highly interesting and fascinating work.

Closely analogous to these cases are those connected with roadside wastes and village greens.

It has long been well established law that the public is entitled to the free and unobstructed use and enjoyment of these wastes, but every one must be aware from his own personal experience in how numerous instances these strips of land which add so much to the attraction of the country and to the benefit of the inhabitants, have been ruthlessly inclosed.

It is not difficult to understand that small owners and destitute squatters should be unable to resist the temptation of inclosing these strips, but that a wealthy peer of the realm should condescend to such meanness seems almost incredible. And yet so late as 1867 the late Marquis of Salisbury inclosed over a wide district the roadside wastes in the neighbourhood of Hatfield. Not content, however, with inclosing the strips which abutted on his own land, the Marquis actually inclosed the strips abutting on other owners' land. Fortunately for the public one of these owners was the present Earl Cowper who found the frontages of his land for nearly two miles cut off by the narrow strips thus inclosed. "It would be difficult, therefore," remarks Mr. Lefevre, "to conceive a more glaring and obnoxious case of inclosure of roadside wastes." Lord Cowper, acting on the advice of the Commons Society, bodily removed the whole of the fences. The Marquis replied with a writ of trespass, but recognising the position of his antagonist prudently threw up the case. "It may be doubted," adds Mr. Lefevre, "whether any smaller fry in the district would have been willing to enter the lists against the Lord of Hatfield."

The Woodford Green inclosure is a good type of the manner in which village greens have been lost to the public. In this case from time immemorial, the inhabitants of Woodford had been accustomed to use the green for lawful games and recreation. The Green was inclosed by the lord of the manor, a gentleman named Schwinge. The inclosures were thrown down and the usual action for trespass brought. The case was heard before Mr. Justice Wightman in 1862, who directed the jury to find a verdict for Mr. Schwinge. The way in which this result was arrived at is exceedingly interesting. The custom was alleged to lie in the inhabitants, but it was proved at the trial that "all the world" was in the habit of using the green and a custom which is enjoyed by all the world is no custom in law. To the lay mind it would have appeared that the greater included the less and that what was proved to be a custom as to all the world, might be taken to be proved as to the inhabitants. Mr. Lefevre calls this view of the case "most narrow and technical," but, however unfortunate in particular instances, the principle of law involved is logical enough, for naturally a custom which, in the words of Mr. Justice Wightman, "may be generally extended to all the subjects in England and is not warranted by but contrary to the Common Law, is void." Mr. Lefevre should, it appears to me, throw the blame on the Legislature which fails to alter the law in consonance with public feeling and common sense, and not on the judges, who are bound to follow the law as they find it.

Although the Statute of Merton has not yet been repealed, the sting of the measure has been drawn to some extent by the Copyhold Act 1887, but chiefly by the Commons Amendment Act 1893. By this latter statute, a lord of a manor must obtain the consent of the Board of Agriculture, in order to inclose under the Statute of Merton, and this consent must only be given when it is proved to the satisfaction of the Board that the inclosure will be for the benefit of the public.

In summing up the results of this long contest extending over thirty years, Mr. Lefevre recalls with regret the names of the many public-spirited men who were associated with him, and who have not survived to see the success of their exertions. "Enough, however," he concludes, "remain to recollect the perilous position of commons at the commencement of the movement, to appreciate the revolution which has been effected in the relations of lords of manors to their commoners and to the public, and to rejoice in the conclusion that never again in the future will it be said with truth

"Our fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied."

For Mr. Lefevre's own share in producing this happy result, no

praise can be too high. His has evidently been the guiding hand throughout. As the almost permanent Chairman of the Commons Society he has been well to the front; as a member of the House he has fought for the cause both in debate and in the numerous committees of which he has been a member. On many occasions we find him introducing deputations to various authorities. At one time we find him addressing a meeting of some 5000 to 6000 persons in the centre of Epping Forest at midnight, and explaining the law to them, and at another taking an active share before a Select Committee in preventing the War Office from establishing a rifle range in the heart of the New Forest.

That these and other efforts of Mr. Lefevre sustained continuously during this long period should have been so eminently successful, must be a source of supreme gratification to him as it is to the general public. Only those however who have been engaged in a long, continuous and apparently hopeless struggle against vested interests, allied with the powers that be, can properly appreciate the services rendered by Mr. Lefevre and those associated with him in the rescue of our commons from the hand of the spoiler.

HUGH H. L. BELLOT.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE.

GREECE is still a comparatively unknown country to the average British tourist. Yet, in order to enjoy a visit to the kingdom of King George, it is not necessary to be an archaeologist, an expert with a revolver, or even a millionaire. Although an acquaintance with ancient Greek will enable the traveller to read the written but will greatly increase his difficulty in pronouncing the spoken language, the scenery of the mainland and the islands, even apart from classical associations, cannot fail to appeal to every stranger. No view in Switzerland, not even the magnificent outlook from the top of the Rigi, can surpass the glorious prospect of the twin seas, which may be enjoyed on a clear day from the summit of Acro-Corinth. The wild grandeur of the rocks at Delphi would charm even those who know nothing of the Naxian Sphinx, and to whom the history of the oracle is a sealed book. Even a man who has never been nearer Parnassus than Fleet Street or Mr. Mudie's Library, cannot but be struck with the beauty of its snow-capped peaks as he sails along the azure-blue waters of the Gulf of Corinth. The picturesque harbour of Hydra will delight a tourist ignorant of the part its islanders played in the struggles of the War of Independence, and the lovely bay of Nauplia, with the frowning fortress of Palamidi above it, will entrance even those who are unversed in Argive story. The charcoal-burner, it is true, has done his work only too well, and, with the exception of Corfu and one or two places on the mainland, modern Greece is a land without trees. But nowhere else in Europe are there such marvellous combinations of colour, and nowhere else is the air so clear or distances so deceptive. The outlines of the mountains and coast, the distant views of islands, promontories, and capes, the wonderful hue of the water, and the brightness of the sky fully compensate for the lack of verdure. Corfu, which, almost alone of the islands, combines a rich and luxuriant vegetation with these other advantages is a perfect Paradise, and an Englishman cannot visit it without regretting, as many of its inhabitants do, that it had not remained in the hands of a nation which would have developed its resources, and made it the finest winter resort in Europe.

With the English sovereign at 43½ drachmas, instead of the normal 25, and with no corresponding rise in the price of the

necessaries of life, except in the hotels at Athens and Corfu, a tour in Greece is no more expensive than a tour in Italy. It may surprise English readers to learn that I always found the Greeks with whom I had to deal quite as honest as the average persons who cater for the wants of travellers in other countries. I can only recall two occasions on which a distinct attempt was made to cheat me, and, when once a bargain was made, I never discovered any desire to back out of it. Railway communication is still very defective, but it is possible to go by train from Olympia to Athens by way of Patras and Corinth, from Corinth to Nauplia, from Argos to Tripolitza, and from Athens to Laurion, not to mention one or two branch lines and the two railways in Thessaly. The cost of travelling is thus sensibly diminished in those districts, for the fares are not high, and the second class carriages are so good that no one need go first. But Greece possesses the almost unique advantage that, like Norway, it can be seen to best advantage by means of steamers. There are comparatively few places of interest which cannot be reached, or at least approached, by one of the many steamship lines which ply along the coast and among the islands. I had a large and varied experience of nearly every steamship company, but never had any cause to complain of either the food or the fares. The resinous wine, which is put on the tables, is, of course, absolutely repugnant to the English palate, though I have met English residents in the country who like it so much that they can drink no other. But no one can deny that it is a most wholesome beverage, though, like many other wholesome things, it is extremely disagreeable. With this exception, travelling by a Greek steamer has no disadvantages. Of course, time must be a matter of no importance, for the Greek companies do not, as a rule, publish time-tables, and their steamers, which are mainly intended for merchandise, are sometimes six hours late, and sometimes two hours early. It is often a matter of the greatest difficulty to ascertain beforehand when the boat starts, or whether it will start at all. I remember being told at Itæa, the port of Delphi, by six different persons, whom I consulted on the subject, six different times at which the steamer for the Piræus was expected to leave. As a matter of fact, all six gentlemen were wrong, and the boat started, as Greek steamers not unfrequently do, at the uncanny hour of four in the morning—the object of this curious arrangement being to cover as much ground as possible by daylight. When neither railways nor steamers avail, horses or carriages can usually be had pretty cheap. The least accomplished equestrian, that ever bestrode a quadruped can mount the average Greek horse without insuring his life. For, so slow is the animal's pace that it is the custom of the peasants—men as well as women—to ride sideways, without stirrups or reins. But, if the horse's pace is slow, it is sure, and the name of *ἄλογον*, or "the unreasonable

thing," which the modern Greeks have given it, is assuredly undeserved.

The idea that it is essential to have a dragoman on all excursions is a mistake. No doubt, it is more comfortable, especially if there are ladies, to take one's bedding and one's knives and forks with one, so as to be independent of the scanty accommodation of the country inns. But any enterprising tourist, who does not mind roughing it a little, can dispense with the assistance of a guide. A very small vocabulary and the copious use of signs will help him everywhere, and he can generally find some place, even in the most remote villages, where to lay his head. Of course, with the exception of Corfu, Athens, Patras, and Pyrgos, Greece is not a country of hotels. The Greeks are still, in many respects, an Oriental nation; they always talk of going to "Europe" when they mean Italy, Germany, or France, and preserve the Oriental notion that the traveller brings his belongings and his food with him, and is only to be provided with a room where he can stow himself for the night. I had one very amusing experience of a typical Oriental *han* of this kind. Arriving at the little seaport of Katakolo, on the coast of the Peloponnese, at eleven at night, I found the last train gone, and with it my last hopes of reaching an ordinary European hotel. I accordingly inquired for the *han*, or inn, of the place, and was escorted by a band of sturdy boatmen to a wooden shanty of two stories, with a long balcony running past the windows of the first floor. A knock at the door brought out the proprietress of the house, who informed us that we could have nothing to eat or drink—the establishment not dealing in victuals—but that we could have beds for the night. We were taken upstairs into what proved to be the common sleeping-room of the inn, and a Greek priest, whose clothes had attended many funerals, was put in with us. A cursory examination of the bedding convinced us that the sheets were inhabited by a large and thriving population, and a closer survey considerably enlarged our knowledge of natural history. Under such circumstances to retire to bed was impossible, so we curled ourselves up in our overcoats and rugs, and slept as best we could. Nor is this lack of accommodation by any means the exception in out-of-the-way places. The landlord of one hotel on the Corinthian Gulf expressed to me his desire and ambition to have an asterisk affixed in *Baedeker* to the name of his inn. The grounds upon which he laid claim to this mark of distinction were that he had only one washing-basin in the hotel, which on this particular occasion was placed in the passage, and used by all his seven visitors, three of them ladies, one after the other! But, after all, these incidents only add zest to one's enjoyment—*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*.

As far as brigandage is concerned, most of Greece is as safe as Piccadilly, and much more respectable. Since the affair at Pikermi,

on the road to Marathon, in 1871, Attica has been perfectly secure, and the Peloponnese and the Isthmus have completely lost their traditional terrors. But Thessaly and the Turkish frontier are still dangerous. When I was in Athens, the sensation of the day was the trial of a Greek member of Parliament and his two brothers before the Criminal Court at Larissa, on a charge of complicity with brigandage in the neighbourhood of Trikkala. Some of the evidence was of a most extraordinary character, and among other statements made by the witnesses was an allegation that the spoil was to be divided into three parts. One-third was to go to the brigands, one-third to the accused, and the remaining third as a thank-offering to the Church! The newspapers of the opposite party to that of the accused deputy naturally made as much political capital out of the affair as they could, but strenuous efforts were made to secure an acquittal, and although the evidence appeared to corroborate the charge, the honourable member and his brothers were pronounced innocent. Two days later, the son and nephew of a local mayor were captured by a dangerous band of robbers near Goura, not the place of that name in the Peloponnese, but a village on the northern slopes of Mount Othrys in Thessaly. In this case, the brigands demanded 40,000 drachmas ransom, but ultimately took 8,000 on the understanding—so it is said—that they should be allowed to escape. But brigandage, like everything else, is highly-coloured for party purposes. The enthusiasm of the modern Greeks for politics is extraordinary. Everyone throughout the country, from the boatmen who row you on board the steamers to the interesting functionary who flicks the dust off your boots as you enter your hotel, appears to take the keenest delight in criticising the measures, and dissecting the motives of the various political parties. The newspapers are intensely partisan, and the ingenuous foreigner, anxious for news, is amused to find a line of intelligence meandering through three columns of comment. Everything, even the earthquakes, is used for political purposes with a skill and an ingenuity which an English leader-writer cannot but admire. A prominent Athenian journal remarked during my stay at Athens that the vehemence with which Greek journalists attacked each other in their respective organs must cause considerable surprise to visitors from abroad. But, taken *cum grano*, political journalism in Greece is extremely amusing. For it need scarcely be said that the Greek politicians of to-day are like the early Christian theologians—they make most noise when their differences are smallest. Indeed, there seems to be no fundamental divergence of policy between the rival sections of the Greek Parliament, except that ancient quarrel which exists in all countries between those who are in office and those who are not. The natural antipathy between “ins” and “outs” is accentuated in Greece as in the United States by the prevalence

of the "spoils system," by which the majority of the civil service appointments are vacated whenever a change of Government occurs, in order to provide berths for the supporters of the incoming ministry. Payment of members, too, which M. Tricoupis, who has seen much of our English practice of gratuitous public service, admits to be an unpleasant necessity of modern Greek politics, has doubtless increased the numbers of professional politicians. And yet in a country like Greece, which does not possess a leisured class, it is difficult to see how poor men can be expected to give up their professions, and spend a large part of their time in Athens without some pecuniary compensation. One of the deputies from Corfu, for example, is a practising doctor, who has to attend to his Parliamentary duties at Athens at considerable sacrifice. And he is only a specimen of the majority of his colleagues.

In Greece, as in the United States, there is a class of persons who are loud in their denunciations of everyone in public life. The wildest charges of corruption are alleged by high-toned people against "the politicians." It may be interesting to those who have just been subscribing to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Greece, to learn that very little of the money which was raised at the time of the Zante earthquake of last year, ever found its way into the pockets of those for whom it was intended. On landing in that charming island, I was surprised to find that whole streets were still in ruins, that the theatre was only half standing, and that the poorer inhabitants were still bivouacking in tents or camping in wooden shanties on the sea-front. Lack of funds, I was told, was the reason why the fallen houses had not been restored. I reminded my informant of the large sums subscribed in England and Italy for the express purpose. He replied with a smile at the innocence of my remark: "That money was administered by the politicians; *ils ont mangé tout*." I afterwards learned that the four Tricoupist deputies who at present represent the island in the Bouló, will sit no more after the next election.

To an Englishman the Greek Legislature is very interesting, because it suggests so many differences with our own. Greece is, with the exception of Bulgaria, the only constitutionally governed country in Europe which has discarded a Second Chamber; but it does not seem fair to ascribe the financial difficulties of the country, as Lord Salisbury did in a recent speech, to the absence of a House of Lords, which, even if it existed, would presumably have no control over the Exchequer. Another distinctive feature of the Greek Chamber as compared with our own, is that it is semicircular in shape, so that both Ministers and the Opposition face the Chair. The courteous librarian, whose knowledge of our language is only equalled by his intimate acquaintance with our parliamentary procedure, pointed out to me that obstruction has become acclimatised

at Athens as at Westminster. In fact, the rules of the Boulé lend themselves to the obstructive tactics of a factious Opposition, for a quorum of no fewer than 104 members out of a total of 207 is necessary for carrying on a debate. It has sometimes happened, that, when parties have been very nearly equal, the whole Opposition has stayed away with the express object of bringing public business to a standstill. The closure has not been introduced into the country of Demosthenes as yet, but no private member may speak more than three times on the same question—a privilege reserved for the Ministers. Immediately in front of the Ministerial and front Opposition benches, which are separated from one another by a narrow gangway, is the tribune. But if a member has only “a few observations to make,” he does not go through the formality of ascending that edifice, but simply rises from his seat and speaks from his place, as our members do. The πρόεδρος, or President, however, has the right, possessed by our Lord Chancellor, but never exercised by the Speaker of our House of Commons, of taking part in a debate by simply leaving the Chair. His ordinary seat is raised on a dais in front of the tribune, and places are found beside him for his four secretaries, the official stenographer and the précis-writer of the Parliament. Two bookcases at either end of the dais contain the journal of the Boulé—the Greek *Hansard*—for handy reference. But the library is within easy reach, and is well stocked with books of reference, works of travel and history in all languages, and the leading British and foreign reviews and newspapers—prominent among them the *Daily News*, the favourite organ of the Eastern politician.¹ Indeed, the library of the Boulé is so disproportionate to the size of the building that it has left no space for committee-rooms. But for the representatives of a nation which loves cigarettes almost as much as politics, smoking-rooms are an absolute necessity of existence. It is amusing to learn, however, that it was found desirable—such is the warmth of party feeling—to have separate smoking-rooms for the Government and the Opposition parties. At Westminster Home Rulers and Unionists smoke the cigar of peace together, but the followers of M. Tricoupis must not see the wreaths of vapour curling round the head of M. Delyannis in the intervals of debate.

“Question-time” is as much an institution in the Greek Parliament as with us, and interpellations come on before the order of the day. “Whips” have not yet sprung into existence, and instead of wasting twenty minutes in filing through a lobby the Greeks take a division by the simple expedient of standing up in their places and holding up their hands. A roll-call of members, with the names of their constituencies and the words ἀπόντες and παρόντες (“absent”

¹ I noticed the same thing at Cetinje. The *Daily News* is the only English daily paper taken in at the excellent little library of the Montenegrin capital.

and "present") marked on it, is hung up on the wall of the Speaker's private-room, which contains some excellent pictures, the most noticeable being a moonlight view of the school of Homer at Chios. One great advantage is possessed by the Greek deputies, which is sorely needed at St. Stephen's—a movable desk with writing materials for the use of each speaker. There are also three writing-tables behind the President's desks. The arrangements for the Press gallery appeared to be very good, but it cannot be said that either the plain interior or the unfinished exterior of the Greek Boulé makes a great impression on any one who has seen the "Mother of Parliaments" sitting at Westminster.

For the present, politics in Greece are simply *la haute finance*, and the drama which is performed almost daily upon the political stage at Athens is "A new way to pay old debts." The concessions of the Porte to the Bulgarian bishops in Macedonia made considerable stir while I was at Athens, because there is a school of politicians who cherish dreams of a "great Greece," which shall include Crete and Macedonia, and who look upon the go-ahead Bulgarian people as dangerous competitors for the latter country. A wildly Chauvinist article was published in one of the Athenian papers during my visit, apostrophising King George in the most frantic tones, and reminding him that there is an "unredeemed Greece" as well as an "unredeemed Italy." But a foreigner, while admiring the Greek patriotism, cannot but feel that, in the present condition of the country, this forward foreign policy is out of the question. The money which has been spent on ironclads and torpedoes would have been much better employed on roads and railways. The greatest achievement of this kind—the Corinth Canal—does not seem to be sufficiently appreciated as yet by the Greek nation. I met numbers of persons, Greeks as well as foreigners, who assured me that the Canal was not navigable for large vessels, and great indifference with regard to this magnificent piece of engineering appeared to prevail at most of the steamship offices. But, as a matter of fact, the Canal, though it might have been wider, is perfectly safe for ships of considerable tonnage. I passed through it myself on a vessel of the ordinary size, and there was plenty of room for us, even though a barge was moored to the bank at the time. A week earlier a large ocean-going steamer, the *Lusitania*, had gone through. No doubt, as was pointed out to me during our transit, the footpaths which have been cut on either side of the canal take up a considerable amount of space, which would have been better devoted to the shipping; but as it is, the Canal is 100 feet wide all the way through. Probably the real reason why it is not so much used as one would expect is the high rate of dues which is charged by the company. The result is that, as yet, few of the steamers have altered their route, preferring the long *détour* round Cape Matapan

to the passage of the Gulf and the Canal, although the latter shortens the journey from Kephallenia to the Piræus by 202 miles, while the extreme southern promontory of the Peloponnese has from time immemorial been notorious for its storms.

Athens struck me as one of the most delightful capitals in Europe. The brightness and cleanliness of the modern town, and the absence of the touts, beggars and guides, who infest most Italian show-places, and so greatly detract from the pleasures of a visit to Rome or Naples, are great recommendations. The Athenians are less French than is usually imagined, and their city has distinctive features of its own, which make it far more than a miniature Paris. The trams and the comfortable *vis-à-vis* carriages make the suburbs easily accessible, though it must be confessed that the steam-tram to Phaleron seems rather a desecration. Still it is no worse than the steam-tram from Rome to Tivoli, which awakens the haunt of the Sibyl with its hideous screechings. The greatest drawback to modern Athens is the dust, with which the water-carts are quite unable to cope, and which penetrates everything. One sighs amid this cloud of fine white particles for the days when there were trees on the shores of the Ægean, when Colonus could be truthfully described by Sophocles as "ivy-clad," and when the banks of the Ilissus, now dry as a road, were covered with turf and flowers. The palace garden, kindly thrown open to the public at certain hours, is the pleasantest spot in Athens on a hot afternoon, when it is too warm to enjoy the wonderful panorama from Lycabettus, or the grand view to seaward and landward from the heights of the Acropolis. This year Athens has undoubtedly suffered from two causes—the quarantine at Salamis on all arrivals from Constantinople and Smyrna, and the earthquakes. I found the former considerably more serious than the latter, of which I had three separate experiences. On the occasion of the second shock, I was standing close to M. Tricoupis in the cathedral at Athens, where service was going on. All of a sudden the whole building began to shake, and the people, who had just read in the newspapers the tidings of the frightful calamity at Atalante, rushed in a panic to the door. An ancient poet has drawn a picture of Alcibiades calming a tumult "with the majesty of his hand." The Prime Minister did the same. Without uttering a syllable or moving a muscle of his face, he beckoned with his hand and the tumult ceased. It would have been better for the trade of Athens if the cholera at Constantinople had been faced in the same calm manner. It was even doubtful whether the plague really existed there at all, for some said that it was merely a device of the Grand Vizier for getting money for sanitary purposes out of the Sultan, whose fear of contagious diseases is well known. But no sooner did the tidings reach Athens than five days' quarantine were imposed on all vessels coming from Constan-

tinople, and as soon as passengers hit upon the idea of going by land to Smyrna and embarking there, in order to avoid detention, that place, too, was put under ban. But Smyrna is the port of embarkation for tourists coming from the Holy Land, who usually spend ten days in Athens on their way to "Europe." This year they had the alternative of either waiting five days at Salamis or of going straight on. Most of them chose the latter, and the result was a great loss to the hotels and dragomans. The most experienced of the latter told me that this season was the worst for many years solely owing to the imposition of quarantine.

M. Tricoupis is undoubtedly the ablest of Greek politicians. Whether, as his friends maintain, he is a "Greek Gladstone," who will save his country from all her financial troubles, or whether, as his opponents contend, he is an arch-mediocrity, presiding over a Cabinet of mediocrities, is a question of opinion. But it was certainly felt two years ago, when affairs had got into a hopeless tangle, that he was the one man who could put them straight. So just as Italy turned to Signor Crispi in her financial dilemma, Greece threw herself into the arms of M. Tricoupis. The country gave him an enormous majority at the last election; he is supported by the widest-read journal in Athens, and he has great influence with the King, who sent M. Delyannis about his business two years ago, much in the same way that our own King William IV. dismissed the Whig Ministry of 1834—a proof that the Monarchy has more power in democratic Greece than is commonly supposed. Socially, the *salon*, presided over by M. Tricoupis's sister, is a considerable advantage to the Premier, but it may be doubted whether his long residence as Minister in England and the English manners which he has insensibly acquired in London are counted unto him for righteousness in his own country.

In one important respect, Great Britain plays a less prominent part than some other nations in the life of Greece. For to most people the Greek name is primarily associated with classical archaeology, and in this department our countrymen have been placed at a disadvantage as compared with the French, the Germans, and the Americans. The French Archæological School at Athens, with its income of more than £3000, and the German School with its annual revenue of £2000, are in a much better position than the British School with its precarious £400 a year.¹ I heard great complaints on this subject from Englishmen in Athens, and not from archæologists alone, but from patriotic business men, who thought that their country ought to head the way in these matters instead of lagging far behind. The grant of £200, recently made by Lord Rosebery out of the Royal Bounty Fund, is a step in the right direction. But if the British Government cannot do as much as the Governments

¹ See the Report of the Managing Committee for 1893-4, *Standard*, July 12.

of France and Germany, something more might be done by private subscriptions. The American school derives its income of £1400 entirely from voluntary contributions, yet classical education in the United States is not the institution which it has been for generations in this country. A cynic may perhaps contend that that is the very reason why the Americans subscribe more liberally for the furtherance of archæological studies. To have to write out Sophocles as an imposition at school is not always calculated to make the schoolboy cherish a love for the masterpieces of Greek literature when he has become a man.

No one who has seen the French at work at Delphi, can help admiring the methodical and systematic plan upon which they have conducted their excavations. Every block of stone which is extracted from the ground is carefully examined, and the loose earth around is sifted, and then carried on a miniature railway to a place at some distance off, where it is tipped off the waggons over the side of the cliffs. Each piece of stone is then marked with a number in red paint and removed to the two so-called "museums"—temporary wooden sheds—which have been erected until the work of excavation is over, when a proper museum will be built. In striking contrast to the way in which the casual traveller is allowed to stroll about by himself amid the treasures of Olympia, a visitor to Delphi is accompanied among the excavations by a gnard, who watches his movements, and does not permit the amateur photographer to practise his black art in the vicinity of such precious discoveries as the Naxian Sphinx or the marvellous stone which bears upon it the famous Hymn of Apollo. The French directors are courtesy itself, and it certainly seems desirable to have some such regulations as those which they have enforced. The class of tourist who will "whip out" his knife to cut off a memento of his visit from some historic monument is not unknown even in Greece, and it is against him that these precautions are necessary. I tremble to think what would happen to such an one, if he ventured to disobey the orders of the watchman, who accompanies the traveller with his loaded revolver protruding ominously from his belt. But the stranger is made most heartily welcome and most hospitably entertained by the custodians of the place. As the old village of Kastri, which stood upon the site of Delphi, has been almost entirely pulled down by the French, who have built a new home for the "evicted tenants" on a more convenient spot, there is not a vestige of an inn to be found. But I shall not soon forget the hospitable cottage of Basilis Paraskevas, where the hens stalked about in the sitting-room, and the *pilafi*—that standing Greek dish of hashed mutton and rice—more than compensated for the bitter flavour of the resinous wine. Travellers of high degree have slept beneath Paraskevas' humble roof. He specially drew my attention to a notice in his visitors'

book, which informed all whom it might concern that Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied by Mr. Jesse Collings, had come to consult the Oracle of Delphi after the defeat of the Home Rule Bill in 1886. Unfortunately the response of the Pythia is not given. A later visitor was Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is said to have taken the keenest interest in all that he saw.

It is impossible not to be pleased with a country which possesses most beautiful scenery and most impressive associations with the past. In spite of the aberrations of a few of the politicians, the Greek people, as one, who knew them well, remarked to me, are thoroughly sound, and if their representatives would give up visions of foreign conquest and stick to material development at home, Greece might become prosperous and extricate herself from her financial difficulties.

W. MILLER.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S RIGHT: KNOWLEDGE.

By this I do not mean scholarship. The battle of the higher education of women was long ago fought and won. Every woman who is endowed with the necessary talents and tastes, and can command the needful time and money, may become, so far as study is concerned, almost what she will. Nor is the boon the less because those who as yet avail themselves of their opportunities are an infinitesimal minority. But this is beside my subject.

The knowledge, a claim to which I urge on behalf of all maidenhood, is of a vastly different nature. It is a knowledge which, no more than any other, comes by intuition or by inspiration. It is a knowledge the possession of which would mould differently many lives, change the destinies of sundry families and prevent the wreckage of much faith and hope. It is a knowledge the bestowal of which is at the option of each mother and is the right of every daughter. It is a knowledge which, from the nature of things, is most easily withheld from girls of the upper classes, since theirs are the lives most closely confined within the home radius and sheltered from outside influences. On them, therefore, falls the chief suffering. It is a knowledge the first glimmer of which caused Eve to make herself aprons of fig-leaves, but which does not dawn upon one and another of Eve's descendants until the apron is cast away, and the woman stands helpless and ashamed.

A mere truism is it to say that young women of to-day are trained in a far broader and more precocious school than that in which their grandmothers were taught. True, that the blunter words of Shakespeare are expunged from the acting editions, that Sheridan's situations are apt to raise a blush, and that Swift is considered coarse. Yet actual children read newspapers, hear social subjects analysed, and form independent opinions in a manner which, I suppose, would have been considered indecent half a century ago. The older folks, whose youth is visible only through a vista of past decades, but who acquiesce in this *fin-de-siècle* order, certainly, by so doing, afford proof that they have in the interim discovered that their own up-bringing was not unimpeachable. And indeed that present-day life has unique advantages is unquestionable. But still, however much surface-freedom of action, speech, and reading is permitted, there is yet one subject which can happily never become

a topic talked or written of publicly in such terms as to be grasped by the untutored mind. The misfortune is that it is also a topic equally tabooed between those to whom, of right, its discussion belongs. Girls are to-day constantly married without any more idea of what matrimony implies than has been imparted by the prurient, whispered gossip of an impure-minded schoolfellow; and frequently—especially, as I have said, in the case of members of high-born families—without even that modicum of enlightenment. This condition of things, moreover, is regarded by many a satisfied matron as proving the perfection of watchful guardianship upon her own part and of sweet pliability upon that of her child.

And why?

Men, we are told, like to perform their own initiation. Men, it is constantly and truly said, prefer girls of innocent mind. In which latter statement, by the by, crops up the old, old confusion between innocence and ignorance. Men desire that their wives should realise nothing of the inner secrets and vast divergences of passing passion and of lasting love. This, too, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that they themselves almost invariably claim the privilege of ante-nuptial revelation, a revelation not only of theory, but also of practice. For what proportion of bridegrooms could declare that they present the same conditions of physical purity as they demand? And thus, as ever, are the women sacrificed for the men's gratification. Sacrificed in the most cruel, the most needless, the most irrevocable fashion of all. Because sacrificed in ignorance.

For wifehood and motherhood are professions, as truly as are medicine, and literature, and the law. No lad is compelled to make his choice between the half hundred occupations open to him with his eyes shut. Few are educated without some regard to particular gifts, or are subsequently driven into a special calling without the option afforded by the explanation of the step that is being taken. Yet, is it not a fact that there are many women who, if they were informed as to what is implied by wedded life, would fly from the idea; women whose sexual instincts are those of repulsion instead of attraction; women whose mental and spiritual attitude for weeks, months, and even years will, in case of marriage, be but a long shrinking from their own bodies, a loathing of the flesh in which their souls are clothed? Yet women who, until too late, do not know.

Not indeed that such knowledge will always, or perhaps often, prove a deterrent or secure voluntary celibacy. Woman's love, customarily regarded as a beautiful generality, is, in fact, as individually various as all her other idiosyncracies. There is, for instance, the self-denying affection which, itself almost devoid of passion, will submit to any imposition in order to enhance the happiness or well-being of its object. That is not precisely the same as the love

which would face marriage, as it would brave death itself, rather than endure separation. Which, again, is different from the burning passion that looks forward to complete union as to the consummation of its own bliss. Yet still freedom of choice does remain a right, though comprehension may increase self-denial, make pain the alternative of parting, or deepen a sensuous yearning. For with whom can rest the liberty of withholding it?

It is a cult, nowadays, to talk of such ignorance as I have indicated as of unusual and, indeed, of almost impossible preservation. An absurd cult. For at the best, or the worst, what better than ignorance is the information imparted by girlish gossip, mingled with wondering conjecture and hysteric laughter? It is not from so tainted a source that the earliest disclosure of the deepest mysteries of womanhood should reach the uncontaminated mind. Certainly it is not from such a source alone that revelation should be derived before the die is irretrievably cast, and all pre-conceived ideas are merged in an experience which renders speech unavailing. Upon whom, then, does the responsibility lie? Surely upon the mothers and guardians of the young, the mothers who, speaking of that which in all purity they understand, can impart a knowledge which it is not theirs to deny. Passion, which is not and never will be love, would surely be oftentimes restrained from a wretched consummation, the sanctity of the marriage tie would be more regarded, and as a consequence divorce would become a thing of less frequent occurrence, if those women who are parents could be induced to realise and to face their accountability in this matter. They provide for their daughters thorough and fitting teaching as to all things else in heaven and earth. Why not in this, which to many may be the most crucial subject of all? When, before they stand at the altar, girls know to what they will be yielding themselves; when they understand the distinction, the huge distinction, between lust and love, animalism and affection, carnality and comradeship; when they possess the liberty of a comprehending, voluntary choice—then, and not until then, will they have their right.

A girl, four or five days before her marriage, went to her mother and implored to be told what that was which lay before her, to which her vows would commit her. She had heard much that to her seemed horrible to incredulity, repellent beyond words. She was half frantic with a vague dread, worse than any certainty. And she craved to know. But she was laughed at and refused. Why? A bride upon her husband's first approach believed him mad, and in her dread tried to reach a bell and summon help. Why? A man consulting a specialist upon a constitutional sexual ailment, mentioned his wife, who was also his confidante. The doctor deprecated any such confidence towards a wife, whose mind, he considered, should be "like a sheet of white paper." Why?

Because men will to have it so, and mothers shrink from the task—truly a terrible task—involved. Perhaps they forget their own past suffering. Perhaps they are oblivious of the fact that every day women are becoming more sensitive, more highly strung, and therefore more and more capable of mental agony, more and more liable to the tortures of morbidity. However that may be, certain it is that innumerable girls are still the victims, on the one hand, of ignorance, and, upon the other, of that natural inquisitiveness which causes them to seek from corrupt sources the intelligence which they crave.

Nor are the consequences of this reticence upon the part of those who ought to speak confined to such as I have sketched. In too many cases, when a girl, high spirited and healthy, with all her natural instincts in full, though unconscious, play, with a mind either uninformed or misinformed, is flung into the whirlpool of modern life and granted the liberty of present day action, still vaster evil may ensue. The modesty which a few plain, womanly words might have preserved uninjured, and none the less profound because self-revealed, is soiled and undermined by innuendoes and suggestions but half comprehended. Equivocal situations lead to unequivocal results. And the maiden's purity, risked with the audacity of the experimenter, is lost with the irrecoverableness of fate. Only not fate, but ignorance—a remediable ignorance—is the cause.

The matter remains with the mothers—mothers not merely in the carnal, but also in the moral and spiritual sense—those elder women, in fact, in whose hands rest the education of the rising generation. The preservation of true innocence, that horribly maligned but most beautiful word; the dispelling of a blinding mist of misconception; the prevention of untold suffering; all hang upon their decision. Let them grant to their charges the right which those charges cannot claim. Otherwise will the young, rash creatures, in the first flush of unrecognised passion, determine, by a headlong rush into matrimony, the whole course of their lives; or, already in a measure demoralised by a sense of secrecy and wrong-doing, seek enlightenment from unauthorised oracles. Let them give to their daughters a choice, a fair choice, lighted by understanding. Or let them themselves bear the reproach of soiled and strangled virtue, of discovery made too late. But the weight of sin and of pain they cannot assume. Such must for ever lie upon the persons and the souls of those whom they might have saved.

MRS. WILL M. A. HAWKSLEY.

ROBERT BURNS:

A NOTE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS ANNIVERSARY.

THE anniversary of Robert Burns's death suggests a few reflections on the career and the poetry of that extraordinary man. He died at Dumfries on the 21st July, 1796. His life was a chequered one, indeed, and he was far from faultless. Much has been written about his follies and his misfortunes; and perhaps the public have been wearied by sentimental moralising over the poet's unhappy fate. It is time that a robust and rational view of Burns's character should be taken by all who wish to appreciate the weakness as well as the strength of his nature.

He was born and brought up in the midst of poverty and comparative ignorance. When in 1857 Nathaniel Hawthorne visited the poet's residence at Dumfries and took notice of its filthy and malodorous surroundings, he wondered that Burns could have preserved his marvellous genius in such an unsavoury spot. The author of *The Scarlet Letter* was even more horrified at the wretched aspect of Burns's farm at Mossgiel, and could only compare the habitation in which the Scottish bard passed so many of his days to a pigsty. "It is sad," wrote Hawthorne, "to think of anybody—not to say a poet, but any human being—sleeping, eating, thinking, praying, and spending all his home-life in this miserable hovel." He praises the "heroic merit" of Burns for being no worse man amid "the squalid hindrances" that beset the poet's moral and intellectual development.

Hawthorne was right. Low associations, bad sanitary conditions, and the companionship of the vile are all but fatal to human virtue. Burns was never utterly degraded. He was always, in spite of his failings, a true man, and his passionate love for his fellow-men out-lived all his sufferings.

His relations with Jean Armour, though they proved his frailty and hers, were honourable to him, in some respects, for he left nothing undone to repair the error of his youth. His intemperance was rather the effect of his convivial disposition than of any vicious tendency. If he sinned, he paid the penalty—one might say, with his life. His career terminated at thirty-seven; and, having regard to his circumstances and opportunities, his record as a poet is

unparalleled, for no man ever achieved so much as Burns with so little aid from the world and with such terrible impediments in his path.

Though nearly a century has elapsed since his death, his brave verses ring to-day, just as they did when he wrote them, with that music which is "the gladness of the world." He taught the lesson of the essential equality of all men, and he made worldlings realise how empty rank and wealth are compared with the dignity of manhood. He advocated the cause of "honest poverty," and emphasised the fact that without a manly heart "no man was worth regarding." The age he lived was callous and artificial. His poetry fell upon a hard and ungrateful soil like fresh rain from heaven, and it is difficult to over-estimate the services done by Burns in humanising the English mind and character.

The real literary value of his works has been ignored by persons who regard all literature from a purely æsthetic standpoint. In Burns we have an imaginative humourist, an inspired lyrist as great in his gifts of song as Shakespeare is in dramatic genius. To write a poem like "Tam o' Shanter" demanded a union of human sympathy and daring grasp of the weird and the supernatural, such as are rarely found combined in a single intellect.

There are passages in this work which would do credit to Byron or Shelley. The description of pleasure—

"Like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever"—

is exquisitely beautiful.

Burns loved Earth and her children. In woman he saw nothing better or more gracious than her womanhood. In all men he recognised brothers. Such was his grand and simple creed. His heart embraced all humanity, and for that reason we should forgive him everything, and embalm his memory in our affections.

The love of Nature in Burns had in it nothing transcendental, like the philosophy of Wordsworth. Probably the Scottish poet would have found it hard to understand the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. To him Nature was a mother whom he clung to with all the passionate devotion of a wayward but affectionate child. The daisy—that "wee modest crimson-tipped flower"—was in his eyes as much an object of worship and admiration as the rose or the lily. A field-mouse, which he had disturbed in its hiding-place with the plough, was enough to excite his pity. The man's whole nature was an inexhaustible well of sympathy. Indeed, he owed much of his life's sorrows to his natural tenderness of heart and extreme susceptibility. No poet has so vividly conveyed the pangs of unhappy love. Who can read his well-known lines without a quiver of emotion?

“Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever;
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.”

And what a depth of true feeling there is in “Highland Mary.” Other poets have soared into higher regions where pure imagination reigns unfettered by the laws of matter. But Burns speaks to “the general heart of men,” and the intensely human character of his genius ensures immortality for his lyrics, which move thousands to tears or to laughter by their simple and spontaneous expression of the deepest emotion.

The philosophy of Burns is based on a principle which has swayed the greatest minds—the worthlessness of social distinctions, the insufficiency of riches to confer happiness on mankind, the blessings of independence and contentment. In the concluding lines of “My Father was a Farmer” the idea is most felicitously expressed:

“All you who follow wealth and power, with unremitting ardour, O,
 The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther, O:
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.”

A somewhat similar doctrine has been preached in some of Tennyson's poems, for instance in *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, but his verses have an artificial ring, in spite of their perfection of form, when compared with Burns's “unpremeditated lay.” Indeed, the greatness of the singer whom Scotland honours as her national poet is that, like Shelley's Skylark, like Keats's Nightingale, he is himself a part of Nature. The birds sing because they must; and so does Burns.

We cannot judge him harshly who felt so kindly towards even the meanest animals—nay, who pitied even the Devil! How can we subject such a man to the strictures of a rigid moral code? We find him freely acknowledging his delinquencies and mourning not only for his own sins but for those of all his fellow mortals. To the Puritans of every age he has thrown down the gauntlet, and “let him who is without sin take up the first stone.” His words in which the noblest lesson of charity is taught are more poignant, more eloquent, than any sermon:

“Then gently scan your brother Man,
 Still gentler sister Woman;
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human:
 One thing must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

“ Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—it's various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.”

Thus we have in Burns a moral teacher whom no fanatics can drag down from his lofty pedestal. We forget the shortcomings of the man's life on account of the nobility of his soul. In the true sense he is a disciple of Christ, and one of the great pioneers of humanity. Therefore, we revere his memory and crown him amongst the immortals.

D. F. HANNIGAN.

INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[Under the above title a limited portion of THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely, on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.]

TO PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION COMPATIBLE WITH DEMOCRACY?

It does not fall within the scope of the present paper to discuss the merits of particular forms of political government. "Constitutions"—which, Sir James Mackintosh justly says, "are not made, but grow"—are necessarily as varied as the circumstances of the communities in which they are developed. Nor is there anything more interesting in Aristotle's work on *Government* than the fact that in addition to the more rigid types of monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, and democracy—which respectively grew out of the differing conditions of ancient nations—there are to be found elements belonging to each of these systems, combined in various proportions, in particular forms of government prevailing in certain ancient countries. For similar reasons, modifications of these leading forms of government, as might be expected, are to be met with, more or less frequently, in the nationalities of our own time.

But while a mode of government may be supposed to bear a distinct relation to the present needs of those who are subject to it, history proves that there is no guarantee whatever afforded for the order and prosperity of a State by one form of government as distinguished from another. A republic is considered by a certain class of political theorists to be most in harmony with the aspirations and well-being of a free and enlightened nation, although evidences innumerable are to be met with in the present and in the past that no system is more liable to abuse by unscrupulous politicians for mischievous personal or party ends. On the other hand, cases may readily be imagined in which a wise and benevolent despotism would best conduce to a fair distribution of happiness among the citizens. We are consequently driven to the conclusion that, so far from any

known form of government being exceptionally fitted to secure a continuance of just and beneficent administration under all conditions, only that form which is found most suited to the actual wants and traditions of the State, and which is "best administered, is best."

The object of the remarks which follow is to show that, alike under republics and monarchies, even the most liberal Parliamentary franchise is incompatible with democracy—at least, as democracy was understood and practised by the Greeks with whom the system properly so-called originated. Modern democracy—as the phrase goes—associated though it be with the freest forms of Parliamentary government, is a misnomer. Among the Greeks democracy meant what alone it could mean according to the usage of Athens which so long flourished under it, "government of the people by the people for the people." The *demos* itself, not its representatives, undertook the function of sole lawmaker for the State. But in populous modern nations, whether governed by a republic or by a limited monarchy, if they are served by elected legislatures, the form of government is nothing more than a kind of aristocracy or oligarchy erroneously called by another name.¹ Democracy, in the Athenian sense, is impossible under the institution of Parliamentary representation. This will at once be apparent if the methods of Greek democracy be compared with those pursued by countries in our own day which cling to the name after the reality has departed. It is surprising to find so well informed a writer as the late Dr. C. H. Pearson (who himself for many years was a paid member of a small Australian Representative Assembly in Australia), holding to the illusion in his recent volume,² that there still exist, somewhere, States in which power is vested in the people in a strictly democratic sense, notwithstanding that any shadow of power which nationalities retain under a representative system ends with their election of Parliamentary representatives. His words are: "What democracy seems really to mean is the vesting of power in the people in such a way that their changes of purpose may have instantaneous effect given to them." Yet it is just in giving instantaneous effect to popular changes of purpose that even the least restricted system of modern Parliamentary representation—notably in the United States—utterly fails.

With much more precision are the characteristics of democracy specified by Herodotus:³ (1) Equality of legal rights; (2) The appointment of magistrates by lot; (3) The accountability of all magistrates and officers; and (4) The reference of all public matters to the decision of the community at large. Substantially the same

¹ In a remarkable anonymous book published in Berlin last year, bearing the title of *Volkssdienst* (People's Service), by a "Social Aristocrat," the author, so far from attempting to dispute this fact, openly contends with Haeckel that Darwinism as applied to the Social Democratic movement does not lead to Socialism, but to a "social aristocracy," as alone compatible with the people's service.

² *National Life and Character*, p. 109.

³ *iii.* 80.

view is taken by Aristotle, who, in describing the main features of democracy, says: "That all magistrates should be chosen out of the whole body of the citizens . . . that there should be no property qualification, or but a very small one, for filling any magistracy; that all, or as many as possible, of the magistracies should be of brief duration; that all citizens should be qualified to serve as *dicasts* (judges); that the supreme power in everything should reside in the public assembly, and that no magistrate should be entrusted with irresponsible power except in very small matters." From these definitions of democracy, as understood by the Greeks, it will be seen that they did not consider the representative system as compatible with it, or they would not have directly invested the collective body of free citizens with legislative and treaty-making functions.

Every free-born Athenian male on reaching the age of twenty, and on taking a solemn oath of obedience to the laws and of self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of his country, was enrolled a member of the State and eligible to speak and vote in the popular assembly, which enacted laws, negotiated international treaties, declared war, concluded peace, and transacted many other kinds of public business. For the ordinary official meetings of the people, which were held for these objects about once a month, no summons was deemed necessary, but extraordinary meetings were convened by special proclamation. Nor was there any fixed place of assembly. Sometimes it was the public market-place, sometimes it was an open space near the citadel, and sometimes it was the theatre of Bacchus. Those who wished to take part in a debate in the popular assembly were invited to ascend the rostrum in turns, that they might be heard by the people. The oldest general spoke first, succeeding speakers following in the order of seniority, quite irrespective of their social position. All the citizens, rich and poor, had the right of voting, approval of the measures proposed being signified by holding up the hand. The political influence of a man in the State depended alone on the force of his arguments. When his speeches failed to convince, his power for the time being was at an end. When the debate on a topic was closed the assembly proceeded to vote in the manner described, unless the meeting happened to be adjourned to another day owing to the approach of dusk preventing the number of those who held up their hands from being clearly distinguished. The oratory of vulgar demagogues at the periodical meetings in some instances—and not without cause—evoked the ridicule of Aristophanes.¹ But the skill with which the business of the assembly was ultimately arranged led to the strict regulation of

¹ The degeneracy, for a time, of Athenian democracy into ochlocracy (the dominion of the mob) was largely due to the practice of paying the poorer citizens for attendance in the public assembly.

speakers prone to abuse their privileges and tax unduly the patience of the assembly by rude irrelevancies.

Unlike the Assembly of Sparta, that of Athens had the right of adopting, rejecting, modifying, or amending the measures introduced by the Senate, without returning these in their altered form for the assent of that body. By the Athenian Senate is not to be understood, however, any "upper house" corresponding to the House of Lords or the Senate of the United States—any revising body which might mar or reject "bills" sent up to it from the popular assembly. Those elected to the Senate at Athens were chosen by lot, and none could be admitted to it under the age of thirty, a property qualification for candidates being enforced. The "Five Hundred"—as the Senate was also called—held office for one year, and were expected to render a general account of their proceedings, and to meet any charges of error or neglect incurred by any of their number during their term of office. The object of Solon in establishing a Senate of a somewhat aristocratic temper, doubtless, was to counterbalance the more impulsive character of the popular assembly, although the power of the Senate was almost nominal compared with that of the Assembly. The chief business of the Senate was to prepare the measures to be submitted to the votes of the people, and to preside over their deliberations, but without assuming the power of revising or altering the laws passed by the official gathering of citizens. The Senate also exercised jurisdiction, to some extent, over the public finances and morals, at the same time having the right to issue edicts, which continued in force during their year of office.

No specific number of voters appears to have been necessary in the popular Assembly, except in a few cases which required the simultaneous attendance of a fixed number of citizens. In order to impress the people with the duty of attending the Assembly, it was thought desirable to punish those who absented themselves through wilful neglect.

Judicial power was exercised by a body of 6000 citizens, chosen annually by lot, to form a supreme court. Athens knew nothing of such innovations as complicated and often incomprehensible statutes, modern judges, barristers, or juries. The quick-witted and practical Greeks went on the assumption that it was possible for an assembly of ordinary citizens, who knew exactly what they wanted, to make laws which should be "understood of the people." Every citizen who had a right to take part in the proceedings of the popular Assembly, and had reached the age of thirty, was eligible to become a member of this elective judicial gathering. Its peculiar province lay in the trial of the authors of unjust or impracticable measures. Any member of the popular assembly who had caused a decree to be passed which was afterwards found to clash with exist-

ing laws, or with the public interest, was held responsible for his action to this tribunal of citizen-judges. If convicted within a year after obtaining the assent of the people's assembly to his Bill, the delinquent was liable to punishment, and the congregation of judges had power to cancel the objectionable Act. Under our more lenient *régime*, party politicians who are responsible for evil or absurd legislation in either branch of Parliament are in the happier position of not only being secure from the risk of criminal prosecution, but of having a chance of their memories being perpetuated in enduring brass or marble.

The administration of government in the different departments of State was committed for short periods by the popular assembly to boards of trustworthy citizens elected and paid for the purpose.

The Greeks at the period immediately under notice had special opportunities for political training, supplied by urgent public events. They had also ample leisure to take advantage of these opportunities. In foreign affairs they were seriously occupied with the troublesome question of the Persian advance, their unpleasant relations with nominal allies, and exceptional difficulties surrounding their performance of international duties. In the home department, as we should call it, the incidence of taxation, the balancing of public revenue and expenditure, the construction of Government works, the development of Government mines, the allotment of public lands, making provision for the unemployed, the destitute, and the homeless, and kindred questions, absorbed a large share of the attention of the elected boards of administration and the popular Assembly. Not only was the political education of the *demos* far above the average to be met with in any age or country, but the ambition to build up colossal fortunes—which is one of the chief features noticeable in great and free communities in our day—rarely, if ever, took possession of the citizens of Athens. They left the drudgery of mere money-making to slaves and foreigners, that they might feel untrammelled for intellectual expansion and patriotic service.

When it is considered that the number of slaves in Athens was rather more than double the number of free citizens, a democracy which refused the right of citizenship to these menials might by some critics be passed over as unworthy the notice of modern free States. But it should not be forgotten that slavery was an institution looked upon as being as natural and proper in Greece and other ancient civilised countries as it was in the United States before 1865, and as free labour is to-day in England. Besides, the Athenian slaves, as a rule, were treated with greater humanity than the same order was then treated anywhere else in Europe or the East. The Greek custom of enslaving captives taken in war was a marked advance on the inhuman custom which was so common among contemporary peoples, of putting them to death. In this matter the

Athenians could no more be expected than the inhabitants of any other country, at any given period of its history, to rise very far above the level of the age and generation in which they lived. The third section of Athenian population comprised "strangers," a few of whom now and then became naturalised. The strangers were estimated at half the number of the citizens, the latter alone having the right to take part in the proceedings of the assembly. Natives of foreign States resided in Athens in most instances for the purpose of trading with the countries to which they respectively belonged.

The point to be kept chiefly in view, however, is that to an Athenian in the time of Pericles a democracy did not mean a State in which the supreme responsibility of law-making and administrative rule was vested in an elective and a representative Assembly. It meant a State in which ordinary free male citizens, not disqualified by nonage or crime, had a legal right to express their opinions, and to vote on every "Bill," as we should say, brought before the people's Assembly.¹ To the latter gathering, *representativism* in enacting laws and in exercising administrative control was entirely unknown. Besides, all enrolled members of the State in transacting the legislative and governing business of the popular Assembly wielded a direct and continuous influence on the public administration, not as members of cabinets, caucuses, or parties—for of these latter-day inventions they knew nothing—but simply in their individual capacity as citizens. Neither wealth, nor culture, nor pedigree, nor eloquence, nor political skill gave any Athenian a claim to priority in speaking or voting.² Indeed, when the personality of a man of transcendent gifts was suspected of unduly influencing the judgment of the Assembly, he was "ostracised" or sent into involuntary exile for a period sufficiently long to admit of the capricious enthusiasm of the multitude towards him cooling down. Party "whips," the choice of a committee of the Assembly called "the government," armed with power to initiate measures, and dictate the course of legislation, and chosen from a party majority

¹ We search the civilised world in vain for so perfect a form of democracy. The nearest approach to it in Roman history took place when the *Comitia Centuriata* were blended with the *Comitia Tributa*. But even in their most democratic days the Romans permitted the wealthy classes to have the lion's share of power, and required a property qualification in every citizen who took part in the business of the *Comitia*. Latterly, under the Empire, the proceedings of these national assemblies became a mere farce; legislation being entirely taken from them and transferred to the Senate and the Emperor.

² Every Saxon freeman in England, before the Conquest, was a legislator and had the right to vote "yea" or "nay" in the *Communia Concilia* of his nation, like the Romans in their *Comitia*. In the reign of the Conqueror (1086), and in that of Henry I. (1116) also, 60,000 tenants of the Crown (*in capite*), with sub-tenants, assembled on Salisbury Plain to exercise their right to give or withhold consent to proposed enactments. But the mass of those who had this right were usually unable to attend these legislative assemblies; and without any formal surrender of their right were compelled by the exigencies of earning a living to gradually cease from attending. "By this process," says the late Professor Freeman, "an originally democratic assembly, without any formal exclusion of any class of its members, gradually shrunk up into an aristocratic assembly."

returned to the Assembly by a certain proportion of the citizens for the express purpose of legislating on strict party lines; the organisation by a minority in the Assembly of opposition and obstruction to the decisions of the majority, in order that leaders of the minority party might capture office and its emoluments;—all such self-seeking, spiteful, and corrupt combinations and intrigues, rife in the boasted politics of modern democracy, were undreamt of by the genuine democracy of Attica.

If the ambassador of a foreign State should come to Athens to negotiate a treaty, or if instructions were asked for in reference to the army by a commander-in-chief or by an admiral of the fleet, these distinguished officials had no departments for foreign, or for army, or for naval affairs to apply to. They were obliged to submit their plans to and take their instructions directly from the popular Assembly.

The whole tendency of what is now ostentatiously called democracy is to substitute, under representative systems, aristocracies of choice—the selection of what is supposed to be best in political ability and character (but which is often no more than a flippant fluency in debate) for aristocracies of birth and wealth. The mass of the people in free countries now vainly flatter themselves, that because their vote for one or two parliamentary candidates, perhaps, forms a trifling factor in determining the result of an electoral fight, they can bring potent democratic force to bear on public affairs. I express no opinion as to whether ancient or modern democracy is the purer and higher form of government. I well know that it is impossible to adapt the Attic system to the legislature of a great modern empire or a federal republic. But if we except Switzerland, the legislature of which is amenable to public opinion on special occasions by the *referendum*,¹ there is no existing State in which the electors have any appreciable control over the official doings of their legislative representatives. If the latter should choose to defy their

¹ A striking instance of the Swiss *referendum* took place on the 20th August, 1893, involving a question of liberty of conscience affecting 9000 Jewish inhabitants. The anti-Semites, glad of any pretext for making the Hebrew race feel uncomfortable in Switzerland, got up an agitation (against an opposing majority of votes in the Federal Council) to abolish the Jewish mode of slaughtering animals for domestic food. The application of the *referendum* showed that of a total of 600,000 on the voting registers of the cantons, only 300,000 took part in the ballot. A majority of 70,000 votes decided, contrary to an immense preponderance of scientific opinion throughout the world, as well as contrary to the Federal Council of Switzerland itself, that "no man shall kill a rabbit or a hen, a sheep or a calf, unless the animal be first stunned!" A leading Swiss journal, commenting on the subject, says: "Half the nation displayed no interest in the most important question of liberty of conscience." No proof could be more convincing that, unless a nation receives a thorough political training, as the mass of free Athenian adults did, the most consistent type of democracy in modern times may be made instrumental in fanning the flame of religious persecution. In a remarkable article, too, from the pen of Mr. Frederick Wicks, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* a few months ago, it was shown by elaborate statistics that but a considerable number of the Trade Unionist parliamentary voters in the United Kingdom abstain through indifference from recording their votes at parliamentary elections. The effective cure for this neglect would seem to be political education tempered by the penal compulsion of voters.

constituencies during the whole term of a Parliament, they could do so without the smallest risk of their seats being forfeited until a new election takes place.

Let us see how far democracy in the Republic of the United States admits the voice of the people in its halls of legislation. The Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment grants the electoral suffrage to all native and foreign-born citizens over twenty-one years of age, "without regard to race, colour, or previous condition of servitude," and foreign adults have only to wait five years from the date of their settlement in the country before they are entitled to suffrage rights. This seems at first sight a liberal arrangement. But closer examination reveals the fact that only 12,000,000 of men, less or more, or one-fifth of the whole population, have the power to elect members to Congress. The question as to whether the Senate and the House of Representatives shall contain a majority of Republicans or of Democrats, and whether the President and his Government shall be of one party or of the other, is decided by the majority of that section of suffrage-holders who actually exercise their voting rights, probably numbering altogether considerably less than 6,000,000, or less than one-tenth of the whole population of the Republic. So far from this hybrid species of democracy being "government of the people by the people for the people," as a well-informed writer remarks, "it is simply government by a majority of ballots for the party possessing at any given period a majority of ballots." But when we consider the conspicuous part played by the caucus system in the States, and the manner in which votes are openly bought by rival parties in their struggle to obtain a majority, a marked shrinkage appears in the proportion of the people who take an honest and intelligent part in a Congressional or Presidential Election, or in the Election of Delegates to the body authorised to choose a President, compared with the estimate we might have originally formed of that proportion. Not only is a form of government which makes an ill-gotten majority supreme in every department of federal administration, and which is applied to party and personal objects, not democratic; it is not even truly representative. It is the most hopelessly venal of all oligarchical tyrannies. At the same time, the working classes, as such, are rendered utterly powerless to secure direct representation in Congress owing to the omnipotent power of bribery on the part of protected manufacturers to secure the election of their nominees.

For thirty years, under the name of democracy, the government in the United States has been government of the people by hiring politicians for hiring politicians and their employers.¹ These politicians have been retained by rich manufacturerers who have amassed wealth under protective tariffs, at a needless and oppressive

¹ This is clearly shown in an article which appeared in this REVIEW last year.

cost to the community, in order to spread among the working classes and consumers generally, faith in the illusions of the iniquitous fiscal system which is the source of their gain. By the gold of mill and foundry owning capitalists, political wire-pullers are supported both in and out of Congress. The States have been at the mercy of a combination of employers, misguided workmen, mercenary politicians, and denizens of the slums, with the result that the masses have been over-taxed to enrich the few, that foreign trade has been crippled, and that the purchasing power of the dollar has been greatly reduced. But even should Congress, by some exceptional *coup*, unanimously agree in condemning any policy to which the Executive is committed, both branches of the Legislature are alike helpless to overthrow the President or his Cabinet during their four years' tenure of office. This was distinctly shown in the persistent and successful efforts of the immediate successor of President Lincoln to thwart the policy of Congress. Yet class rule and one man tyranny, so undisguised, have been misnamed democracy, only that it might be made more palatable to the mass of deluded wage-earners who are compelled to bear its yoke.

If, as we have seen, democracy is incompatible with representative institutions under a Republic, it is hardly to be supposed that it could co-exist with monarchy in any form, although the fountain of public justice is believed to be purer and personal liberty better safeguarded under a limited monarchy in England than under a republic in the United States. A glance at the machinery of government in the United Kingdom is sufficient to convince the most sceptical that, despite the vaunted growth of democracy in this country, our representative system fails to make the popular will effective in law-making or in public administration. "For my part," says a competent writer, "I see no means of reconciling representative institutions with popular government, unless on the supposition that the constituents exercised uninterrupted control over their representatives at all times and under all circumstances."¹ I fear that the condition of reconciliation thus proposed is very far indeed from being realised. But whatever form of government might result from such a condition in full operation, it would not be a democracy, but simply an aristocracy of choice. Moreover, the drift of English and Colonial political thought, under the influence of trades' unions, the doctrines of State socialism and justifiable radical hostility to a house of hereditary landlords and hereditary law-makers, is evidently towards the gradual elimination of royalty itself—also hereditary—from the Constitution. If that be so, it may be safely predicted that the aristocracy of choice, so universally confounded with democracy, will, in the natural course of events as

¹ *Representative Government in England*, pp.183-4. Kegan Paul.

revealed in history, develop sooner or later in the direction of oligarchy and autocracy.

The English political system, as it stands, cannot be called "government of the people by the people for the people" in any truly democratic sense. Certainly, by the Reform Bills of '32, '67, and '84, the extension of the franchise has placed within the reach of all classes of the male population, capable of taking an intelligent interest in politics, the right of voting for one or more Parliamentary candidates. But the candidates, as a rule, belong to a different class from the vast majority of those for whose suffrages they canvass. For that reason they can only represent the political views and wants of their constituencies for the most part very inadequately. The voter has simply "Hobson's choice." He must often be content with a representative whose opinions are but the dimmest possible reflection of his own, or go unrepresented altogether. In this way a vast mass of political sentiment in the country—and probably political sentiment which is deemed most vital by the great majority of voters—has scarcely more than a dozen representatives in Parliament.¹

The Septennial Act is another serious hindrance to sustained agreement between British constituencies and their representatives, and is fatal to all real democratic movement. Parliaments are sometimes short-lived; but many run the full term allowed by law. The Parliament whose Tory majority placed Lord Salisbury in power lasted almost to the seven years' limit. During so long an interval between election and dissolution it is impossible for the bulk of representatives to remain in close and constant touch with the constituencies, and there are always some members of the Lower House, within that period, and even within a much shorter one, who consciously fall out of sympathy to some extent with those who elected them. It is rare that members are so ethically sensitive as to resign voluntarily when they cease to be in political accord with the electorate; and their constituents, if they would, are powerless—in the absence of dissolution by a Government which has spent its majority—to turn them out promptly while the Septennial Act remains in force.

There are candidates to whom a seat in Parliament is only valued as a means of obstructing popular reforms, and such men do not scruple to accept election under false colours, making lavish promises on the hustings which they never had any real intention to keep after entering the House of Commons.

This sham representative system is the natural outcome of a departure from the custom of sending to the early Parliaments *delegates* from the boroughs and shires represented. For many

¹ Hare's system of "Proportional Representation" would have gone a good way towards counteracting this defect, but the present generation of politicians scarcely bestows the least attention on the question.

years these Parliaments were elected annually, and one indispensable qualification for election then was that the delegates should reside within the limits of the constituencies which elected them; another being that they should belong to the class by a majority of whom they were chosen. It was usual, at the time referred to, to speak of members of Parliament as "delegates" and "attorneys," *but never as representatives*.¹ They were simply regarded as the agents of their constituents, in the sense in which attorneys were the agents of clients whose cases they conducted in the law courts. For a long time the conditions of local residence among the electors and of delegation were rigorously upheld with the happiest results. In the reign of Henry VIII., however, the law began to be relaxed, and the number of members non-resident within the bounds of their constituencies rapidly increased, although the law on the subject was not actually changed till the statute of George III., c. 58, formally repealed the Act enforcing local residence both as regards voters and members. Ill-defined representation then took the place of delegation, and so cavalierly did Parliament come at length to treat the opinions of the constituencies after this change took place, that members, individually and collectively, claimed complete immunity from outside criticism. On one occasion they expelled and imprisoned one of their own number for printing his speeches in a collected form without their permission. On another occasion a respectable bookseller was imprisoned for having furnished a friend with notes of the proceedings of the House of Commons. During a debate as lately as the year 1738, on the question of reporting the business of Parliament, a member said: "If we don't put a speedy stop to this practice [of reporting], you will have the speeches of this House every day printed, even during your session, and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth." Walpole expressed his unqualified disapproval of the practice here condemned, and the House unanimously resolved that the reporting of the proceedings of Parliament "is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of, the privileges of this House," and "that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against all offenders."² Even the publication of the division lists was prohibited. Secrecy of debate was openly advocated as a device for protecting representatives from the unfavourable comments of their constituents. Members are now obliged to tolerate free journalistic criticisms on their public utterances and conduct; but, for the reasons stated above, those whom they undertake to represent when they are elected find it as difficult as ever to dismiss them during the life of a Parliament, after the representatives and the represented have admittedly parted company in their political views.

¹ Stubbs' *Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 485.

² *Parliamentary History*, pp. 800-811.

Constituencies in the United Kingdom are placed at another remove still from their members by *the exigencies of party government*, to which, it is to be feared, national claims are too often sacrificed. Mr. Disraeli in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*¹ says: "The first duty of an English Minister is loyalty to his party." On the other hand there is a very distinct understanding that the first duty of the rank and file of members is loyalty to their party-leaders. Eventually the "free lance," or "independent" member subsides into a cypher in Parliament, no matter how great may be his debating power. His vote cannot be counted upon as having a fixed and certain party value. His independence is usually punished with isolation from both the great parties in the House; and his constituents, finding that he commands no influence with the party towards which their sympathies for the most part gravitate, take the earliest available opportunity to dispense with his services, without ever appraising at its true value his conscientiousness and courage in preferring principle to party. It is of the nature of party to render the old English institution of Parliamentary delegation impossible. Now, members are forced to surrender, without reserve, their political consciences to their party. If that party has a decisive majority in the House, all members who have declared their allegiance to it are expected to submit unconditionally to the dictation of the Cabinet. Supporters of the Government are rarely, if ever, consulted beforehand on the details of measures brought forward by it. It is an essential of approved party discipline for members on the Government side to accept without question what is provided for them by the Cabinet, and vote as they are told by the whips. The Government of the day has gradually absorbed nearly the whole initiative of Bills which it is sure of being able to pass with the aid of its "mechanical majority." A "private members' night" has now become so "flat, stale, and unprofitable" that it is found difficult to keep a House on the occasion. Accordingly, Bills introduced by private members run an increasing risk of not passing.

Thus party subordinates Parliament to the foibles and shortcomings of Ministers, who constitute themselves a corporate and responsible unity before their followers and the country. They combine to stand or fall together. If an important measure introduced by a Minister with the concurrence of his colleagues is rejected by a majority of the House, the Government tenders its resignation. Instead of Parliament being treated as a representative body having control over the Executive, it is entirely subject to the Executive so long as the latter is backed by at least a moderate working majority. The sole alternative in the power of the House when the policy of the Government proves distasteful to a majority of members is the right to move a vote of want of confidence. It is clear that so servile

¹ P. 390.

a submission of Parliament to the Cabinet does not admit of fair play being given to the representative principle. Whether the barriers raised by the practice of party Government to the normal operation of the representative system would become less formidable if all the members of the Cabinet, and all heads of departments not in the Cabinet, were chosen directly by the vote of the House, instead of, as at present, by a Prime Minister appointed by the Sovereign, and if the political head of each department were removable by Parliament during his term of office, remains to be seen. But to call a Parliamentary system, controlled by party, representative, and to call a representative system, under the most favourable circumstances, a democracy, can hardly be a correct use of language.

The British institution, however, which completes the extinction of popular Parliamentary representation, and which forms the absolute negation of democracy in the United Kingdom, is the House of Lords. The peers only represent themselves and their families. No one believes them, man for man, to be superior in talent, political skill, culture, or character, to members of the people's chamber. Yet they assume a right, which would not be tolerated in the Sovereign, to unceremoniously mutilate and throw out measures framed by the House of Commons for the good of the community at large. As hereditary landlords and hereditary legislators they find a sharper antagonism growing up every year between their vested interests and the claims of overworked and overtaxed toilers. The result is that their resistance of legislation passed in the Lower House for the benefit of small traders and the working classes is daily becoming more desperate and reckless. That a body with the accident of a seat in the hereditary chamber as their sole title to destroy or reject useful measures passed by the representative House, and with irrepressible class antipathies towards the multitude who live by labour, should have the power of vetoing Bills sent up to them from the direct representatives of the people, is a preposterous anachronism. The spectacle of the Lords making it their chief aim to obstruct legislation designed to promote the political and social improvement of the population is rendered still more absurd by the fact that the Upper House had no duly recognised existence as a separate branch of the British Legislature until three hundred years had elapsed after the first Parliament of English representatives assembled in 1265. In that Parliament, and for generations subsequently, there was but one chamber. If peers and knights occasionally transacted business separate from members belonging to a class socially below them, they nevertheless were elected as Parliamentary representatives of the classes to which they respectively belonged, and shared, by speech and by vote, with the representatives of other classes the business of a single chamber. The history of Parliamentary development plainly shows the House of Lords to have crept, unconstitu-

tionally, into the position it usurped a few hundred years ago. The status of the peers at Court on the one hand, and the ignorance, degradation, and political helplessness in which the masses were suffered to remain for centuries on the other, combined to afford these territorial magnates the fullest opportunity for creating, almost unchallenged, an upper chamber which should practically assert for itself Parliamentary supremacy. It cannot be denied that there have been times in which the Lords proved themselves to be benefactors to the whole nation by safeguarding the natural rights of the subject when these were trampled upon by arbitrary kings. But for centuries before the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832 the Lords controlled the Commons as well as the Upper House by their nominees, who constituted a standing majority in the former ; and up to the present they let slip no occasion on which they can display their ill-disguised jealousy and contempt towards Parliamentary representation and defeat its working. With the bulk of British Radicals democracy and representation are synonymous. But if the irresponsible Lords are thus allowed to thwart the action of the people's representatives, what becomes of modern democracy ? My contention is that the more perfect we can make the operation of the representative principle, now largely neutralised by the Lords, the more completely we exclude pure democracy.

The moral of the whole argument is that it is wisest to call things by their right names. If the surroundings of great modern empires and republics, under a representative system, are unsuited to democracy, let us not deceive ourselves by using a word which cannot be correctly applied to the institutions of our times. We are really governed by a shadowy kind of *representativism* which is well known to reflect very imperfectly the views and wishes of the constituencies as compared with the old principle of *delegation*. As democracy now seems impossible in great and populous countries, our only hope of turning the parliamentary machine, under representation, to the best account is to clear away all hindrances to the free play of the representative principle. Members of the lower House should be delegates residing in their constituencies and possessing an intimate knowledge of their political opinions and wants. By the *referendum*¹ any constituency

¹ In *The Rise of the Swiss Republic*, by Mr. W. D. McCracken, a chapter is devoted to the *Referendum* and the *Initiative*. Except Fribourg, every Swiss canton has either the compulsory or optional Referendum in its local constitution. At the same time, Article 89 of the Federal Constitution provides that federal acts and resolutions "shall be laid before the people for acceptance or rejection when this is demanded by 80,000 Swiss citizens or by eight cantons." But still greater power is directly wielded by the people under Article 121 of the Federal Constitution, which was amended on July 7, 1891, and now authorises the right of Initiative by the electorates, "when 50,000 voters demand the enactment, abolition, or alteration of special articles of the Federal Constitution." And yet, as it proves at present difficult in practice to induce more than 50 per cent. of voters in a small State like Switzerland to exercise voluntarily the right of Referendum, when called upon to do so, the task must be much harder to bring the Referendum into full operation in any leading European or American country. At one time, members of the *demoi* in Athens were subject to a penalty if they wilfully neglected to use their political right of voting.

should always be at liberty to displace a Parliamentary delegate who ceases to represent a majority in it. At the same time, to make the *referendum* effective, the political education of the people should be systematically aided. Every member of the Government should be chosen by Parliament on his merits, and be directly responsible to the House as individual delegates should be to their constituencies. Instead of there being a Cabinet which stands or falls as a corporate unity when one of its members is defeated in a division on a question of Cabinet policy, the political heads of departments should confine themselves to administrative duties, and a Prime Minister would then be unnecessary. A committee might be appointed by the House periodically to arrange the order of daily business. As for the hereditary branch, it might be superseded by a body *elected* on the basis of a property qualification for members and a property franchise for electors, if it should be deemed expedient to have a second chamber at all.

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when summoned for the purpose ; so it is not improbable that a similar method of securing an adequate record of the people's will may be adopted should the Referendum and the Initiative become part of the Constitution of England and other populous self-governing States. Mr. McCracken is doubtless correct in his forecast, that modern democracy, so called, will ultimately substitute the Swiss methods in a modified form for exclusive Parliamentary *representativism* as now recognised. With the improved political education and voting ascendency of the labour class, and the concurrent declining influence of the middle class in politics, there will be a corresponding decline of parliamentary authority.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THE *Theory of Inference*,¹ by the Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A., is evidently an attempt to show that religion should be accepted without logical proof on the ground that, with respect to matters of faith, illation is the only satisfactory mode of reasoning. The author starts with the notion that there are certain immediate inferences which are not "made according to the rules of logic." Now this is a transparent fallacy, and it runs through the entire book. The Rev. Mr. Hughes endeavours to confute John Stuart Mill on the question as to the validity of belief in conclusions incapable of being established by the methods of logic; but we venture to submit that the author entirely fails to shake Mill's position. We cannot assent to the explanation given in this work as to the uniformity of Nature. If the law of uniform causation is not an inference from uniform experience, how can we say that this law is true?

Nothing is easier to an illogical mind than to throw logic overboard, and then to say that certain matters supposed to be necessary for salvation should be believed on evidence which has no logical foundation; and this is exactly the course adopted by the author of this work. The entire volume may be described as an elaborate *petitio principii*. The chapter on Induction shows that the author is conscious of the weakness of his own method of argument. "Induction can, in general," he says, "do no more than show us a small number of circumstances among which presumably the cause or effect must lie." But complete logical induction must do more than this. The author confuses imperfect induction with the species of induction which Mill regards as experimental proof. By dragging in Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, he does not strengthen his own position, for Newman's argument appeals only with effect to persons who already believe, irrespective of logical demonstration. Of course, a person may believe anything: the question is, What are the grounds of his belief. Mill held that any proposition incapable of logical proof should not be believed. It is possible that herein Mill was wrong; but if religious beliefs are to be tested by reason, he

¹ *The Theory of Inference*. By the Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trubner & Co.

certainly was right. The only course open to champions of orthodoxy like the Rev. Mr. Hughes is to maintain that logic is out of the question, and that it is all a matter of faith. But unfortunately he is not satisfied with this; he needs must write a quasi-logical treatise which fails to convince any doubting mind, and is, therefore, save as an exercise in imperfect ratiocination, utterly useless.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WE must confess to considerable feelings of disappointment upon opening the two bulky volumes entitled *History of Cabinets*,¹ by the late Mr. W. M. Torrens. To call the work a *History of Cabinets* is itself a misnomer, unless Mr. Torrens contemplated bringing it down to comparatively modern times, since the story ends with the succession of George III. to the throne. Moreover, Mr. Torrens's reputation as a politician led us to expect a more concentrated account of the constitutional growth of the Cabinet, instead of which we are presented with an extremely detailed general history of the period. Perhaps this could hardly have been avoided, but it renders it somewhat difficult for the reader to trace the purely constitutional growth of the Cabinet of which one almost loses sight amidst the mass of minute personal incident. The work is undoubtedly a monument of industry, for we are informed by Mr. H. B. St. John in the preface that "while the book was written mainly from original MSS., no authority bearing on the period has been neglected." This has resulted, as will be seen by those who have the courage to tackle this work, in throwing much fresh light on the actions and motives of the principal actors of this corrupt period, and doubtless many are to be found who take a pleasure in perusing a detailed history of the acts and words of the early Hanoverian statesmen, and to such this work will be a mine of information. Mr. Torrens would seem to have anticipated some such criticism, for he opens his work with these words: "If the story of administrative rule as it has come to be recognised amongst us, is to be faithfully told, it must be written from the inside." We do not presume to demur to this view, but to devote some 1100 pages to a period of only sixty years seems to us to overload the subject unnecessarily.

In the Introduction, which covers the period 1688-1714, Mr. Torrens clearly shows that though the word "cabinet" was in popular use, it did not carry in any sense its modern signification. The House of Commons had made it plain that if William wore the

¹ *History of Cabinets.* From the Union with Scotland to the Acquisition of Canada and Bengal. Two volumes. By W. McCullagh Torrens. London: Allen & Co.

crown, the House would hold the sceptre, and William was equally determined to have ministers to do his bidding, and not a ministry to form a government. Each minister was fighting for his own hand. Mary, writing to the King just after the victory of the Boyne, declared: "I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but now I see they answer your expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body." If they had any unity of design at all, it was only exhibited by a spirit of resistance to William's attempt to personally interfere in the administrative departments. It was not for this they had risked their necks and imperilled their estates.

As long as Anne was treated with the deference and respect due to her position she was wise enough, if not content, to hold the semblance of power. For the greater part of her reign the Marlborough faction was supreme, and Godolphin considered that the restrictions imposed by the Act of Succession might, with a Queen like Anne, be abolished, and, accordingly, any executive measure had only to be indorsed by five Privy Councillors. For this purpose Councillors met, undefined in number and undesignated by law, and upon this body Hallam bestowed the epithet of *Cabinet*. "But," says Mr. Torrens, "the negative evidence is conclusive that the institution was unknown of a distinct and combined administrative body consulting in confidence apart, and advising as one, and whose responsibility for the acts of Government was to be mutually owned, and publicly recognised as collective, and not merely individual."

The first Cabinet which can lay any claim to the name was that which welcomed George I. to England on his succession, and yet, from this corrupt and oligarchic coalition has sprung responsible government. Of this Cabinet Mr. Torrens writes: "For the first time the business of the Government has been undertaken by the promoters of a syndicate, who named themselves directors, with the power of filling vacancies by co-optation; and the contributive share of Parliamentary support which each could bring or guarantee became a matter of paramount importance to all other members of the company." In fact, Parliament was in the hands of the Cabinet, which represented and was to represent, almost to our own day, one class only in the nation. From this point to the end the story of oligarchic corruption is sorry reading, and is only lightened by the knowledge that the people were gradually, if silently, preparing for the struggle for popular representation, the end of which is even not yet. For ourselves, we are bound to admit that we close these volumes with a sense of relief, admirably as the work is done from the author's point of view.

*The Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America*¹ is the title given to a series of lectures delivered before the students of

¹ *The Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America*. By John Dillon, LL.D., Storrs Professor, Yale University, 1891-1892. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Yale University by the learned author as Storrs Professor of that University during the year 1891-92. The object of the lecturer was not to impart instruction upon some one single branch of the law, but to "inspire a gratitude and just regard for the laws and institutions of his country, to incite enthusiasm in the study of the law, . . . and to awaken inquiry . . . upon subjects of vital moment to the profession lying somewhat outside of the ordinary legal curriculum." And since, with the exception of two States, American law is English law under a new name, it is peculiarly fitting and, indeed, imperative that the American law student should have some acquaintance with the origin and development of English law, a system, as the learned author declares, even greater than that of Rome itself. Accordingly, the first part of the book is devoted to a consideration of the law in its old home, and the other to that of the law in its new home.

The chapter which deals with the definition of the terms "law" and "jurisprudence" will only be of interest to the jurist. Without pretending to settle this vexed question, Mr. Dillon is content to recognise as law proper only such rules of civil conduct as are enforced or enforceable by the State. He is careful to emphasize the true relations of law and morality. The English school endeavours to keep those apart, whereas the German merges the scientific treatment of law in the larger sphere of ethical inquiry. But although such a separation is essential to the advancement of law as a science, nevertheless, since laws are based, or are supposed to be based, upon ethics, they are something more than mere *commands* in the legal sense of the word.

In the description of the education, discipline, and traditions of the English bar, in the history of the Inns of Court and of Westminster Hall, and of the characteristic qualities of the English system of law which is indissolubly associated with those illustrious buildings, not only American law students, but English men of letters, and even members of the English bar, will find much of intensely interesting matter. No one can gaze upon these venerable piles without recalling memories of Beaumont and Fielding, Bacon and Selden, Cowper and Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, Lamb and Macaulay, Thackeray and Charles Dickens, to say nothing of the long line of eminent lawyers. They are connected, too, with some of the greatest events in English history. They carry us back to the depths of the Middle Ages. "They antedate," says Mr. Dillon, "the discovery and settlement of America. They existed long before Columbus lifted the veil from the New World. They touch upon the borders of Magna Charta and the Crusades. King John lodged at the new Temple previously to signing Magna Charta and pending negotiations with his barons, which, in 1215, had their glorious issue at Runnymede." It was in Lincoln's Inn Fields that

Lord William Russell perished, a martyr to liberty, and it was in Westminster Hall that Warren Hastings was almost convinced of his own guilt by the wonderful eloquence of Burke. The last chapter should prove of special interest to politicians. Mr. Dillon passes in review the specific changes brought about in American law. "We have effected," he says, "a complete and effective separation of Church and State. We have established the security of titles to lands by a public registry system, which in effect controls every instrument which concerns real property. We have in every State of the Union adopted the principle of the equal inheritance by all children, male and female alike." In all but eight States, distress for rent is abolished, subject to certain qualifications, and, as Mr. Dillon points out, America led the way in securing to married women those just rights of property which have only recently been granted in this country. We recommend this highly interesting work with the utmost confidence.

The want of a reliable text-book on the *Foreign Jurisdiction of the British Crown*¹ has long been felt. This want has now been removed by the appearance of a book with the above title by Mr. Hall, whose name alone is a sufficient guarantee of its worth. Hitherto the law on this subject was only to be found in fragments scattered throughout the various text-books on International Law, the Statutes, the Reports of Cases, and articles in various magazines and reviews.

It may perhaps surprise some to learn that a child born on British soil, or within the British jurisdiction, of foreign parents—even during an accidental visit—"is fully and until the age of twenty-one years irretrievably a British subject." The consequence might be highly inconvenient, for, in the words of Lord Brougham, instead of being an alien enemy taken with arms in his hands compassing on his part what might be a perfectly innocent and laudable design, such a person would really be a traitor to the crown of this country and liable to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. On the other hand, by French law such a person would also be a French subject. Owing to the recent legislation of 1889 and 1893 in France, many similar instances of double nationality have been created. Of this branch of the law Mr. Hall gives a very lucid account which will not merely be of interest but of extreme value to English residents in France.

For instance, A, a British subject born within the British dominions, marries a British wife, also born within the British dominions. They go to reside in France, and whilst there a son B is born to them. B marries a British wife, born within the British dominions, and a son C is born to them in France. C, although a

¹ *A Treatise on the Foreign Powers and Jurisdiction of the British Crown.* By William Edward Hall. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde. 1894.

British subject by English law, is yet a French subject by French law, and as such liable to all the duties of French nationality. Now there are numerous instances of the above sort of circumstances, in France to-day, and it certainly does seem hard that men of British birth, educated frequently at English schools, and to all intents and purposes Englishmen, should be compelled to serve in the French army and be liable to fight against their own countrymen. Mr. Hall mentions an even more extreme case which arises from the above rules; *e.g.*, an Englishman born during a winter visit of his parents to Cannes, becomes a secretary of the British Embassy at Paris; his children, born there during his residence on diplomatic duty, are irretrievably French subjects, liable to all the onerous incidents of French nationality and without legal means of obtaining their freedom. "In so extravagant a case," says Mr. Hall, "no doubt some administrative means would be found to avoid the application of the law; but instances of extreme hardship will assuredly take place long short of this point, for it is not every foreigner who thinks it a privilege to be a Frenchman." We find it, however, rather difficult to reconcile this view with Mr. Hall's apparent approval of the practice in relation to this class of cases. "In their practical aspects," he says, "questions of double nationality are less thorny than might in the abstract seem to be likely." For it appears it is not the practice to afford protection to British subjects born abroad if by the law of the State within which they were born they are subjects of that State by the fact of birth within it. In 1813 it was the opinion of the Queen's Advocate that if a foreign State places persons born within it upon the same footing as its own subjects, the government of that State has the right to exact the services of a subject from such persons. No one, we think, would venture to dispute this right, but surely it would have been possible for the English Government, by offering reciprocal terms, to have afforded protection to such British subjects residing in France or elsewhere who desired to avail themselves of it.

The chapter on Protectorates, Spheres of Influence, and Barbarous Countries, will be of special interest at the present moment, but it might well have been amplified, especially as Mr. Hall considered it unnecessary to discuss at length the Jurisdiction on the High Seas, which he says is sufficiently treated in the well-known works of *Russell on Crimes* and *Stephen's History of the Criminal Law*. But both these works are expensive, and may not be kept up to date, and for these reasons we should have liked to have found this chapter also somewhat fuller. At any rate, we trust that Mr. Hall will consider our first objection, and will give us a second edition very considerably enlarged.

There are few results so fruitful as those obtained by the comparative method. It is a common saying that men cannot be made

sober any more than they can be made gentlemen by Act of Parliament. But is this really so? *Sober by Act of Parliament*¹ is an attempt partly to answer this question, not, as its author declares, "by means of elaborate theories or finely-drawn inferences, but by a statement of the actual results obtained from liquor laws in various parts of the world." Just as Mr. James Hole, in his valuable work *National Railways*, gathered together outside experience, so Mr. Mackenzie gives us the broad features of the liquor legislation in the United States and Canada, New Zealand and Australia, England and the Continent. But a great danger exists in using the comparative method. Many persons think it sufficient to show that this or that measure has failed in a particular locality, neglecting altogether to take into account other concomitant causes peculiar to such locality. Mr. Mackenzie, however, falls into no such error. If a measure fails he is careful to show why it failed.

For instance, the corruption in American cities is even yet used as an argument by the opponents of municipal reform in this country, notwithstanding Mr. Bryce's explanation of this corruption in his *American Commonwealth*. Only quite recently this argument has been wielded against the Betterment principle.

In South Carolina, Governor Tillman, the leader of the Progressive Democrats, carried everything before him, including the Dispensaries Act. His political opponents, "the old-time Democrats," seized upon this measure as the one best calculated to overthrow him. They obtained, not only the solid support of the trade, but even of many of the prohibitionists, and of all parties concerned in maintaining vested interests. In the cities and large towns these combined forces succeeded in rendering the Act practically inoperative.

In New York city affairs could scarcely be worse. Here Tammany Hall is supreme, and Tammany Hall rests on bribery, swindling, and corruption, and is in close alliance with the trade. "Without the saloon," says Mr. Mackenzie, "and its help, Tammany would not keep together for twelve months." Mr. Bryce's explanation is confirmed by Mr. Mackenzie. The native born American citizen is outvoted by the immigrants, "the offscourings of the slums of the cities of Central Europe." These, says Mr. Mackenzie, "are brought under the influence of ambitious and unscrupulous political organisers almost as soon as they land at New York, and too often their ballot papers are cast solid for the maintenance of fraud, falsehood, and robbery."

In Maine, however, these influences have been but very partially felt, and with the exception of several of the large towns, the prohibition laws have been well administered, and the experience extends over a period of forty years. And what has been its

¹ *Sober by Act of Parliament*. By Fred A. Mackenzie. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

success? This depends, answers Mr. Mackenzie, "on the point of view from which one looks at the subject. In so far as it has not entirely destroyed the drink traffic, prohibition is not a success; but it has succeeded in diminishing crime, pauperism, and drunkenness, and in greatly increasing the wealth of the people." The statistics quoted by Mr. Mackenzie fully support this view.

Another moral drawn from American experience is the harm done to the temperance cause by the extreme actions of its supporters. In view of pending legislation in this kingdom, temperance fanatics should take warning and remember that legislation in advance of public opinion is doomed to failure. And, moreover, as Mr. Mackenzie reminds us, temperance reform must go hand in hand with social reform. We have not space to deal with the other many good things in this book, but we earnestly advise all who are interested in this and other social reforms to possess themselves of this little work as speedily as possible.

*The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century*¹ is a remarkable book, and, while we entirely differ from Mr. Lazarus as to the best means of regenerating society, we respect his sincerity and admire his enthusiastic philanthropy. The author describes his book as "a prospective history"—surely an unfortunate description, for history should be a record of actual facts, and not of dreams or chimeras! Mr. Lazarus introduces his imaginary "history" of the English social revolution with an account of the finding of the manuscript in the room occupied by a poor cabman and his family. The supposed writer of the work is Daniel Martins, a nephew of the cabman, who, curiously enough, is referred to as a student of Oxford University. Coming to the subject-matter of this "prospective history," we find that early in the twentieth century a personage known by the name of Carlyle Democritus, apparently a nobleman of democratic tendencies, joins the Salvation Army, and preaches a crusade against wealth and oppression, and finally, with the aid of one Terence Grey and his "war-dogs" (men of violent dispositions and Anarchic views), succeeds in overturning the existing social system. The attempt to show how society can be regenerated by "grandmotherly legislation" is not quite new, and we see no reason why it should take up over four hundred pages. The abolition of the London slums is most desirable, but reforms of this kind must be effected by rational and practical methods.

At the present time, when there is such a terrible confusion of thought as to the needs of the masses and the proper means of alleviating their miseries, it is the duty of every educated man to avoid economic fallacies and to think out the various social problems deliberately, instead of grasping at chimerical theories. We regret

¹ *The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century: A Prospective History.* With an Introduction. Edited by Henry Lazarus. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

to see that Mr. Lazarus has adopted the latter plan; and, while his book has many elements of literary merit and some originality, it is almost worthless from a sociological point of view, and in some respects positively mischievous.

Mr. Arnold White's book on *English Democracy*¹ is depressing in tone throughout. Its author entertains a "lodged hate and rooted loathing" against all socialistic ideals and methods, and the growing prevalence of such ideals fully accounts for his pessimism. But along with a good deal of hankering after a state of things now irrevocably gone, such, *e.g.*, as prevailed in the age of hand-labour before machinery, or of oligarchy, or of religious orthodoxy untroubled by criticism, he nevertheless displays a large grasp of the causes which rendered these charges inevitable; and seeing that we now have 35,000,000 to keep alive instead of 12,000,000 during the latter days of handwork, he sets himself, in spite of regrets, to face the problems of the existing democratic environment.

We certainly think that modern Socialism not only receives scant justice at his hands, but positively injustice. To begin with, it is a mere appeal to ignorant prejudice to class Fabians with Anarchists; it would have been just as fair to class J. S. Mill along with the Thugs. Again, it is possible not to hold with Marx that capital has no right to interest, and yet to believe that land ought to be held in public hands. An attempt, too, is made to show that the Bible is against Socialism. It seems very doubtful whether any such appeal is cogent, because in any case it is only to be expected that the modern English treatment of any question should not be precisely identical with Oriental views, on a different stage of the question, some two thousand years ago. But, in fact, the collection referred to consists of writings which are for the most part strongly socialistic. A much stronger case might have been made out from the Bible in defence of slavery than against Socialism. But no such appeal is admissible. He concludes the attack by asserting it is of no use to preach a social Utopia "without provision for the morality or religion that binds men to be better themselves." But are men likely to be less "moral or religious" under more perfect set of social arrangements than under a less perfect set?

Apart from the writer's general standpoint, some of his special views are worth noticing.

The payment of members is regarded as a menace both to the independence and to the incorruptibility of Parliament, and as incompatible with party government. But the blessings of the last-mentioned system have proved questionable, and it is possible for a member to be too much enslaved to party and too little

¹ *The English Democracy—its promises and perils.* By Arnold White. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

devoted to the genuine interests of his constituents. This point does not seem to have occurred to Mr. White.

Among experiments likely soon to be tried he looks for Government relief works, then the modified form of protection which consists in forbidding pauper immigration, next the prohibition of immigration of unskilled labour, and then a tariff imposed on the import of manufactured luxuries. And since each industry will of course demand protection in its turn, the result foreseen is—rightly enough—disaster.

The writer agrees with the late Mr. Bradlaugh in his views of the population question, and with most sensible persons in condemning the absurd outcry against the growth of Indian opium, and also with nearly every one in denouncing hereditary law-makers. But he also denounces the existing incidence on rates and taxes, because while 72,000,000 fall on the well-to-do, only 21,000,000 are paid by the working class. He overlooks the fact that no Government can be compelled or expected to sanction landed property, or to safeguard accumulation, except on its own terms.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE volume on *South Africa*, in the "Story of the Nations" series, deserves to be read by all who are interested in that portion of the earth. The author, Mr. G. M. Theal, thoroughly understands the subject. His book is literally teeming with facts, and it might perhaps have been desirable to have given his readers a few philosophic suggestions as to the best mode of reconciling the hostile races in South Africa. The treatment of the Dutch settlers by the British Government is very questionable, and we are glad to find that Mr. Theal sympathises with those sturdy farmers, who, abandoning their homes because they would not live in subjection—or at least what they thought subjection—set forth to brave all the hardships of life in the wilderness. These colonies, as the author points out, "were of the same blood as the men who withstood the great power of Philip II. of Spain, who laid the richest part of their country under water rather than surrender it to Louis XIV. of France." The sufferings which the Dutch emigrants endured and the courage they displayed are vividly described by Mr. Theal.

The continuous wars between the English and some of the native tribes, as well as those waged by the Dutch, one might say, for sheer existence against the Basutos and other African races, made the progress of civilisation somewhat tardy in the colony until

recently. But matters are now in a rather satisfactory condition. The Dutch and English in South Africa are at peace with one another. The natives have "ceased from troubling," and a number of valuable industries are carried on without obstruction. The mineral wealth of South Africa is very great. The copper mines of Namaqualand, opened in 1852, have been exceedingly productive. The copper ore exported in the year that ended on June 30, 1893, was worth over £250,000. Gold and diamonds in considerable quantities have also been obtained in the colony, the amount of gold exported for the year just mentioned being £4,500,000, and that of diamonds nearly £4,000,000.

Although the history of Germany is full of thrilling incidents and events of momentous consequence affecting the political development of the great European nations, we have few books on the subject in the English language. Indeed, there has hitherto been scarcely a single English work dealing exclusively with mediæval Germany. It has fallen to the lot of an American to supply this want in English historical literature. Mr. Ernest F. Henderson,¹ a graduate of Harvard University and also of the University of Berlin, has brought out a work on the subject which shows profound study and enormous industry in the collection of historic materials. The list of authorities consulted by the author in the opening pages will enable the reader to form some idea of the pains which he has taken in the preparation of the work. Perhaps the fault of this contribution to an important portion of European history is its somewhat rugged style. Macaulay and Carlyle—each in his own fashion—possessed the rare art of making history quite as interesting as fiction; but Mr. Henderson has not acquired that magical power. However, his volume will furnish abundant inspiration for those who desire to find out the dramatic phases in human history. The life of that adventurous princess, Brunhilda, would be as curious a record as that of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers. The careers of Charlemagne and Frederick Barbarossa are brimful of romance. What a grotesque incident is that of the quarrel between Frederick and the Pope because the monarch had refused to hold the Papal stirrup! We are gravely informed in the present volume "that Adrian refused the kiss of peace until Frederick should have performed this service, and finally withdrew in anger," and that, after a hot discussion, the Emperor yielded, on ascertaining that precedent was "in favour of the Papal claim." With what grim humour Carlyle would have handled this theme! And, after all, the historian need not always wear a mask of solemnity, for history, like life itself, has in it much of the "ridiculous tragedy." Apart from the stiffness of his style, we have no fault whatever to find

¹ *A History of Germany in the Middle Ages.* By Ernest F. Henderson. London: George Bell & Sons.

with Mr. Henderson's book. It is characterised by thoroughness and masterly grasp of facts, and it cannot fail to prove extremely serviceable to all students of mediæval history.

The volume of the "Rulers of India" series on Lord Amherst is very entertaining and instructive. The authors, Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Richardson Evans, have dealt with the subject in a serious spirit, but have not been indifferent to picturesque effects. The account of Lord Amherst's career in China and India is full of romance. When the Burmese War was brewing—so to speak—a handsome young man, supposed to be a priest of extraordinary sanctity, presented himself before Lord Amherst, then Governor-General of India, and offered some presents of shawls and gold and silver muslins. The Governor-General, not thinking it right to accept presents, selected a few of these precious articles to purchase. The supposed priest charmed everyone by his fascinating manners. It afterwards transpired that he was a Burmese spy. The ability displayed by Lord Amherst in connection with the war with Burmah proved that he was a very capable statesman. Diplomacy in the East is a difficult game, and sometimes is attended with positive danger. That Lord Amherst returned from India crowned with distinction and died at the ripe age of eighty-four shows that he was not only an able man but exceptionally fortunate.

TOWN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

We congratulate Mrs. J. R. Green upon her courage in grappling with a subject of so huge dimensions, and upon the success which her patience, industry, and research have so worthily won in the case of these two important volumes.¹ It is but rarely that contributions to the history of the Middle Ages, as it was made in England, are given to the world; and the appearance of this work will probably prompt the publication of other and kindred volumes dealing with a period which has been hitherto strangely neglected.

Probably it would be difficult to indicate the gradual growth of civilisation in any country in a more satisfactory manner than by pointing to the development of its towns; implying, as such development must do, that there has been a co-ordinate progress in commerce, manufactures, the enjoyment of the comforts and refinements of civilised existence, and almost invariably an equal development of political thought and moral advancement.

The beginnings of town life in England are lost in the mythical regions of history. In the language of the early Britons "town" simply implied a place where they had a more or less settled exist-

¹ *Rulers of India: Lord Amherst.* By Anne Thackeray Ritchie and Richardson Evans. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1894.

² *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.* By Mrs. J. R. Green. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

ence.' According to Cæsar, what the Britons (as he knew them) called "a town" was "a tract of woody country surrounded by a vallum and a ditch, for the security of themselves and cattle against the incursion of their enemies;" and this evidence is corroborated by Strabo, who declares of the Britons that "their forests are their cities; for when they have enclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle. These buildings are very slight, and not designed for permanence." We should probably conceive a very fair idea of how "towns" grew up in this island some 2000 years ago, if we directed our attention to what is happening at the present time in "Charterland." Some British Buluwayo presented an object of attack to the invading Romans. They, in turn, found it a convenient centre round which to establish a settlement, whether they were influenced by the defensible position of the site, or by certain natural surroundings indicating the locality as rich in minerals, or healthy as a sanatorium, or propitious from an agricultural point of view. In no long time the settlement was surrounded by strong earthen ramparts, or stone walls, and the legion, or cohort, then invited their wives and children to join them from Rome. Secure within the fortified lines of the town, or city, the inhabitants built temples, palaces, baths, and other splendid structures, and lived lives of luxury and delight, just as may be witnessed at the present time in the hill stations of India. Some such beginning was probably the origin of most of the Roman towns in Britain, such as Silchester, Gloucester, Cirencester, and Colchester, and many others. But just as the hill stations of India owe their existence to the temporary requirements of the dominant British, who are driven from the plains to recuperate their health, so the majority of the Roman cities of Britain fell into decay upon the departure of the invading legions and their auxiliaries. In the numerous instances in which modern towns stand upon the sites of Roman cities, the site is of such a character as fully to account for the establishment of a permanent settlement. The fact that the invading Picts and Scots continued their impetuous rush through the island, in the year A.D. 867, until they reached London, proves that the fame of "the city" was sufficient in those days to attract the barbaric hordes, and that there can have been few, if any, other cities on their line of march of an opulence to tempt them to delay, or to straggle off in the search of plunder.

Under the Saxon rule numerous towns came into existence, and have continued their corporate life until the present time. Tamworth, the capital of the Kings of Mercia, owes its existence to its strategical position. Shrewsbury occupies the site of the ancient Pengwern, the capital of the British Kingdom, or principality, of "Ferreggs," now the county of Hereford, and its dominating posi-

tion has secured its continued importance as a centre of population. That many of our present most famous cities were places of wealth and importance in the ninth century is proved by the contemporary records which chronicle the frequent invasions by the Danes and their storm and pillage of London, Rochester, and Canterbury, and later of Winchester. In the latter part of that century we hear of the dreaded Danes seeking a path right into the heart of the kingdom. Having defeated the forces of the Northumbrians, they captured Nottingham, one of the strongholds of the Mercians. Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Stamford, York, and Chester all fell into their hands, and became known as the Danish Burghs. They formed a connected chain of strongly-fortified positions commanding both Mercia and Northumbria. The tenacity with which the Danes clung to these positions showed that they were pursuing a settled plan of holding on to their conquests, and that they had "come to stay." They also seized the most favoured stations along the coast, for the purpose of keeping their communications open, and wherever they settled they quickly fortified the position.

It is now generally admitted that the Danes were great builders of towns, and there can be little doubt that in the tenth century England was well studded with permanent settlements containing buildings of a certain substance. In the reign of Edward the Elder (901-925) that king and his famous sister Ethelfleda took a leaf out of the book of the Danes, and strongly "timbered"—stockaded, as we say—every point of strategic importance that could not be defended by earthen ramparts. By this means Edward managed to hold his own as he advanced in turn against the Danes, the Britons of Strathclyde and Cambria, the men of Galloway, and the Scots themselves. In the course of time he became recognised by the whole of the races dwelling in Britain as their "father, lord, and protector," and the union of the kingdom under his sovereignty gave the various peoples the idea of living at peace with one another, and of cultivating their lands instead of raiding those of their neighbours.

Under whatever auspices the earliest English towns came into existence, they owed allegiance to some immediate overlord. In some cases it was the king himself. In a far larger number of cases it was to the lords "spiritual or temporal" that the burghers had to render "the things that were Cæsar's." The most numerous documents that have been preserved from a period antecedent to the Conquest refer to the monasteries that were founded by the piety of the converted Saxons. Round these monasteries towns rapidly grew up as peace became to some extent assured. Such was the origin of Oxford, Abingdon, Reading, St. Albans, Coventry, Durham.

At the time of the Norman Conquest there were about eighty

towns in England, containing a population variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty thousand to a quarter of a million. The towns themselves were mostly but large villages, their principal industry being agriculture. London, Winchester, Bristol, Norwich, York, and Lincoln, were far in advance of the rest in size and importance. Southampton occupied a very prominent position as the chief port of southern England. Many of its inhabitants were foreigners. With the firm rule of William established throughout England the towns, which had at first greatly suffered by the invasion, rapidly recovered, and in 1093 we have recorded the first mention of a "merchant gild." This institution, otherwise known by the name of "hanse," was primarily established for the purpose of "obtaining and maintaining the privilege of carrying on trade," a privilege which implied the possession of a monopoly of trade in each town by the gild brethren as against its other inhabitants, and also liberty to trade in other towns. We have now got to the period at which the long series of charters granted to towns by the Kings of England commenced; and from these charters themselves, if even no other records existed, we can deduce an intelligible account of the varying fortunes of the municipalities. In the reign of Edward I. it is definitely proved that a merchant gild existed in 92 out of the 160 towns which at one time or another were represented in the Parliaments of that monarch. In a few instances, such as Totnes, Leicester, Southampton, and Berwick, the ordinances of the gilds have been preserved. From the similarity existing in the cases of these ordinances, it is argued that the merchant gilds all over England had a similar organisation. Each was presided over by one or two aldermen, with two or four assistants, known as wardens, and a smaller council of twelve or twenty-four constituted an inner court of advice and supervision. At first the gild contained both merchants and craftsmen, as well as the eldest sons, or heirs, of gildsmen. Merchants from other towns were also admitted to membership, and in many instances the lords of manors in the neighbourhood of the town containing the gild were also endowed with its privileges. Of the members of the town itself, it is probable that only those who held land within the town limits were members of the gild. By the authority of the gild regulations were drawn up and jurisdiction was exercised in matters of trade. A certain degree of protection was thus afforded the gildsmen, and their interests were not only cared for within the town limits, but should the gildsman while travelling fall into trouble, it became the duty of the alderman and one of his wardens to take steps for his deliverance at the cost of the gild. In addition to maintaining the privileges of the society it was also the object of the gild to secure fair dealing, and to preserve the high character of the goods sold. Fraud and unjust practices were rigidly punished.

During the twelfth century merchant gilds arose in all the towns of importance in England, and in the next century a further development of town life took place in the rise of *craft gilds*. These associations were composed of the artisans engaged in a certain industry in a particular town. By the growth of population, it is evident that when the *merchant gilds* had attained their first century there would be a considerable number of persons dwelling in the town, who would not be eligible to membership of the gild either as landholders, or as the heirs of gildsmen. Many of these would be skilled in some pursuit or calling; and naturally they would adopt the best means of securing their rights and protecting their interests by taking common action against the rest of the community. The earliest craft gilds were those of the weavers and fullers of woollen cloth. The gild of bakers is nearly as old, and that of the leather-dressers, or *corvesars*, dates from about the same period. At first there was a struggle between the merchant gilds and the craft gilds, as the one body naturally strove to retain its monopoly of the government of the town, and the other endeavoured to share in its municipal privileges. But the circumstances of the time were such as quickly to unite the two bodies in a common resistance to the tyranny of the sovereign power, or of the great feudal lords. In turn, the monarch found it good policy to foster the towns, both with the object of developing their wealth, and so of acquiring a source of revenue for himself, as well as of bringing into existence a factor to counterbalance the overgrown power of the nobles.

The protracted war with France had a far greater effect in thinning the ranks of the nobles than it had in impoverishing the wealth of the towns. As a matter of fact, the war was largely a *personal* matter rather than a *national* one; and though the gilds had to supply the sinews of war to the King, and to their immediate overlords, they almost invariably obtained valuable privileges in return for their grants. In connection with this question of taxation, there is extant an assessment, made in 1453, which gives us an idea of the relative importance of the principal towns of the kingdom. Next to London comes York, which is rated at less than a seventh of the rating of London. Norwich stands third, Bristol fourth, Coventry fifth, being rated at half the rating of York; then at a considerably reduced scale of rating come Newcastle, Kingston-on-Hull, and Lincoln; and finally Southampton and Nottingham. By the end of the century Bristol had risen to second place, London being assessed at three and three-quarter times the amount of Bristol. Then came York, Lincoln, Gloucester, Norwich, and Shrewsbury, both being assessed at about one-seventh the rating of London. Oxford, Salisbury, and Coventry, assessed at about one-ninth; Hull, less than a tenth; then Canterbury; Southampton, a

twelfth; Nottingham, about a seventeenth; Worcester and Southwark, about a thirty-fourth, and finally Bath, at about a forty-seventh of the assessment of London.

In her two interesting and instructive volumes, Mrs. Green treats of the "Common Life of the Town," of the "Townspeople," and of their struggle for freedom with their overlords, whether the King, the nobles, or the Church. In the chapter dealing with the "Common Life of the Town," which is in our opinion the most interesting in the two volumes, Mrs. Green brings out prominently the fact that the inhabitants of the mediæval boroughs were subject to a discipline even more severe than that of the great armed nations of the Continent at the present time. "The inhabitants served under a system of universal conscription. At the muster-at-arms held twice a year, poor and rich appeared in military array with such weapons as they could bring forth for the King's service; the poor marching with knife, or dagger, or hatchet; the prosperous burghers, bound according to mediæval ideas to line 'after their degree,' displaying mail or wadded coats, bucklers, bows and arrows, swords, or even a gun. At any moment this armed population might be called out to active service." (Vol. i. p. 127.) "For the safety of the community—a safety which was the recognised charge of every member of these simple democratic states—each householder was bound to take his turn in keeping nightly watch and ward in the streets." (P. 132.) And in her second volume, Mrs. Green gives a lively picture of the state of the mediæval towns. "Streets were choked with the refuse of the stable, made impassable by the 'skaldynge de hogges,' flooded by the overflow of a house, drowned by the turning of a watercourse out of its way, or the putting up of a dam by some private citizen heedless of all consequences to the public road. Timber dealers cast trunks of trees right across the street, dyers poured their waste waters over it till it became a mere swamp." (P. 29.) "Piles of cinders cast out smoking hot from the bell-foundry or the iron workshops (of Nottingham) blocked the streets. (P. 31.) Such was a type of the town of the "good old times."

The story of the Cinque Ports is told in some detail; and considerable pains have evidently been taken in putting before her readers pictures of the "Town Manners," "Town Market," and "Town Trader." Throughout the two volumes the political growth is inextricably mingled with the industrial development of the towns; and where Mrs. Green has naturally felt herself unable to clearly disentangle the two features she has invariably supplied us with abundant references to works which may enable us to attempt the task ourselves.

BELLES LETTRES.

A TRANSLATION from the Russian of Dostovievsky, entitled *Poor Folk*,¹ is introduced to the English public by a eulogistic preface from the pen of Mr. George Moore, who challenges comparison with the work of Tourgeneff, in his opinion, "the greatest artist that has existed since antiquity." Though written in so conventional a form as a short series of letters, and letters, moreover, supposed to pass between uneducated people, living within sight of each other's windows, the chief merits of the tale are found in its sincerity of accent, intense feeling and simple treatment. We find here, even to an unusual degree, that strange saddening quality that so often attaches to Russian literature, for, in the pictures incidentally given of the life of the very poor in a great Russian city, there is a pervading sense of the capricious irresponsibility of circumstance, of the hopeless submissive suffering of the weak and the tender-hearted. The love of the worn-out old copying clerk, Mákar, for his little friend Varvara, is likened by Mr. Moore to that of a prisoner for the mouse who comes to him for crumbs, and blank desolation descends upon the forlorn old man when she passes prosperously out of his life. Throughout the narrative vibrates with feeling, and these few unstudied letters convey to us a cry from the depths of a famished human soul. The designs for frontispiece and cover are by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley; and as far as we can judge, the English rendering of the text, though simple, retains that ring of emotion which must distinguish the original, though we are unable to pronounce whether it does so to the same degree.

M. Edouard Rod, in *Le Silence*,² shows his usual sustained power of dealing with a highly wrought emotional situation. The book gives the histories of two *liaisons*, treating in the first instance, with intense and suppressed feeling, of the heroism necessary to sacrifice to the conventions and usages of the world the free and proud expressions of a love which he describes as "un amour vrai, qui remplit l'être entier, qui l'accèpare, l'absorbe, l'exalte, le rend meilleur, qui occupe à lui seul tout le cœur, et toute l'intelligence, un de ces amours infiniment rares, infiniment précieux, qui sont le plus belle fleur de la vie, et que jamais, jamais, ne peut s'avouer."

The pathetic tragedy of the first narrative becomes heavier and more sombre in the second, although here the lovers openly devote their lives to their love, only to find it fail and dwindle when confronted with a strange and horrible trial. To those who are familiar with *La Seconde Vie de Michel Tassier* it is needless to describe with

¹ *Poor Folk*. A Novel by Fedor Dostovievsky. Translated from the Russian by Lena Milman. With a Critical Introduction by George Moore. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

² *Le Silence*. Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

what leisurely mastery M. Rod can handle and develop the various phases of the decay and satiety of passion.

The Transmigrations of the Mandarin Fum Hoam,¹ so-called "Chinese Tales," are really translations from the French of Thomas Simon Gueulette, a clever imitator of the *Arabian Nights*, whose "Tartarian Tales," under the name of *The Thousand and One Quarters of an Hour*, have been already done into English. The tales give an amusing account of the successive incarnations of the soul of Fum Hoam, as it came down the centuries. Their framework and many of their incidents are obviously derived from Eastern sources, and among them are many variations of well-known themes, but they nevertheless show remarkable invention. It is praiseworthy, also, that what are practically a series of love adventures should show so little coarseness, though we know not how much has been done in this direction by the English editor, Mr. Leonard C. Smithers. There is, perhaps, an undue amount of French sentimentality in these Oriental *affaires de cœur*, but, on the other hand, there is the true Eastern relish for the marvellous, and childlike acceptance of the impossible and the absurd.

*A Cruel Dilemma*² is a readable and not uninteresting specimen of the three-volume novel, and gives here and there a hint of better things. Although they show no great strength, there is always something pleasing about Mrs. Tennyson's books, and her characters have generally some interesting traits. In short, this writer has delicate perceptions, but is deficient in knowledge of the world, hence a want of actuality in her volumes and a tendency to melodrama, and to an over-supply of villains of the thoroughgoing school-girl type. We can say but little in praise of *The Hidden Chain*³ from the prolific pen of "Dora Russell"; in our judgment, a weak and commonplace example of circulating library fiction.

The King's Stockbroker,⁴ by the clever author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, strikes us as specially capable and vivacious, in contrast to the amateurish productions noticed above. The book forms a sequel to the *Princess of Paris*, and gives an animated picture of the condition of France under the Regent, and of the mad excitement of financial speculation which prevailed in Paris at the time of the greatest inflation of Monseigneur Law's gigantic bubble, the Mississippi Scheme. The frightful struggles for shares in the Rue Quincampaix, and the scenes which accompanied the disastrous collapse of the system, are vividly described and woven into a bright and interesting narrative, around several picturesque and striking figures. The

¹ *The Transmigrations of the Mandarin Fum Hoam*. (Chinese Tales.) Edited by Leonard C. Smithers. London: H. S. Nichols & Co.

² *A Cruel Dilemma*. By Mary H. Tennyson. In 3 vols. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

³ *A Hidden Chain*. By Dora Russell. London: Digby, Long & Co.

⁴ *The King's Stockbroker*. By Archibald Clavering Ganter. London: George Routledge & Sons.

book is, in fact, a capital historical romance, sure to be popular, and treating of a little known and thoroughly dramatic episode.

Another good volume of the same class is Mr. Outram Tristram's *The Dead Gallant*,¹ in which we are introduced to the ill-fated members of the Babington Conspiracy, and ushered into the ominous presence of Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's dread Secretary of State. Mr. Tristram does not wield so brilliant or practised a pen as Mr. Gunter, but in each of the two tales of which his book is made up well-known figures are brought forward and cleverly characterised, and with these studies is interwoven much exciting incident and intrigue.

The Landlady of Mr. G. R. Sims² is an amusing and garrulous person, in her way a bit of a philosopher, for she enlarges, with a matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation, on the humours of her shiftless valetudinarian husband, and of her odd succession of lodgers, with their fads and cranks, and more or less shady histories. "Our First Drawing Rooms," "Jarvis," and "The Fussy Family" are amongst the more entertaining of the sketches.

*In Due Season*³ shows traces of a good deal of honest work, but the results seem to us deplorably stodgy, and wading through the diffuse pages has been a heavy task. There are, however, no doubt, readers to whom the book will appeal, for it has the now popular medical flavour; the hero is a doctor, and the heroine a nurse, and we are introduced to consulting rooms and hospital wards. As to the moral we are not quite sure; it appears to be, that if you elect to fall in love with a married man, your best course is to wait until his first (quite unsuitable) wife has the good taste to die, when (in due season) the happy widower will lead you in your turn to the altar.

Mr. Henry Herman's story of adventure⁴ has thrilling scenes, but some of his characters are oddly inconsistent. To give an example, when we first meet Henri he is a brave and honest French Republican and Revolutionist, but later we find him in New Orleans, jabbering pigeon English, or behaving like a disreputable hostler; from this he becomes a hired assassin and desperado; but in the last chapter he turns up again as a millionaire, with all the hidden nobility of his character fully revealed, marries the heroine, and himself dies heroically, surrounded by the halo of her devotion.

In the volume⁵ containing University Extension Addresses by a number of men distinguished either in literature or science, which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we find much that is useful and much that is inspiring or suggestive. The

¹ *The Dead Gallant and the King of Hearts*. By Outram Tristram. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited.

² *Memoirs of a Landlady*. By George R. Sims. Piccadilly: Chatto & Windus.

³ *In Due Season*. By Agnes Goldwin. London: Digby Long & Co.

⁴ *Woman, The Mystery*. By Henry Herman. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited.

⁵ *Aspects of Modern Study: University Extension Addresses*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Addresses were delivered to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching at the annual meetings held in the Mansion House from year to year by the courtesy of the Lord Mayor. These gatherings were first instituted in 1886, and by means of them the Council of the London Society sought to hold before students a high ideal of education, and to promote and foster a sense of corporate educational life among the workers from the various extension centres in different parts of London. The most notable addresses in the volume are those delivered by Lord Playfair, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. John Morley. The subject of Lord Playfair's address is "The Evolution of University Extension as a Part of Popular Education." What one must particularly admire in this address is its manly, democratic tone. Lord Playfair points out that great discoverers in science and inventors in industry have, as a rule, sprung from the people. Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, was a provincial schoolmaster from New England. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a wood-carver; Faraday was a newsboy; Tyndall was the son of an Irish peasant; Watt was an instrument-maker; Wheatstone, who invented telegraphs, was a maker of musical instruments; Stephenson was an engine-tender at a colliery; and Arkwright, who revolutionised the cotton industry, was a barber. The lecturer does not stop here. He says: "The great humanising movements of the world have sprung from the people. The Founder of our religion did not disdain to be called the son of Joseph the carpenter, and he took his disciples among the working men around Him. Paul the tentmaker and Peter the fisherman found time to earn their daily bread and to diffuse the religion of Christ. The growth of philosophy in Greece depended upon men who were using one hand to win their daily bread and the other to mould humanity. Socrates was a sculptor; Plato and Zeno were actively engaged in commerce; Aristotle was the son of a physician.

Plain facts of this sort speak well for the intellect of the masses. It is time to dissipate the idea that University education is the privilege only of the class who have so long attempted to claim a monopoly of "the grand old name of gentleman." The late Mr. Forster once said in the House of Commons that the materials for forming a gentleman belonged exclusively to no class, and the truth of the remark is sustained by the words of Lord Playfair's powerful address.

Mr. Goschen discusses the subject of "Hearing, Reading, and Thinking" in an address which, as he informs us in a foot-note, was delivered *extempore*, though both in form and in substance it is perhaps the most admirable portion of this volume. He draws attention to the tendency to read too much and think too little which is one of the worst characteristics of the present age. "We are," says Mr. Goschen, "sacrificing real enjoyment to hurry in every

department of life. This hurry has further affected one of the most enjoyable things in reading—style. Just as with the fast travelling of modern days, nobody has time to look closely at the more delicate beauties of scenery, so with the fast reading of modern days, nobody looks closely enough to appreciate the more delicate beauties of expression.” How true this is, and how forcibly put !

The address by Mr. John Morley on “The Study of Literature” is well worthy of perusal. At the same time, it is in some respects disappointing. Mr. Morley’s great reputation leads us to expect something unique, something memorable, from him, even though it takes the form of a mere lecture. In his *Miscellanies* he has given us a collection of critical and historical studies which, of their kind, are unsurpassed, if not unequalled. But many of the observations in the address we are now noticing are trite and conventional. Is it necessary to state to a modern English audience that “some of the best men of business in the country are men who have had the best collegian’s equipment, and are the most accomplished book-men” ? If the proposition were that the men of business were also the most accomplished men of letters, it would certainly have much more novelty, though it might be exceedingly difficult to prove.

In Mr. Morley’s definition of “literature” there is something defective—something that fails to convey a true idea of what that much-abused word means. “Literature,” he tells us, “consists of a whole body of classics ;” and he proceeds to quote Sainte-Beuve’s rather cumbersome definition of a “classic.” Then, endeavouring perhaps to supplement what he had previously written, he goes on : “Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form.” Now is this so ? It is not true that literature consists merely of “a body of classics.” Many writers who cannot rank as classics in Sainte-Beuve’s sense must find a place in literature. What is it that distinguishes literature from science ? It is the fact that while the chief object of science is to communicate information, the aim of literature is to give intellectual pleasure. Three characteristics belong specially to literature—originality of idea, beauty or attractiveness of style, and lastly, the personal element. To any one who realises what literature truly embodies, it is somewhat depressing to be told that it “consists of all the books where moral truth and human passion are touched” in a certain fashion. Why, there may be literature without books. The Homeric poems did not originally take the form of books. The beginnings of all great literature probably had nothing to do with books—at least not in our modern sense. Moreover, the importation of the question of “moral truth” into our conception of literature savours slightly of didacticism and what the late Matthew Arnold called “Philistinism.” Indeed, the essence of literature is its freedom from any direct ethical bondage, so to speak, its spontaneity,

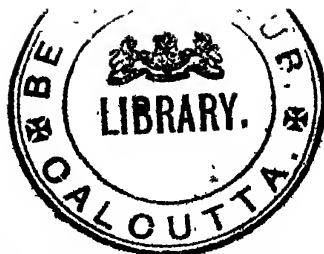
and fearless expression of individual thought and feeling. The works of Baudelaire and Poe are far more truly literature than those of Cardinal Newman. The hall mark of poetry is on Mr. Swinburne's erotic lyrics rather than on the dreary moralisings of Tupper. This does not mean that literature is immoral, but that it is independent of the necessity for always or indeed at all "aiding and abetting" morality. Wherever in a written form we find originality, beauty of style, and the expression of an individual mind, there we find true literature.

If we have ventured to criticise Mr. Morley, we are far from desiring to depreciate his own rare literary endowments; but the address by him on the "Study of Literature" is scarcely worthy of so eminent a writer and thinker.

The other addresses in the volume are by the Rev. Canon Browne, Sir James Paget, Professor Max Müller, the Duke of Argyll, the Bishop of Durham, and Professor Jebb. Professor Max Müller is, as usual, very enthusiastic about the value of antiquity. He says there is no such thing as a dead language, and that, "on the contrary, all living literatures, all living philosophy would be dead, if you cut the historical fibres by which they cling to their ancient soil." This is going a little too far. Much as we owe to Egypt, Greece, or Rome, it cannot be said that there are not in modern French, German, and English literature, the seeds of vitality and strength, and we may proudly boast that it needed no Homer to create a Shakespeare, though Milton no doubt owed much, if not everything, to classical culture.

A little volume entitled *Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature*,¹ by a young American professor, whose brilliant career was cut short at thirty-three, deserves the warmest praise that we can bestow upon it. Professor McLaughlin was certainly a loss to Yale University, if we may judge from the charming "studies" contained in this work. Without pedantry, the author displays extensive learning, and proves himself to be an appreciative critic of the literature of Europe in the Middle Ages. Specially interesting is the essay on "Ulrich von Leichenstein," which bears the sub-heading of "The Memoirs of an Old German Gallant." Under the heading of "A Mediæval Woman," we have a most readable, and at the same time realistic sketch of Abelard and Heloise. Thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and sympathy with the past, are the chief characteristics of these essays, which, despite the statement of his friend, Mr. Lounsbury, as to their need of revision by the author, appear to us to be almost perfect, whether we regard them from the standpoint of style or subject-matter. Rarely have we read a book by a University professor which has so many of the qualities that distinguish genuine literature.

¹ *Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature.* By Edward Tompkins McLaughlin, late Professor of Belles Lettres in Yale University. New York: Putnam.



October 1894

GOVERNMENT BY PARTY.

"You have the sturdy, loyal, splendid English 'masses,' who in their heart of hearts are neither Radicals, Whigs, or Tories, but are simply, as they always have been, 'For God and the Right!' It matters not which party expresses what they consider the Right; it is the Right they want and the Right they will have, and they will try all means and appliances in their power till they get it."—*Silver Domino*, p. 98.

SIR JOSEPH WEST RIDGWAY, in a recent speech delivered in the Isle of Man, stated that "all parties in England were agreed that the Home Rule existing in this Island was a decided success, but as to whether Home Rule existed because the Islanders were loyal, or whether they were loyal because they possessed Home Rule, he (very properly in his position) declined to offer any opinion."

I, however, do not occupy any office which precludes me from impartially considering this question, and expressing my opinion upon it.

As one of the Seniors of the Manx Bar, and for some years a member of the House of Keys, I may fairly be considered to have had some experience of the working of this principle in the Isle of Man.

Geographical position places it beyond controversy that unless we had been loyal and law-abiding, our Home Rule would not have continued as many years, as in point of fact it has done centuries. It by no means, however, necessarily follows that to our loyalty alone are we indebted for the permanence of our Constitution. We certainly should not have been enabled to preserve it without loyalty to the Crown, but assuredly we might have displayed loyalty to the Crown and yet have been deprived of Home Rule.

"Party" government, our loyalty notwithstanding, would, in my opinion, have been fatal to our autonomy; whereas loyalty, minus party government, has been the cause of its preservation.

I will try to make this clear, and in order to do so it will be necessary for me shortly to sketch out our mode of government in this island.

First, we have the Queen (as Lady of Man), her Lieutenant-Governor in the island acting upon her behalf.

Secondly, His Excellency's Council, forming our Second Chamber, and consisting of Crown officials appointed practically for life—viz., (1) the Bishop; (2) the Attorney-General; (3) the Clerk of the Rolls

(equivalent to Lord Chancellor); (4) the First Deemster; (5) the Second Deemster (our Judges); (6) the Receiver-General; (7) the Archdeacon; and (8) the Vicar-General.

Thirdly, the House of Keys, elected by the people for a term of seven years.

The Lieutenant-Governor is the head of the executive, and acts as a sort of combined Chancellor of the Exchequer and Premier. Bills are generally introduced by him by the advice of the Council, but any member of the Legislature has the like privilege. There is, however, no such thing known to us equivalent to what in England is understood as a Government Bill—that is to say, although His Excellency, or one of his Council, may introduce a Bill, it frequently is consistently opposed by members of his Council and of the Keys, according to their opinions of its merits; and, however vital it may be, yet, whether it be lost or carried, no one changes office, and no “party” suffers defeat or enjoys a triumph.

The next Bill, by whomsoever introduced, may probably find those who were opposed to each other in the preceding debate, supporting each other in the succeeding measure.

We have no Ministerial and Opposition Benches, nor seats below the gangway on either side. The Members of the Keys occupy specific seats during the entire session; and whereas in the Commons the voting upon an important Bill generally results in a trial of the relative strength of two permanently opposing parties, and probably a complete change of office and seats, the result in the House of Keys involves no such consequences. Each shake in our political voting machine simply effects the passing or rejection of the particular Bill in discussion, and nothing further. Hence our only differences are caused by individual measures not by opposing parties—our only desire being to produce sound legislation.

Some persons, however, may be of opinion that Government without “party” would not be productive of good results, that legislation would languish and public interests be neglected. It is of course easy to make the objection but difficult to prove it. Recondite theoretical arguments we may have by the bushel, but I prefer an ounce of practical experience to a ton of abstract reasoning.

Now that the future of England practically is in the hands of the greatest in number and by no means the highest in intelligence, I wish to write so as to be “understood of the people,” and, therefore, I will use a very commonplace saying, viz., “the proof of the pudding is in the eating.”

Let us upon this practical principle put the English “party” and the Manx “no party” political puddings to the test.

Firstly: the Isle of Man was in the full possession of its House of Keys a century prior to the creation of anything at all resembling the House of Commons, and we retain it to this day.

We have never had a scene such as that in Committee Room

No. 15, nor have we indulged in a free fight with fists on the floor of the Keys Chamber; there is no record of the suspension of whole batches of our Members for general insubordination and unlimited brawling.

It has never been found necessary to deny liberty of speech to our Members—none of them have ever been found guilty of inciting to intimidation and rebellion, thereby producing crime and outrage—nor have we been brought to the brink of civil war or national disruption by “party” government.

But have we in the Isle of Man made good and wholesome laws under this “no party” government?

Have we, in fact, kept up to date in our legislation? Are we prepared to submit to severe criticism thereupon?

Let us judge by results.

We had a Compulsory—and (where required) Free—Education Act so far back as 1703, upwards of a century before any was passed in England.

We have effected such legislative financial regulations as have enabled us to pay the entire expenses of our Insular Government, without putting England to the cost of a penny; and in addition to this, we hand over to her—out of our Insular Exchequer—£10,000 a year towards the maintenance of her Government, besides probably another £10,000 a year from royalties on mines, minerals, &c.; and we have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling upon our public works, whilst it will be conceded that our harbours, landing-piers, and breakwaters are unsurpassed in the kingdom.

In 1798, during the Irish Rebellion and to assist in its suppression, we equipped and sent over to Ireland at our own cost a regiment of Manx Fencibles, who, by-the-bye, were of such stature that they are said to have covered more ground than any regiment in the English army.

A bishopric and a cathedral were established here earlier than in any part of the British Empire—viz., in the fifth century.

Our land and commercial laws are such that we have no strained relations between capital and labour, or landlords and tenants. Our farming interests are fairly prosperous. Several years ago we conceded female franchise, which works satisfactorily. Our gross revenue amounts to between £70,000 and £80,000 a year.

The legal expenses of searching into the titles of, and conveyance of, real property of the value of £10,000 or £20,000 from vendor to vendee need not exceed a five-pound note, and are frequently much less. We have no Income Tax or Probate or Succession or Death Duties.

We have no arrears of cases in our Courts of Law or Equity, and the cost of proceedings therein is not one-tenth of the charges incurred in England.

The people are thoroughly satisfied with their general state and condition, and are loyal to the core.

The foregoing statements are simple and actual facts, and are not merely opinions.

But let me quote a couple of opinions. "The blessings and advantages which the Island enjoys beyond all the nations round about it, and the rectitude and goodness of their laws so wisely framed, and so admirably adapted to their Constitution, are such that the great Lord Coke saith: 'That the Isle of Man hath such laws as are not to be found in any other place.'"¹ And as a reasonable consequence of such wise laws, Lord Coke adds: "The inhabitants of this Isle are religious, industrious, and true people without begging or stealing."²

So much for our civil laws and system. I will quote yet another opinion as to our ecclesiastical laws and discipline. Lord Chancellor King says: "If the ancient discipline of the Church was lost elsewhere, it might be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man."³

Now let us suppose we were entirely to change our long-tried and excellent system to that of "party" government, how would it be with us?

I am a member of the Bar, and, we will suppose, ordinarily ambitious, other members of the same profession are like-minded; and ambition is not confined to lawyers. Several of us would probably succeed in getting into the House of Keys, and then our "party" work would commence. If, by a happy combination, we could decisively defeat the Manx Ministry then in office, their resignation must follow, and the offices of Governor (or Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer), Attorney-General, Clerk of the Rolls (Lord Chancellor), Receiver-General, Secretary to the Governor, Treasurer of the Island, &c. &c. &c., would become vacant. I and my friends would probably step into them, and the struggle would begin afresh. Our opponents in turn would seek to oust us, and in order to do so would produce measures likely to tickle the popular palate.

They might propose (in American fashion) to pay the members, say £200 a year, to close all the public-houses, disestablish the Manx Church, &c. &c. &c. We, perceiving that these proposals were pleasing to the constituencies, and by them lauded to the skies, might pledge ourselves to carry them, whereby we should again become the favourites, or, our opponents having brought in a Bill with the object of giving each labouring man who had a vote, three acres and a cow, to be either purchased out of the public revenue, or abstracted from the larger landed proprietors; we might add to the cow, say, a pig!—and so the political auction, as it at present exists in England, would merrily proceed.

¹ Seacombe's *History*, p. 192, published in 1767.

² Parr's *Abstract of the Laws, Customs, and Ordinances of the Isle of Man*. Edited, with Notes, by Sir Jas. Gell, Attorney-General of the Island. P. 156.

³ Train's *History of the Isle of Man*, vol. 1. p. 356, published in 1845.

How long would this sort of thing be likely to last?

Grattan's Independent Parliament was conceded to Ireland in 1782, and "party" government made it so intolerable that it was finally abolished within eighteen years of its concession; whereas, our non-party House of Keys has existed for upwards of nine centuries, and is still (as Sir West Ridgway stated) admitted to be "a decided success."

It would therefore plainly appear that our Manx political non-party pudding for upwards of nine hundred years has successfully stood the stern test of actual experience.

Now, how about the English plan of "party" government?

1st. Has it proved so great a success? and if not;

2nd. Is it advisable and practicable to establish "no party" government in its place?

In order to be satisfied, that it has not proved to be an unqualified success, we have only to read history.

How many unjustifiable and ruinous wars have been forced upon us by the exigencies of "party"? Catholic emancipation in Ireland would have been granted—as it ought to have been—in 1801 instead of 1829 but for the prejudices and obstinacy of a highly estimable old gentleman, to whose caprices the "party" Government of the day thought it expedient to give way.

The Crimean War would not have occurred except for want of initiatory firmness and plain speaking, owing to the exigencies of "party"; and just recently, except for the patriotic determination of the House of Lords, we should inevitably at this present moment have been involved in all the horrors of civil war, and possibly in complications with France and Russia.

The late John Bright emphatically declared that, but for Gladstone being a great "party" leader and heading the movement, there would not have been twenty members of the House of Commons to vote in favour of the Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

Lord John Russell, in his *History of the English Government and Constitution*, expresses himself thus: "Obstinacy in supporting wrong, because an admission of what was right and true would give a triumph to the Opposition, has led many a Minister of England into a course most injurious to the country."

It will, in fact, be freely granted that the evil effects of "party" government have in the past been numerous, glaring, and vital, and, moreover, are certainly increasing.

The question, however, is, Can they be avoided for the future, and government by "party" abolished?

That there might be difficulties, and serious ones, I admit; but I altogether deny them to be insurmountable. The great obstacle here again would be "party." Assume that I propose to do away with "party" government, thereupon each "party" will rise up and condemn me. The "party" craftsmen on both sides will shout

aloud, "Great is the goddess of 'party.'" They will each of them decline to commit political suicide. If, therefore, the success of my proposition were to depend upon their assistance, I should indeed be as one without hope.

It is not, however, to them that I would make my appeal.

I should make it to the entire nation—to the constituencies—"to the party," unnamed as yet, that is disconnected with any existing organisation hereinafter referred to—in short, to the great body of the people.

My proposition is a very simple one. It is to adopt the principles of government found to answer so well in the Isle of Man.

Why should the Lord High Chancellor lose his office because the Government are defeated upon, say, a Local Veto Bill? Would he not continue to be as able an equity lawyer and as fitted to preside over the Chancery Court and as Speaker of the House of Lords as before? What connection is there or ought there to be between his duties as Lord Chancellor and some merely political party measure? Does not the same process of reasoning apply to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Attorney- and Solicitor-General of England, the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General of Scotland, the Lord Chancellor and Attorney- and Solicitor-General of Ireland, and a whole batch of analogous offices?

I would propose that the continuance in office of persons holding them should not be affected by the success or non-success of specific Bills.

But I would go much further than this. Why should the political fate of any single member of the House of Commons, whether in the Ministry or out of it, depend upon the success or non-success of any Bill whatever? Surely it is not necessary? and certainly it does not seem to be expedient.

The present Government passed in the Commons the Irish Home Rule Bill and the Evicted Tenants Bill, and they were thrown out by the Lords, but Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery did not think it necessary to resign, or to appeal to the country, they simply proceeded with the other national business.

Supposing even that they had lost these Bills in the Commons, might they not properly have adopted the same course? They would simply have submitted to the will of the nation as expressed by the adverse vote. Why should it be deemed necessary for a Minister to resign because the Commons are against him upon one particular though important measure, notwithstanding that they might agree with him in almost every other?

Take an extreme case.

The Minister asks the House to grant him, say £5,000,000, to strengthen the navy, stating that the safety of the nation requires it. The House refuses to grant it. Why should the Minister resign? It will be said, Because he will decline to take the responsibility of

government in such a case. But, according to my theory, he would have no such sole responsibility thrown upon him; he would merely divide it with the Commons themselves. They as well as he would be answerable to the nation.

But it may be asked whether the Commons should never be dissolved during its seven years of life? This might, of course, become advisable under certain circumstances—for instance, if Her Majesty, acting upon advice, were to be of opinion that the House was not representing the wishes of the nation. I am very sure, however, that the manipulation of the new election would be very different were it understood that there could be no possible “party” scramble for place, profit and power.

Then, again, in the House itself, at and prior to voting time, the absence from the lobbies of patronage secretaries, who under the present system exercise a sort of necessary “party” surveillance over the members would tend to a much more truthful and honest settlement of contested measures.

I had here prepared and intended to set forth in elaborate detail the entire scheme of my proposed government without “party,” with comments upon the attempts to get rid of domination by party, severally made by Lord Godolphin, Lord Carteret, and George III.; but at the last moment I have thought it wiser for the present to omit such details, inasmuch as many of them might be made the subject of technical cavil, and thus possibly (to a superficial observer) I might weaken my case. I therefore, for the present, content myself with propounding the general principle; and if it be thought worthy of fuller consideration, I am prepared to set out the entire details of my proposal, which might, of course, be improved upon and added to as the result of criticism, thought, and experience.

In conclusion. It may possibly be alleged that a certain “party” spirit is necessary in order to create a wholesome stimulus for the work of legislation, and that otherwise legislative assemblies would drift instead of being steered.

But are they not already “drifting” hither and thither, according to the changing winds of the exigencies of mere party? Where are we drifting to? Shall we strike upon the rock of Irish Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Local Veto, One Man One Vote, House of Lords, Triennial Parliaments, or upon which other danger that threatens us?

I would, at any rate, suggest that the supposed necessary “party” spirit should not consist of wild struggles for place and power—fierce “party” contests, merely to secure the passing popular vote, or, in the game of “follow my leader,” whatever course, erratic or otherwise, he may choose to take.

The great heart of the nation does not beat for “party” and is not in favour of it. In the words used by the authoress of *Silver*

Domino: "You have the sturdy, loyal, splendid English 'masses,' who in their heart of hearts are neither Radicals, Whigs or Tories, but are simply, as they always have been, 'for God and the Right!' It matters not which party expresses what they consider the Right; it is the Right they want and the Right they will have, and they will try all means and appliances in their power till they get it."

I would quote the eloquent words used by Lord Rosebery at St. James's Hall on the 21st of March last, upon the occasion of his receiving an address from the London County Council. "I am certain that there is a party in this country, unnamed as yet, that is disconnected with any existing organisation, a party that is inclined to say, a plague on both your Houses, a plague on all your parties, a plague on all your politics, a plague on your unending discussions, which yield so little fruit; have done with this unending talk, and come down and do something for the people. I, for one shall not despair some day to see a Minister—Prime or otherwise—who shall not scruple to come down from the platform of 'party,' and speak straight to the heart of his fellow countrymen. Were that Minister here to-night, he would, I imagine, ask you, not to save his Cabinet and himself, but make a great effort to save yourselves!"

The motive power which I would call into action, and which would always prevent the Commons, or any other assembly, from drifting at the mercy of the shifting winds of popular clamour, is that active principle which would animate each member to further those measures which he should believe to conduce, not to the mere victory of a "party," but to human progress, and to the moral, commercial, and material advancement of the nation.

They would doubtless differ as to the nature and quality of such measures. Some, for instance, might be progressive in their tendencies; whilst others would be more conservative; but, in the intellectual conflict which would necessarily take place between them, truth—or the nearest practicable approach to it—would ultimately prevail, and in the meanwhile they would, at all events, be free from the disturbing influences of personal interest—temptations of office and power—and consequent tendencies to seek to catch the ephemeral popularity of the hour, in order to gain a mere "party" triumph.

The members of the House of Keys contest Bills brought before them every whit as earnestly as do the members of the House of Commons. The former, however, have not yet reached the elevated standard of Committee Room No. 15, nor of that recent pugilistic encounter on the floor of the House itself.

ALFRED N. LAUGHTON,

High Bailiff of Peel.

OUGHT PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUMS TO BE ABOLISHED?

IN the whole range of reforms affecting our social system, during the last half century, perhaps one of the greatest has been in the housing and treatment of the lunatic poor. Prior to the year 1889 over £15,000,000 were spent by a humane and generous public in providing asylums for them. The current expenses of their maintenance are met by an outlay from public sources of over £3,000,000 annually. Everything calculated to "minister to a mind diseased," to promote personal comfort, or relieve human suffering, is amply, even munificently, placed at their service.

But though the lunatic poor have thus won the sympathy of this philanthropic age, strange to say the condition of the middle classes and of the rich who pay well, sometimes lavishly, for maintenance, in licensed houses kept for profit, is practically unaltered. Royal Commissions and Select Committees have time and again sat in judgment upon these proprietary asylums. Hosts of witnesses have testified against them. Volumes of evidence of the most damnatory character have been printed. Pyramids of parliamentary reports have been piled up. Acts of Parliament passed without number. Yet the evil system survives and flourishes, like rank tropical vegetation, annually renewed, augmented, extended, and fertilised out of the proceeds of its own luxuriant rottenness. It will continue to flourish as long as the evil principle inherent in it is permitted to exist. What I want to urge is that the wealthy classes, when insanity supervenes, are far less favourably circumstanced than the insane poor, who have nothing to excite the cupidity of those whose capital is invested in the business of private lunatic asylum keeping. I do not for a moment suggest that all proprietors of private asylums, or even a majority of them, are venal unscrupulous men, acting from a spirit of avarice; very far from it. I have known many who were good, kind, philanthropic, conscientious, and deserving of the confidence reposed in them. It is the original sin of the system under which, for pecuniary considerations, not only the unsound; but frequently the sane, are shut up and kept in the custody of speculators, who carry on a trade in lunatics, that excites my aversion and deadly hostility. Forty years ago, or more, public attention was called to the enormities perpetrated in proprietary

asylums. Instance after instance of horror was adduced. The press reported continually appalling cases of misconduct on the part of proprietors and their servants, to some of which I will now refer. About this time a case of extraordinary turpitude was brought before the superior Courts in Ireland, the medical proprietor of a private asylum being defendant. It transpired that a lady patient placed under his care had fallen a victim to his immorality. The offspring of the crime, a son, grew up in the asylum, and was kept in durance there. The case got wind somehow—an action at law was the result, when all the miserable details were made public, and created a sensation of a very painful character. The wretched father had to acknowledge his guilt in open Court. The lady was undoubtedly insane, a fact that should have kept her sacred in the eyes of the person in whose power and under whose protection she had been placed. The most extraordinary feature in this melancholy case is that besides being the proprietor of a private lunatic asylum, Dr. H. (I withhold his name, for he is long dead, and to mention it might give pain somewhere) was a leader of his fraternity, and held public appointments of trust in Dublin. When the Act 5 & 6 Vict. c. 123 was passed, providing that no patient should be received into a private lunatic asylum without an order and medical certificates, he it was who championed the proprietors in their objections. I have before me a pamphlet written by him, published in 1843, and addressed to the late Sir Robert Peel. It is mainly a protest against official interference, especially against inspection of the asylums which were then under the surveillance of the Prisons Department. He says (at p. 40) : “ For more than thirty years I have been physician to all the criminal prisons of Dublin ; during the whole of which period, besides the occasional visits of the Inspectors-General, the Local Inspector was required to visit each prison *twice a week* at least, and on these occasions to see every department and inmate of the gaol. Did these frequent visits of the inspectors prevent or abolish the many notorious abuses that prevailed, and prevailed, too, in many instances to their knowledge and with their reprobation ? They did not ; nor could they succeed in the great objects calling for their interference until the character of the gaoler was elevated, until a superior class of men was selected for that office, and salaries attached thereto such as gentlemen could accept. Then, indeed, commenced the reformation ; so that now, and for many years past, the prisons of Dublin and of the country at large are no longer the vile and abominable nurseries of vice and crime that they had been, and such as I had long known them.”

Here, then, was this canting hypocrite who, at the time of writing had the guilt on his soul of a revolting crime that subsequently brought him to the bar of justice, setting himself up as the advocate of virtue and the censor of morals.

"Could this mean peace, the calmness of the good,
Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?"

For one such instance of depravity that comes to light, how many are never heard of. As in this case, however, accident sometimes opens the door and reveals the horrors within. Other remarkable cases have from time to time come under public notice in which the same have either been immured in proprietary asylums, licensed under statute to receive lunatics, or attempts on their liberty have been made. Sometimes a Police Court is the medium of exposing a case of kidnapping; sometimes a sensational trial before her Majesty's judges. During the twelve years I had a seat in Parliament it fell to my lot to bring forward several such cases.

The motives by which people are actuated in calling in the aid of a private lunatic asylum proprietor illegitimately in certain cases are various. The avaricious or impecunious next-of-kin takes advantage of some escapade committed by a rich relative, and makes his conduct a peg to hang a charge of lunacy upon. With the aid of medical certificates, easily procurable for a consideration, he establishes a case of insanity, places his relative under the care of an accommodating proprietor, paying a good pension out of the victim's funds, and so enters into the enjoyment of the property himself. Needless to say, it is not the interest of either of the parties to such a nefarious transaction that the "patient" should ever be discharged. In other cases the motive is revenge, punishment for misconduct, reckless extravagance, dissipation, acts of immorality, or "disgracing the family name."

Now it is an enraged husband who takes this method of paying off an inconstant or troublesome wife. Now a jealous wife serving out a faithless husband. Again, a distracted parent who tries to reform a profligate and incorrigible child by confinement as a lunatic. Be the motive what it may, there is no doubt, on the evidence before us, that numbers of persons of perfectly sound mind have been incarcerated in private lunatic asylums, and, shocking as the reflection is, doomed to spend their lives there.

The following cases show how the private lunacy Acts can be and are perverted to evil uses. The first example is the well-known case of Mrs. W., a lady of singular ability, distinguished for the versatility of her gifts, and apparently fond of publicity. She had, it appeared, incurred the displeasure of her husband. No charge of impropriety was ever made against her, her chief offence being, according to the reports, belief in spiritualism, and, what is occasionally a feminine peculiarity, a desire to have her own way. Her husband, thereupon, thought a lunatic asylum the proper place for her.

The certificates and order for her detention were prepared in due form. The son of the former proprietor of a private asylum, and

his successor in the business, came with carriage and keepers to carry her off. £550 a year was the stipend agreed upon, and great was the anxiety to secure so rich a prize. The lady, however, was too clever, and the attempt failed. The case became a *cause célèbre*. It was tried for five days before Mr. Baron Huddleston and a special London jury, as reported in the *Times*, March 14 to 19, 1884. The learned Baron, in giving judgment, dwelt on "the astonishing fact that with an order and a statement signed by paupers, and two certificates signed by men whose only qualification need be the possession of diplomas and the fact that they were not related to the keeper of an asylum to which a patient was to be sent, anybody might be shut up in a private asylum. . . . He regretted to think that the plaintiff could have no redress for the serious inconvenience to which she had been put, but being clearly of opinion that such was the case he must hold that she must be non-suited."

It is as certain as anything can be that had the doctor succeeded in capturing the lady when, accompanied by male and female keepers, he went to her house for the purpose, she would have been shut up and perhaps driven really mad by association with lunatics. The former proprietor of the asylum to which the lady was to be brought was an eminent physician and writer on diseases of the mind, who would have been the last person to lend himself to such an outrage. In the next case it was an angry wife who put the machinery of the lunacy law in motion, and with better success. The facts as they came out on the trial were of an exceedingly painful character. Mr. M. was a fine-looking young man of the "fast" type. His wife was his senior in years, and not handsome, rather the reverse. From whatever motive the unfortunate young man was seized and confined in a private lunatic asylum for over two years. He was debarred from all communication with the world outside, but eventually succeeded in getting into communication with a friend, through whose interposition he was brought up, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and discharged. The case created at the time an immense sensation. The following sensible remarks upon it are extracted from the *Irish Times*, and deserve to be quoted:

"We have not the remotest idea of passing censure upon the system or management of any private lunatic asylum or of attributing by implication motives for the conduct of any parties in this most extraordinary and painful case. But we feel called upon to express our opinion that private lunatic asylums should not be tolerated in a free State. They are very costly, they are very secret, and they are altogether unnecessary. The State alone should have the power of depriving man or woman of liberty. The evidence which should of right be required before a man is shut out from light and life and society in a private lunatic asylum would, if true, entitle him to the direct protection of the State. If well-furnished apartments, if

obliging attendants, if luxurious food are recommended as means of cure it would be easy to provide all these in a public institution under the direct and constant surveillance of responsible Government officers. . . . Private asylums are opened and maintained, not through any peculiarly philanthropic concern for the insane, but for the sake of profit as a commercial speculation; but no private individual should be entitled to trade on the insanity of his fellow man."

A few years ago the case of Mr. C. H., who was forcibly abducted and placed in an asylum, was brought before Parliament by the writer. An action for wrongful detention had been brought in the superior Courts.

The following are the comments of Mr. Baron Huddleston, who tried the case, as reported in the *London Times* of February 24, 1885: "Somebody—who it was we do not know, and everybody repudiates it—somebody sent the policeman and the other man with the blacksmith to break open the door and take him away. Somebody had hired a carriage to take him, and two men to go with him. Somebody had caused this to be done without any order, or any previous inquiry, or any personal examination; without any of the conditions prescribed by the statute to authorise the exercise of the jurisdiction, the applicant was put into a carriage and carried away to the asylum." If space permitted such cases could be multiplied to any extent.

Thus far I have been dealing with private lunatic asylums in my own way and from my own knowledge, giving such examples as are calculated to support the opinions I hold. We now come to much more important witnesses—the highest in authority that could be produced. The first in importance is the late Earl of Shaftesbury, a nobleman who held a prominent position in the House of Lords, and was conspicuous above all for his large-hearted philanthropy. He was Chairman of the Lunacy Board from its first formation in 1845, and his experience was therefore unequalled.

In the year 1859 he was under examination for six days before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, "appointed to inquire into the operation of the Acts of Parliament and regulations for the care and treatment of lunatics and their property."

His Lordship condemned private asylums in the most unqualified terms. It may be said he exhausted the resources of the English language in reprobating them, as the following quotations show. Asked (Question 82) as to the element of profit involved, he said, *inter alia*, "I consider that that is the cardinal point upon which everything turns. That the system should rest on the principle of profit I think is not only objectionable, but intolerable." In the course of his reply to Question 101, he said: "I feel strongly that the whole system of private asylums is utterly abominable and indefensible." Replying to Question 494, Lord Shaftesbury made the

following statement still further emphasising his utter detestation of the odious system: "It is the result of very long experience in these matters that a large proportion of the difficulties of legislation, and almost all the complications we have to contend with or to obviate, arise from the principle on which these licensed houses are founded. The licensed houses are founded upon the principle of profit to the proprietor, and the consequence is that any speculator who undertakes them having a view to a profit is always eager to obtain patients and unwilling to discharge them; and he has, moreover, the largest motive to stint them in every way possible during the time they are under his care. Now this must be borne in mind. I do not intend to cast any reflection on the medical profession; I know that when I have urged arguments of this kind I have been told that I entertained most undue suspicions of that great profession. I have no suspicion of them as medical men; but my suspicions are of these medical men only when they are proprietors of lunatic asylums into which lunatics are taken for profit. . . . Even supposing that you gave them full credit for care and for proper treatment from a desire to do their duty, nevertheless they must, with a view to making a profit, take the utmost payment they can exact; and of course, within proper limits, they give the smallest amount of treatment, and go to the smallest expense that would be consistent with the discharge of their duty, and therefore there is this vicious principle of profit that runs through the whole. . . . This, to a certain extent, must be the case even with many of the best intentioned proprietors."

In reply to Question 504, his lordship said: "I know that nothing can be more attentive, more minute, or more conscientious than the care that some of these proprietors take; but we have no security; they are here to-day and they may be gone to-morrow. . . . The license, by the death of one proprietor, may pass into the hands of another, and he might act upon totally different principles, and you have ever to contend with that vicious principle of profit." Lord Shaftesbury went on to say: "There are some cases in which the patients are paying from £400 to £500 and £600 a year, and the loss of one or two of those patients would be a dead loss, a loss of the most serious kind, and one that would fall very heavily upon the condition of an establishment; for the proprietor is by no means secure that another patient able to pay an equal amount will come to take the place of the one he has lost. I remember one instance, not very long ago, where a patient was paying no less than £1200 a year, and I am certain that the expense of that patient in the house was not £300 a year, so that was £900 a year clear profit to the medical man. . . . In that case, when £1200 is paid, I say there is the strongest possible temptation to retain that patient."

In the course of his reply to Question 507, Lord Shaftesbury

said: "When I look into the matter I see that this principle of profit vitiates the whole thing; it is at the bottom of all those movements that we are obliged to counteract by complicated legislation, and if we could but remove that principle of making a profit we should confer an inestimable blessing on the middle classes." His lordship then proceeded to explain the method by which he proposed to get rid of private lunatic asylums, saying, "that brings me to the great point—viz., the establishment, I will not say of public asylums, but hospitals, or asylums, at the public cost for the reception of all classes of lunatic patients. . . . If you had establishments of that kind, asylums or public hospitals, I should like to say chartered asylums, you would find that they would be precisely the reverse of those I have mentioned. First of all, there would be a total absence of that motive which constitutes the vicious principle of the present licensed houses—there would be no desire or view to profit of any sort." Lord Shaftesbury then entered into details showing how the system of State or chartered asylums contemplated could be founded and worked as self-supporting institutions.

The next witness against the private lunatic asylum system is Dr. John Charles Bucknill, than whom no higher authority on lunacy matters could be found. He was exhaustively examined before the Select Committee of 1859, and gave unqualified approval to the supercession of private asylums in the manner recommended by Lord Shaftesbury. It would be impossible to compress the evidence into the space of a paper such as this. Suffice it to say that the opposition to proprietary asylums which was initiated by Lord Shaftesbury includes the names of Bucknill, Mortimer Granville, Connolly, and many others.

Dr. Bucknill's work on *The Care of the Insane, &c.*, published in 1880, had for its object, as he writes, "to hasten the inevitable hour when the public will declare that the most helpless and pitiable of their fellow subjects shall no longer be confined and detained as a profitable private business."

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* for February 1885, Dr. Bucknill again attacks the system. He says (p. 264): "The suspicion and distrust of private asylums is not now founded on the belief that their inmates are treated with cruel violence. It may perhaps even be said that it is founded entirely upon the belief that persons are admitted into them who ought not to be admitted; that they are not treated with a view to promote their recovery; and that they are detained long after they ought to be set at liberty."

Again he says (p. 275): "Imprisonment, bringing pecuniary profit to the person who holds the keys, is inconsistent with modern notions of justice; and private asylums founded and conducted on this principle must be abolished. *Delenda est Carthago.*"

Dr. Bucknill winds up this able article as follows: "The Com-

mittee of 1877 was rather remarkable, inasmuch as having been granted on the demand of a Member of the House opposed to private asylums, it was dominated to a great extent by Members entertaining a very different opinion, and who knew more about the subject and were more interested in it. One most influential member of the Committee was actually the proprietor of the largest private asylum in the country. . . . It is not surprising under these circumstances that the recommendations of the Committee were feeble and temporising. . . . Perhaps neither the legislature nor the public were ripe at that time for the abolition of private asylums by the simple process of refusing all renewal of licenses; but it may safely be foretold, that if the promised Bill does not provide in some decided way for such abolition, it will either fail to become law, or as law it will fail to endure."

Dr. John Connolly, for some years the resident medical superintendent of Hanwell, after five years' experience as Inspecting Physician of the Lunatic Houses for the County of Warwick, wrote—as stated in Dr. Bucknill's book already mentioned—"his first eloquent, humane, and thoughtful work on insanity." Dr. Bucknill says (p. 59): "Dr. Connolly grounded his maxims of reform upon facts which he adduced and summarised in the following conclusion: 'That the present regulations regarding the insane are at once inefficient for the protection of the insane themselves, and dangerous to the public; that it results from them that some are improperly confined, and others improperly at large.'

"Other evils, arising out of the present manner of providing for lunatics, are that they are often confided to persons who are unacquainted with bodily and mental disorders, and who neglect such treatment as might conduce to recovery; that it is the interest of such persons to keep patients under their care who ought not to be so confined." Dr. Bucknill continues: "Nothing which Dr. Connolly ever wrote does more credit to his head and his heart than these opinions on a subject that was to make his name famous; early opinions, it is true, and published before advancing years and personal interests had made him indulgent to the evils he had denounced." This allusion is to the fact that Dr. Connolly ultimately became a private lunatic asylum proprietor himself, and was chosen to represent the fraternity, on whose behalf he gave evidence before the Select Committee of 1859, having a few years before laid down the maxim that "every lunatic asylum should be the property of the State, and be controlled by public officers." Dr. Connolly, speaking for the proprietors, said in the course of his examination: "There is a general feeling on the part of medical men belonging to asylums that they are somewhat unworthily estimated; that they are supposed more peculiarly to be under the influence of mercenary considerations than they deserve to be considered" (Question 1986).

In reply to a previous question (1936) as to his knowledge of

private asylums he said: "I am acquainted with several; I am intimately connected with two. I am part proprietor of two, and in my own house I receive six ladies." It is sad to think how even the good and generous are blinded by self-interest. As Lord Shaftesbury put it in his reply to Question 82: "It is the cardinal point upon which everything turns." Had not Dr. Connolly become a proprietor himself, he would doubtless have continued hostile to the system.

Dr. J. Mortimer Granville, a London physician of high standing, and eminent in his profession as a specialist in lunacy, was examined at length before the Select Committee of 1877. Having stated that the private asylums did all the work before public asylums existed, and should be given credit for it, he said: "Nevertheless, I think the time has possibly come when their work might be continued by them under a better system" (Question 8993). Asked, "Supposing you were going to establish a system for the regulation of lunacy, would you admit the existence of private asylums into your scheme?" Answer, "I would not." Dr. Granville's proposal was to buy out the interests of the proprietors on a valuation of the receipts for a certain number of years, and to reconstitute the asylums under State officers, paying the money now paid to the proprietors into a central fund. Subsequently, writing on the escape of a "patient" from a lunatic asylum that had been the subject of heated discussion in the London papers, Dr. Granville said: "It is a cruel and most dangerous law which enables any man to commit another to prison without trial or *habeas corpus*, on the mere certificate of two medical men, 'neither of whom need,' as I wrote more than twenty years ago, 'have seen a genuine case of mental disease, read a page of any book, or heard a lecture, or been asked a question at any examination on the subject. . . .'" It is sickening to have to repeat these assertions again and again. I made them before the Select Committee of 1877, and I shall continue to give them expression without fear or favour until a baneful and oppressive law is changed."

Speculation on unfulfilled contingencies is not always barren or useless; one may, therefore, be permitted to consider what would have been the consequences to society generally, to the sane as well as the insane, if the views held by such unimpeachable authorities had prevailed, and the "abominable and indefensible system" been swept away root and branch. At any rate, we should have been spared many hideous scandals, and much human suffering would have been avoided. From that day to this the evil system has not been grappled with. It is painful to reflect how often the labours of Royal Commissions and Select Committees prove fruitless, and how evidence of the most damnatory character is watered down in the reports made to Parliament.

The terrific indictment framed by Lord Shaftesbury in 1859 against private lunatic asylums, sustained by witnesses of the highest authority, should in the ordinary course have led to the immediate abolition of the system; but the clique of proprietors was too cunning or too strong, and having succeeded in capturing Dr. Connolly and making him, instead of a powerful opponent a powerful advocate, they had not much difficulty in putting a wet blanket on the proceedings. After the lapse of eighteen years the farce of another Select Committee was re-enacted, and, as Dr. Bucknill has told us in his article already referred to, dominated by members in favour of private asylums, with "the proprietor of the largest private asylum in the country" on the Committee. Of course, under such circumstances the ridiculous farce could only end in the one way. Nothing was done. Government stood stock still.

The late Mr. Dillwyn, M.P., who was a member of the Committee of 1877, and took a life-long interest in the well-being of the insane, made an effort to deal with the evil as a private member by introducing in 1881 a Bill "to amend the laws relating to the custody and treatment of lunatics," but it never got beyond a second reading. In the course of his speech introducing the Bill, Mr. Dillwyn quoted the evidence given by Lord Shaftesbury in 1877, to the effect that "he had seen no reason to change any of the opinions which he had expressed in 1859 as regards the objectionable principle of persons having an interest in the retention of lunatics being intrusted with the care of them." During the debate Mr. Leonard Courtney, then Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, said, speaking on behalf of the Government: "The gradual suppression of private asylums . . . was a subject of the highest interest. . . . He hoped that the private asylums would in the course of time die out. There was no vested interest in them" (*Hansard*, 3rd series, vol. cclxi.). The theory of dying out is absurd as long as they are permitted to drive a roaring trade sanctioned, protected, and licensed by Government authority. The idea must be regarded as one of Mr. Courtney's flights of imagination. As well expect a blast-furnace to burn itself out while plentifully supplied with fuel. There is only one way to do it—stop the supply.

Another attempt to deal with the question was made by the member for North Shropshire, Mr. Stanley Leighton, who on April 25, 1882, moved a resolution "that all lunatics ought to be committed to the keeping of the State." He said: "He did not wish to speak harshly of persons, but only of the principle. . . . He could not help speaking strongly of a system that encouraged speculation and large expenditure in licensed houses with a view to the profit of their owners." Mr. Solater-Booth, now Lord Baring, contributed a remarkably able and exhaustive speech to the debate, saying: "The ideal system they ought to aim at was a system by

which lunatics belonging to the wealthy and middle-class families might have the ample security which the poor enjoyed in pauper asylums—namely, the security that it was not in the interest of any human being in the asylum to retain them in it one minute after they were cured. In a public asylum the interest of all the officials was to discharge the patients as soon as possible, but in the private asylums this state of things was reversed, and his view was that no lunatics should be intrusted to those who were pecuniarily interested in their maintenance." Mr. Sclater-Booth pointed out that it was not the intention of the mover of the resolution to relieve the better class of lunatics from maintaining themselves, and that they need not be maintained at the cost of the public. The incomes of the opulent insane classes now flowing into the coffers of the proprietors of private asylums, increasing the wealth of the capitalist or enriching the adventurous speculator, would, if administered under Government authority, maintain all the private lunatics in the country in comfort and even luxury in special institutions managed by qualified persons whose only pecuniary interest in connection with them would be their salaries. The next attempt to grapple with the subject in Parliament was made by the writer, who introduced a Bill "to alter and amend the law relating to private lunatic asylums in Ireland, and to make other and more suitable provision for paying patients." The vested interests of proprietors in Ireland are so trifling, compared with English interests, I thought the measure would not be strongly opposed, and that if the thin end of the wedge was inserted it could afterwards be driven home. The introduction of the Bill, however, was the signal for an outburst of indignant opposition on the part of the proprietors who saw in it the beginning of the end. The Bill was "blocked," and though re-introduced Session after Session for several years it never got beyond the First Reading stage.

Meanwhile the revision and consolidation of the whole Lunacy Law of Great Britain was undergoing the tedious process of incubation. The evidence given to the Select Committees of 1859 and 1877 was sat upon and hatched in the official incubator until the year 1890, the only result, in regard to proprietary asylums, being a very nasty addled egg indeed. The advocates of reform fully expected that a system so abhorrent, so universally, authoritatively, and justly condemned would have been effectively dealt with, and that private lunatic asylums would either be taken over by the State or abolished in some other way. Now, not only was this not done, but the very reverse. The system of lunatic asylum keeping for profit—profit being the *fons et origo malorum*—has been perpetuated under the Act of 1890, and perpetuated in an infinitely worse form than before. Sec. 207 specially enacts that every license may, on its expiration, be renewed "to the former licensees, or any one or more of them, or to their successors in business;" and sub-section 6

of the same clause provides that "no new license shall be granted to any person for a house for the reception of lunatics." What is the effect of this? Simply that it perpetuates the condemned system. It gives a new lease for ever to the eighty-five private lunatic asylums now in existence, enhances their proprietorial value, and, by prohibiting the issue of new licenses, gives a monopoly of the trade to the present proprietors and "to their successors in business" for all time. Who is responsible for this outrage? The Lord Chancellor and those who under his direction framed the Bill had necessarily to be guided by that department of the State which controls and supervises lunacy affairs. It must, then, be assumed that either the Lunacy Commissioners approved of, or at least did not protest strenuously enough against, the continuance of the evil. In spite of the accumulated evidence of half a century Mammon has triumphed. How it was managed is a mystery that could only be explained by the Jay Gould of private lunatic asylum capitalists.

While writing I have received a copy of the third annual report of "The State Commissioners on Lunacy, New York." The State care of the insane of the poorer classes as well as of those who are able to pay, either wholly or in part, for their maintenance, is manifestly the right thing, and it is not surprising to find "better results at less aggregate cost can be secured than any town or county or other municipality could be expected to secure." The following paragraph from the Report (p. 269) indicates the method in which the Lunacy Commissioners of New York desire to see lunatics belonging to the wealthy classes cared for: "It may be that in some more advanced stage of public sentiment upon this subject the State will, in view of the dreadful nature of the malady of insanity, enlarge its views and extend its philanthropy so far as to be willing to provide for all insane persons within its borders, irrespective of their pecuniary condition." Meaning, no doubt, to provide suitable care and treatment in State asylums under the management of State officials for rich people, the expense to be borne by the patients themselves or by their relatives.

This is the right way to get rid of the evil system of proprietary asylums. Mr. Courtney's remark, above quoted, that "there is no vested interest in them," is no doubt quite true. The idea of private persons having a vested interest in holding lunatics in custody for profit is repulsive, but the public have a very great interest in the abolition of the system, and it would therefore be well worth while to give "a sop to Cerberus" in the shape of reasonable compensation to the proprietors on the State taking over the asylums. In the long run there would be no loss to the public, while the gain to the private lunatic would be incalculable.

W. J. CORBET, M.R.I.A.

A POLICY OF THOROUGH.

DURING the last few years great changes have taken place in the various solutions of the land question which have from time to time been advocated. We no longer hear the cry for the free transfer of land and leasehold enfranchisement. The time of the free land school is past and a new demand has sprung up. It is no longer a question as to how the land may be best divided up amongst the many, but how it may be best utilised for the benefit of the community at large.

The reforms formerly proposed merely aimed at facilitating the transfer of land. They would have abolished settlements, entail, and primogeniture, ancient relics of the feudal system which have been handed down to us through the long ages of the past, and which are out of harmony with the democratic legislation of to-day.

Our present system of allowing an estate to be tied up in one family, whether that family is able to support it or not, is one of the many causes which produce the great inrush of country life into our towns and cities.

When all is taken out of the land which it is possible to extract and nothing put back in return, it is only natural that land should sadly deteriorate in value.

When the great landowner has not sufficient capital wherewith to properly work his estate he cannot afford to employ the necessary number of hands, and consequently, by a false economy, he both robs the land of its due and the labourer of his hire.

When it is possible for the conveyance of a piece of land to cost one-sixth of its total value, as sometimes occurs, there must be something radically wrong with our system of land transfer and something which requires immediate attention.

However necessary such reforms as these may be, and no doubt they are necessary, the cry now heard in the country is not so much for the further distribution of land amongst the middle or any other class, as for the ownership of the land by our corporate bodies, to which all classes belong.

It is both illogical and absurd that the inhabitants of our large towns and thickly-populated districts should be dependent upon the arbitrary will of a few privileged landlords for sufficient land whereon to live, which land is an absolute necessity for their existence, as much as air and water.

We find all the evils accompanying this overcrowding of the working-classes side by side with vacant sites of land, which are withheld from the market in hopes of an increased profit in the future.

It is only when the necessities of the population compel the acquirement of these lands at any cost that the owners are willing to sell; and not until they have obtained their rack rents will they permit their land to be used, no matter how much the interests of the community may demand it.

Truly the landlords profit at the expense of the rest of society.

Such, however, is the outcome of the past land legislation of an old-established civilisation, and it is with these difficulties that we have now to contend.

It is not the principle of private property which is at fault, but rather its abuses.

If the principle of private property merely seeks "to assure to all persons what they have produced by their labour and accumulated by their abstinence,"¹ all well and good. But that does not give the landlord any claim to an inalienable right to his land.

Land exists in a limited quantity, and therein differs from all other forms of property, which may be increased or decreased according to the demand; whereas no one can in any way increase or diminish the quantity of land in existence. Its use is essential to the existence of all, and therefore each has a right to claim a share. If not, where is our boasted equality of rights, when one is entirely dependent upon another for the first necessary of life?

If our equality is to be a reality and not a sham, no one can have any right to retain more land than he can personally cultivate whilst others are starving for want of it.

And is this liberty, it will be asked?

Yes, certainly it is, for let us look on the other side of the picture, and at things as they now exist. Each has a right to live, that none can deny, but how many of our unskilled, yea and of our skilled, labourers are permitted to exercise this right to earn an honest livelihood under our present system?

To claim that an equal opportunity to work is afforded to all, would be to deny the existence of the problem, in our midst, of the unemployed. How many have any liberty to choose their employment, but instead they are forced to take the first work which comes to hand, no matter how distasteful or how unsuitable it may be?

Where is our liberty here? Where our equality? There is none.

Whether it be admitted that the land belongs to the nation or not, if we are to consider the greatest good of the greatest number,

¹ *Definition of Principle of Private Property.* By John Stuart Mill.

the State must exercise its power and distribute the land amongst individual members according to their requirements. If the land is the nation's, she can surely do what she likes with her own? If, on the other hand, it is not the nation's, whose is it?

Even if the present generation have voluntarily forfeited their rights to it, they cannot give away or sell the rights of the unborn. Each as he is born into the world, succeeds to certain rights of citizenship and that to the land is one, denied which all others are of but little avail. How then can we best procure for the nation her own?

Many proposals have been suggested, each more or less practicable. In the first place there is Land Nationalisation. That is to say, the State is to have the power to buy up all land, giving in exchange its fair market value with compensation for any actual loss which may occur through such disturbance. The right of the State to act thus cannot be doubted, provided it is clearly in the interests of its members to do so.

No doubt, were we laying down a constitution for the first time, or starting a new country unencumbered with old customs and superstitions, this would be the only rational course before us. But this is not the case, and we have to consider whether such an action would now be an advantage to the country.

If it could be guaranteed that the population should increase as rapidly in the future as in the past, then it might fairly be concluded that the value of the land would rise in a corresponding proportion, thus yielding a considerable gain to its new owners, that is to say, to the State.

This gain, instead of benefiting a few large landowners and speculative gamblers, as at present, would be employed in the interests of all.

Unfortunately, such an increase in the population cannot be guaranteed, and this inevitable uncertainty would hardly justify the enormous expenditure of capital which would be required for nationalising the land. The magnitude of this sum is easily seen when we consider the compensation necessary to avert the ruin which would otherwise befall the thousands who are indirectly landowners; those who have lent their savings trusting in the security of the State for the title to the land; the banks, friendly societies, and many other institutions which have lent money on similar assurances.

It is thus evident that, to deny compensation, even if morally defensible, would mean utter ruin to thousands of innocent ones, and the entire disorganisation of all industry.

It may, therefore, be concluded that wholesale land nationalisation *with* compensation is impracticable, *without* inexpedient.

Although wholesale land nationalisation may be undesirable,

there are other ways of applying the same principle on a smaller scale.

Compulsory powers might be granted to popularly elected bodies—parish councils, or other local authorities—to acquire land for small holdings and similar purposes, according as the requirements of the district might demand.

Thus the right of one and all to claim a certain fixed quantity of land might be established, and these bodies would have to see that each got his share. How, it will be asked, can you do this without robbing the landlord and confiscating his property?

There will be no confiscation, there will be no robbery.

He will receive the full market value for his land, and compensation for unexhausted improvements. What more is his due? There is no violation of the rights of private property.

The State merely decides that his land can be more advantageously employed, and who is he that he should stand in the way of the increased benefit to be thus obtained for the rest of his fellow-men?

To allow him to retain his land, whilst others are denied the opportunity of acquiring any, is to do them an injustice.

He has no longer a right to the exclusive use of that land when such claim interferes with the rights of others.

But why pay him for the nation's own? Undoubtedly, the land belonged to the nation in the first place, and it may be argued that although former inhabitants relinquished their rights, they could not forfeit those of their descendants.

The fact that the wrong then committed has since been allowed to multiply, can in no way make it right now.

All this may be quite true, but has not the nation, in so far as recognising the ownership of the landlord, practically given him a title to that land?

Would it not be a gross injustice to now deprive him of his land, whether inherited or purchased, without giving him full compensation?

Would it not involve a greater injustice to rectify this wrong of the past than to allow the present ill to go unatoned?

Whether it is proposed to take the land direct from the landlords by a system of wholesale land nationalisation without compensation—which has already been shown to be inexpedient—or to take it gradually by a system of taxation, as suggested by Henry George, is to do them a wrong.

No! we must pay the landlord the full market value of his land, but no more; to pay him more would be to rob the nation.

It will be urged that this proposal involves a great change in our present land system.

Undoubtedly it does, and, if we are to judge by results, a great change is sadly needed.

The fact of its being a *change*, is in itself no argument against it, and the sooner we discard the theory that "What is, is right," the better will it be for all progress.

We have a great social evil to deal with, and it requires to be met in a drastic manner. It is no good tinkering with the effects; we must go right to the root of the evil, remove the cause and the effects will soon disappear.

Mr. Haldane's Local Authorities Purchase of Land Bill, introduced into the House of Commons during the last Parliament, embodied the principle here advocated.

It proposed that County Councils should be empowered to purchase land compulsorily, where it appeared "in the interests of the inhabitants" to do so, subject only to the approval of the Local Government Board.

This is not sufficient, and one slight alteration would render the measure a reality and a practical benefit to the nation.

Why should not the Imperial Legislature decide what "is in the interests of the inhabitants," and not leave them to the tender mercies of the Local Government Board, which might make the Bill as unworkable and unreal as the late Government's Allotments Act?

What difference is there between Parliament deciding that a fixed quantity of land is due to every man, should he demand it, and leaving the various County Councils to decide that such would be "in the interests of the inhabitants?"

In the abstract, there is practically no difference; and yet what a material difference this slight alteration would make to the welfare of the country.

There is no new principle involved in this proposal, as some would vainly imagine. It merely seeks to place the interests of the people above those of the individual.

Not a single railway could have been made, not a single new street could have been constructed, had not this principle been already recognised. Are we to allow the selfishness and shortsightedness of a few individuals to bar the way to all effectual social reform? That is the question we must ask ourselves.

As to the "sentiment of property and home," and the liability to be turned adrift under such a measure, the same exists to-day when any private Bill is forwarded; and who then champions the private householder and defends his "rights"?

To-day any landlord may be deprived of his land under a Conservative Government's Allotments Act; and why? Simply because the "interests of the inhabitants" demand it, and it is recognised that this earth is for the use of all, and not for the aggrandisement of the few. It is on these grounds, and on these grounds alone, that the claim for this wider policy is urged, and it may be carried out by merely extending powers which already exist.

Has the State a right to exercise the fullest control over this natural monopoly or not? Has it a duty to legislate for the benefit of its citizens or not? If not, then away with such proposals; but if so, what may we expect as the result?

The land so obtained would be required for three purposes: for building sites, for allotments, and for small holdings.

In the first place, let it be clearly understood that the land thus obtained should never be re-sold to smaller owners; else, where the benefit to the community at large? These in time would sell again to the larger owners, or else they in their turn would become as arbitrary and tyrannical as those from whom it was originally taken. No! the State must never allow this land to be re-alienated, but should let it out with fixity of tenure, giving full compensation for all actual improvements.

With such powers granted we should no longer have the inhabitants of our large towns crowded together in wretched hovels and back-to-back houses; but instead there would be plenty of land available for building purposes on which might be erected homes worthy of that name. No longer should we be face to face with the horrors of the slums and the evils of overcrowding—and why? Simply because each has got his natural right. Land can no longer be withheld to suit the convenience of the owner whilst the necessities of the people go unattended. No longer shall the landlord say, “Go, it does not pay me to let you live.” By the means of such an extended Allotments Act each could supplement his weekly earnings and so obtain more than the bare necessities of life.

When each shall have the opportunity of winning a livelihood either direct from the land, or by hiring himself out to some employer, there will be no little change in the conditions of the labour world. At present the average labourer is practically a serf, with but one course open to him, that of selling himself for a bare subsistence wage to any master requiring his services.

This is the result of an overcrowded labour market, so that, when one drops out of the ranks, there are hundreds ready to rush in.

Why is this? Is not Nature able to supply the needs of her own?

Is it inevitable that there should not be work for all?

No, it is not inevitable; it is not natural that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men should not know where to get their daily bread. But what can we expect when the resources of the land are locked up and withheld from their proper use?

All that is demanded is that these natural gifts should be thrown open, in order that they may be taken full advantage of.

It is not desired to place every labourer on the land, or to deprive every landlord of his land.

There is no objection to any one owning any quantity of

land, provided that it is not wanted; but as soon as the interests of the people demand its use, then shall the State take control.

By means of the allotments thus provided, the labourer will be able to supplement his earnings, and put himself in a more independent position as regards his employer. He will no longer be compelled to toil unceasingly from morn till night in the struggle for existence. Hope—a thing unknown in the past—will be infused into his life, according as greater opportunities lie before him.

Whilst there still remain thousands of others out of work, allotments, in so far as they form an extra resource to the wages of the people, merely tend to reduce them by that amount, so that any seeming advantage is ultimately lost.

But the provision of allotments is only a part of this scheme, and it is in recognising the right of each to the land wherein the solution of the unemployed problem lies. Not that the unemployed shall one and all be established on small holdings to eke out an existence; but many now otherwise engaged will gladly avail themselves of the easy access to the land, and so make room for others in the ranks of labour. Each will then be able to choose between the advantages of an agricultural life and that of employment in other trades, and no longer will there be any seeking work and finding none. The average wage will never be less than the product of one man's labour on the land, for if lower, the labourer would leave his employment in favour of the more profitable one of agriculture.

How will these increased wages affect our foreign trade?

If at present it is as much as we can do to hold our own against the foreigner in the world's market, how will it be with these higher wages?

Undoubtedly wages cannot rise above the point at which it is profitable to employ labour. If, then, wages are higher, it must be because the employer can afford to pay higher wages, and because labour is so scarce that he cannot get labourers except on such terms. If the workman will not work except at wages which will not allow his employer to compete successfully with the foreigner, it means that he can obtain work on better terms elsewhere.

Surely it is more desirable that such particular industry should die out, rather than that the labourer should forego the advantages of a more productive one. We do not live to work, but work to live.

Although we have thus secured the right of all to the use of the land, the greater portion of it will probably at first remain in the hands of the present proprietors.

There will be much which the local authorities, from one cause or another, will not take over, and how to secure the unearned increment accruing to this unappropriated property is the next problem to solve.

It is this exceptional value, due to the necessities of the population, which so enhances the price of the land surrounding our cities and large towns.

To-day there is land near London which forty years ago was worth £300 an acre and which would now sell for £5000.

Whence this increase in value?

What extensive improvements the owner must have made to so appreciably affect its value! But this is not so.

The land, so far as that is concerned, may be in exactly the same condition as then; it may even be unbuilt upon.

No; the real reason is to be found in the growth of the population which has spread out in its direction.

It has become essential to the very existence of the people that they should possess it. The landlord, knowing that there is no other land available for the purpose, can extort his own terms unaffected by the price of land in other parts of the country. There is a special value in this land arising out of its peculiar position, and it is out of the necessities of the people that the landlord obtains his artificial rent. Is such a profit, is such an advantage, right? The answer is emphatically—No! No one has any right to make such a profit out of the necessities of their fellow creatures, when that which alone can supply those needs exists in a natural state in but a limited quantity.

When we consider the enormous sum of money which during the last twenty years has gone into the pockets of a few wealthy landlords, instead of benefiting the people—a sum amounting to upwards of seven million pounds in London alone—we are apt to picture the many blessings which it might have obtained for the poorer inhabitants of our great cities.

Why, in the name of common sense, should not such profits in the future go towards the expenses incurred in pulling down filthy slums and in erecting model dwelling-houses in their place?

What untold comfort and pleasure would such reforms carry into the homes of thousands whose lives know little of the joys of this life.

No one desires that the land shall be sold to the public at a lower price than that which it will fetch in the open market. It is only proposed to guard against the possibility of such artificial values accruing in the future.

This value, commonly called the unearned increment, is due to two causes, and our aim should be to secure for the benefit of the State the value so created. It arises—

(1) From the advantages accruing to property from public works; and

(2) From the necessities of the population.

Before approaching this most difficult of all problems, let it be

clearly understood that it is only proposed to deal with future increments, leaving undisturbed those of the past and present, which are so intricately mixed up with other interests.

In the first case, it is maintained that when property has appreciably benefited by any public works, it shall contribute to the local authority such increase in value as may be ascertained to be due to this cause. This principle is embodied in the so-called "Betterment" Clauses of the London County Council's Improvement Scheme, where, however, it is only proposed to appropriate a proportion of such increase.

The opposition to these clauses was not raised on the issue of their merits—in fact, both Houses of Parliament admitted the justice of the principle, but their lordships objected to apply so large a principle on so small a scale.

Then, apparently repenting of such unseemly haste to nullify the work of the Lower House, they appointed a Select Committee to inquire into the subject. This Committee reported last month that "the principle that persons whose property has clearly been increased in market value by an improvement effected by local authorities should specially contribute to the cost of the improvement is not in itself unjust, and such persons can equitably be required to do so." This was the unanimous finding of the Committee on the main question submitted to it, and this Report was adopted by the whole House. Thus that which was formerly scoffed at as a wild theory of enthusiastic dreamers has now received the sanction of both Houses of Parliament, and is supported by eminent members of both political parties.

This is not supposed to be a perfect system free from all objections, but it is submitted as the fairest way yet proposed of raising money for public works. It is at any rate decidedly better than the present plan.

Take, for instance, the case of the Blackwall Tunnel, London, where the value of property has risen from £50 to £1000 an acre on account of a public improvement. Would it have been so very unreasonable or unjust that the landlords should have returned such increase to defray the costs of the improvements which had created it?

Money for public works has to be found somewhere, and therefore a system which seeks to more equitably adjust our present method of taxation is worthy of at least a trial.

It has been urged that this principle of Betterment was enforced at the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire, and some seem to place considerable reliance on this precedent. But precedents or no precedents, they cannot affect the justice of the case one iota; it is not upon such accidents of the past that the claims of this reform are based. It must stand or fall upon its own merits, unaffected by the case of others.

Two ways have been advocated for obtaining the unearned increment which arises out of the requirements of the people. One proposes that the State should refuse to recognise this value in the future when purchasing land. The other would employ taxation.

The former suggestion is embodied in the Local Authorities Purchase of Land Bill, before referred to, and naturally supplements the larger scheme for the nationalisation of the land already described.

The popularly elected bodies who are to be empowered to purchase land would also be able to have any land valued to-day and then within a fixed period—say, twenty years—purchase the same should the needs of the population require it. They should pay the price of its original value *plus* compensation for any actual improvements which may have been made during that time by the owner; but not paying for the value which has accrued on account of the growth of the population in the district. This value caused and created by the people shall go into the pockets of the people as ratepayers, and not into the pockets of one or two favoured landlords.

It has been urged that if we appropriate this increment arising out of the growth of the population, we must also compensate where any decrement occurs through the decrease of the population; and who are you going to tax for this compensation, the opponents of this principle triumphantly ask? But we must remember that it is only proposed to appropriate that value which may accrue in the future, and to leave untouched anything which may have accrued in the past.

Therefore, if perchance there should be a decrease in the value of *what has already accrued*, there can be no claim for compensation. The land will certainly not decrease in value below the point at which it stood, before the necessities of the people gave it any artificial increase. Should such decrement occur, it will only tend to balance in a small degree the evils of the past.

Taxation, as the method for securing this portion of the unearned increment for the State, is open to several objections. If a tax is levied upon all land, it violates the principle laid down at the outset, of non-interference with that value which may have accrued in the past. This tax would fail to distinguish between the value arising before and after the time when such increase has been recognised as belonging to the public, and in so doing it wrongs the owner.

Again, a tax merely takes a portion, whereas the whole is due to the State.

John Stuart Mill suggested another scheme for taxation, which is certainly more just, but hardly practicable. He proposed to proceed by a measure general in its application but which confined itself to the future. There was to be a valuation of all land in the country

at its present worth and then, after a period of a few years, another valuation, by means of which the amount of this spontaneous or unearned increase was to be determined and a general land tax levied accordingly.

Such a tax, however, would fail to distinguish very minutely between that value arising from the unearned increment and that from other causes.

If, then, taxation fails to satisfactorily acquire the full amount of this exceptional value, does the system first suggested succeed any better ! It evidently does so in all cases where the land is eventually purchased by the State ; but how can it affect the rest of the land which remains in private hands ?

Will not the value of such land still be enhanced from this exceptional source, to the advantage of the owner but to the loss of the public ? Certainly not.

When the State shall have power to purchase any land in the interests of the community at large, without paying for this exceptional value, in so far as it may arise in the future, the effect on the rest of the land will be to deprive it of this artificial value ; no person being willing to pay such fancy prices for what they can get through the agency of the State for less. Thus although there may not be any increase in revenue from this source, the people will no longer have to pay unreasonable and exorbitant prices for their land ; this is the object in view, and it matters not by what particular means it is attained.

If we will but look upon this scheme as one means whereby the great extremes of wealth and poverty, of luxury and absolute want, may be in some slight degree equalised, then it must commend itself to all true benefactors of humanity. Surely anything which whilst committing no injustice in itself, seeks to remove some amount of the poverty and misery surrounding so many of our homes—no, call them not homes, so many dens of human beings—is on that account alone worthy of at least a trial.

WALTER TREVELYAN THOMSON.

ART LITERATURE.

Of the three great orders of literary productions that stand within the realm of Art, Fiction, as presented by the novel, is one ; Poetry and the Drama being the other two.

It may be here posited that every Art is co-ordinate with some other Art, all Art being fundamentally the product of the creative faculty.

But of the several Arts, each one has distinctive methods of embodying itself, has also different or qualified aims, and addresses even the same class of feeling in a different way. This inventive or creative energy allies the primary idiosyncrasies of the Art-faculty with the powers of the intellect—pre-eminently the imagination ; or with the ethical faculty ; or with the emotional part of our being ; or, their manifestation may uniformly engage and be combined with, the consummate subtle powers of the plastic physical nature in attitude and action.

By such alliance one Art is differentiated from another ; and by the predominance of each particularised alliance is the character of each distinctive art determined, noticeably in the domain of literary Art productions. But it will be understood, that predominance of one order of faculties does not imply the exclusion of other orders ; rather does it infer the presence, though in different degrees, of even all the others.

Poetry holds the highest and chiefest place in creative literary Art. It comes from the most central part of man's nature. It is the voice of the supernal in him—the crystallised music of the soul. It was the first of literary embodiments—the most human, the most spontaneous, the most impassioned.

The Greek Epos was the genesis of intellectual activity in Europe, the beginning of that progress which in the march of a few centuries culminated in the most multiform and brilliant civilisation the Western world has ever known ; and the productions of that civilisation which still exist, continue to yield instruction to mankind at the present day, in some of the highest departments of thought and of Art.

It was with the great poem of Dante—*The Epic of Italy*—that

the torch of learning was rekindled in the Middle Ages, and has been passed on from country to country, never again to be quenched, as we should believe.

Poetry possesses a regnant pre-eminence in that it can seize the deepest and most secretive movements of the human heart. It can arrest and clothe the most ethereal emotions, it can boldly dissect the most demoniacal passions. It can enshrine the sanctities of aspiration, giving them substance and reality. It can exalt the loveliness of the affections, intensifying their truth and tenderness, affirming their endurance and pervasiveness. It can brand Satanic debasement, stigmatise its turpitude, and disclose its hopelessness.

All that, and more, the poet can do through his ineffable, his divine gift. He is as a halcyon bird that sustains itself in mid air on its radiant wings, and sees the things of earth from afar. From the exaltation at which he moves the poet can record the darkest tragedies of mortal life, and he awakens only horror of the crime; he can touch the foulest of debased passions, and he distils no virus. He never makes you in love with the achievements of successful wrong-doing, or wrong of any kind; for his prescient soul sees and proclaims the imminence and insistence of irrevocable justice, ever making for goodness and spiritual beauty.

The early Greek poets chose as their themes some which we moderns should hold as strange subjects. We ponder over the overwhelming ignominy, the anguish of suffering, the ruthless discovery of wrong, the irresistible and remorseless destructiveness of evil, which their triumphant and matchless genius has portrayed and perpetuated in their brilliant embodiments.

So, too, in the *Divina Commedia*. Dante, with a pen dipped in liquid fire, is the poet of "The Tribune" that is always set, reverential, impressive, terrible.

In our own day and in our own land, Tennyson, in his lucid, musical, and lofty verse, has enshrined the intricacies of the inner life in its development amidst the crudities of material conditions and the allurements and illusions of the environments of things and people.

Browning, by his peculiar choice of subjects and methods of treatment, has produced examples that astound us, how some of the most abnormal aspects of this mortal life, may be touched by the poet and transmuted, as by Ithuriel's wand, into shapes that may remain as warning, instruction, prophecy, enlarging the heritage of the consciousness of men.

II.

The Drama, from its peculiar function and its numerous attributes, fills a large space. It attracts and subordinates to itself all the other Arts in various ways. The incommunicable finesse of true

dramatic art reveals itself in action. The chiefest art of the Drama is *acting*: that stands above all the others involved. But this histrionic genius, that must be possessed, and cannot be taught, is necessarily allied to, and always conjoined with, literary intelligence. So dramatic literary art, and the art of dramatic action, are inseparable. This is seen in pantomime—a department of histrionic art, that while audible speech is suppressed, mimetic action, not the less, moves on a literary substratum, and is regulated by it throughout.

The human voice, its elasticity, intonations, rhythm, cadences—all responsive to the entire gamut of emotion—is a power almost illimitable, only surpassed by the ever-varying expression of the mobile countenance. The gesture, the attitude, the port, the movement, all come under the discipline and illumination of thought; for the Drama, as poetry, stands conspicuously in need, not only of poetic utterance, but of the science of exact thought as well, to give dignity to it as Art.

While literature is allied with, and necessary to, the Drama, the structure of a play or literature to be presented on the stage, requires, not only to have its own distinctive embodiment or story, but from first to last its character and unfoldment are subordinated to stage exigencies, and the graphic adaptations of action. On the stage words are not throughout the chiefest part; often are they but means to prescribed ends.

The writer for the stage, requires much skill, and a peculiar skill. With literary ability, but much more, should the writer possess the subtleties of genius, can he evoke multiform apprehensions in the actor, and fire *his* genius to new revelations of *his own* powers. Further, the acting or impersonation of the histrionic artist, in turn, unfolds and multiplies the values of the dramatic literature, or plays which he performs.

How fully the *acting* of the true and accomplished artist can disclose the power and beauties of the drama is seen when on occasion a great artist consents to give an impersonation of some chosen *rôle*, even under the white light of open day, dispensing with scenery, distinctive costume, and stage appliances.

So, no *mise en scène*, however realistic or gorgeous, can supersede skilful acting. Stage machinery supplies adjuncts, enhancing certainly, and giving lustre to the play, but they cannot be substitutes for acting, nor even long distract the attention of competent judges from deficiencies in the actors.

It is obvious, then, that the drama, from its inherent genius, overlaps and transcends its own literature, while it includes and illustrates, exalts and honours it, as an inspired coadjutor.

III.

The novel has not the varied resources and the many adjuncts at

its command that belong to the drama. All action is excluded. The sole factor in this order of literary art is speech, or, more strictly, language. Nor may it poise itself above the earth and look down at things from afar. It does not draw up the natural into the regions of the transcendental, nor transmute the commonplace into the etherial, by such floods of solar light as poetic genius can cast upon themes that are homely.

The Genius of Romance treads the earth. It walks by the side of the weary vagrant; it consorts with the solitary, the isolated, the heart-stricken. It mingles in the assemblies of men and women of all sorts and conditions. It hears the living voice; it gauges the surging passions; it perceives the present purposes; it cognises the premeditated acts of mortals; it portrays and projects in shapes and colour the doings of living men and women.

Romance as embodied in the novel is the youngest of the literary arts. Comparatively, it is of late growth, very much later than romance embodied in poetry. The romance of the novel does not possess the music that is native to, inherent and inseparable from, poetry. Its utterances are not in song but in speech. Its method or movement is not in the measures of rhythm or of verse, but in the direct and regulated language of pedestrian prose. But its aims may be the loftiest. Its scope is co-extensive with the habitable earth. Its pabulum is the amplest. Its materials are permanent in the fundamentals, but ever changing in the accidental and the phenomenal. The variety at its command is boundless.

The earth and all that is therein is the domain of the Genius of Romance. Superadded, is the faculty by which, looking upwards, it can scale the heavens, bring down the things of heaven, possess and ally them with the material things of mundane life and the fleshly nature of mortals. Its highest function is to permeate these with the irresistible echoes of the *arcane*, yet ever confluent spirit. It is this subtle and inexplicable conjunction that gives the novel its potentialities, and holds the secret of its virility as also of its charm. Therefore, though romance is of the earth, springs from it, it is not thereby inevitably earthy.

Rigidly regarded, looking broadly and truthfully, romance is primarily the love of the concrete—the youth for the maiden, the man for the woman. This must be distinguished from the psychological, the platonic, the chivalrous. Romance is not at all the exceptional or the extraordinary thing some would have us suppose. It is all about us. It is what we look for and ought to find in ordinary life.

Physiological *entrainment* always enters into romance. But that by no means implies debasement or fleshliness unredeemed. Rather does it reveal and affirm that there are hidden as well as obvious values belonging to these material bodies. It also accentuates the

unities of our human nature, that no part of it is inherently base, and that throughout it is endowed with many capacities and honourable functions.

This romantic love, this love of the concrete, with its physiological attractions, necessary and inseparable, is but one side; and if remaining alone would become a tyranny, as all one-sided materialism will. Unmitigated materialism, however fair, would not only be sensuous, it could not escape lapsing into the sensual; and swiftly would it sink into remorseless extinction, that captivating thing, yclept Romance.

With the true artist in prose fiction, there is a resolute aloofness from literal delineations of the naturalistic part. It is by such mental attitude, such ethical reserve, he affirms the higher truth—the truth of *Art*—that ever being higher and nobler than the truth of *Nature*. He presents, that romance at the naturalistic level does not suffice; that materialism is *inadequate* for mortal satisfactions. He therefore skilfully seizes on that movement or stirring of the soul we call enthusiasm—often awakened for the first time by romance—and however small the measure thereof, will through that, link the fixed limitations of externals with the expansions of the emotions that conduct into the greater world of the Unseen. But in doing so, he does not flout physical Nature on the face; for, that Nature's yearnings are just; and he knows it is impossible to transfer into another region of feeling, that which is distinctive of that Nature. It is not that the physical Nature is defective within itself, but that it is insufficient for man's Nature—that being greater. The artist honours the physical Nature and brings it into close alliance with the enthusiasm of the Soul; and so wedded, Art is enthroned in the realm of Romance. This is the domain of true Art, for here Art can be energised by moral determinations and enriched by the promptings of intuition.

Romance in the fact, is the universal evolutionary factor, in the surging world of mortals. Redemptive is it. It is just by such romance that the most rudimentary of men and women may be carried forward and their feet placed on the first rung of the moral ladder. By the same leverage too, others of far greater pretensions, have risen through an awakened consciousness of ethical obligation, discerned the need of self-government, and thereby have escaped in large measure from the domination of self-love. Still further: Romance has energised some of the highest orders of men to scale the ramparts of intellectual truth; has fired them to honourable ambitions in action, and chivalrous devotedness to lofty purposes and aims. Romance in such cases sinks a deeper shaft in the emotional Nature, enters the kingdom of the affections—a world that is more interior, more potential than the world of the Intellect, and builds up there the indestructible substance of character, which

intellect unaided can never effect. It is the delineations and story of such romance that pre-eminently characterise the higher literature of fiction.

Passion, therefore, not fact, stirs at the roots of the novelist's art. Those persons who care only for concepts, who can regale themselves solely in the intellect and find that sufficing, can know nothing of romance. Romance finds no inspiration in the intellect, it seeks for no foothold in things or places, these are but accessories and incidentals. There is but one school for romance and that school is—*Life*.

Life throbs with pathos; it reverberates at every touch with interminable mystery; it is the abode of genius; the dominion of manifestation; the arena *pour la lutte résolue* of the creative energies of the soul.

Writers of romance, by their choice of subjects, by their characteristic style and treatment, have taken to themselves, or have had bestowed upon them, appellations that place them in what they may regard as felicitous categories. Various are the sounds and pretentious the length of those designations. Among them stand symbolists, sensationalists, and the psychological; also, those whose work is called Realism, and those whose work has been named Naturalism.

This last elder of literary fiction distinguished as Naturalism, is not native to England, and it is not likely to be acclimatised. It has flourished rankly on Gallic soil, where its priesthood arose; but in the hierarchy of British literature it has no representative.

Naturalism is Sense at war with Soul, the negation of all that is higher than sense, the rupture of the laws of life, the laws of living, the laws of truth. It is full of quicksands and pitfalls. Presenting romance as fleshly only, is untrue, untrue to *Man's Nature*. The fleshly part, bounteous and beautiful as it can be, is but one side, one part of Man's Nature, and romance in its absolute sensuous aspects being one-sided, becomes by such partial presentation, false, human nature in natural conditions, being both spiritual and material. Passion expresses itself through the flesh, but has its seat in the Psyche.

Realism is not a school that canonises deadly or degrading turpitudes of life and conduct. Its leading dogma is the *importance of the real facts of life*. That implies that it finds its primary materials in, or it traffics with, the *life as it is, in its most obvious aspects*.

There is in Britain a mighty cohort of writers of realistic fiction, some of them true Romancists. They fit not things too closely to the fact, but leave large space for the rolling tide of fancy to ebb and flow; and so comes in the exaltation wrought of the finesse of Art, and the illusions of its myriad rainbow hues.

To break up the chronic lethargy, the cherished illusions, the conventional superstitions which may be deadening the sensibilities and misleading the judgment, as they infest the general mind and affect the social habits of a nation at any period, requires the penetrating and comprehensive vision of genius, or, the judicial discrimination of disciplined talent, to detect the many-hued incongruities and conflicting elements of such conditions; and much skill is needed to unify the multiform particulars and give to them literary cohesion and artistic merit.

Such power of art-faculty W. M. Thackeray wielded fifty years ago. He disenchanted society of its lurid enjoyments, jeered at its vapid self-complacency, excoriated its heartlessness. By his portraiture, the *corpus* social needed pathological treatment, and doubtless, such drastic treatment as the great satirist administered. The artistic presentations of that skilled master of Fiction, while they amused, compelled men also to think, and the conclusions reached could not have been congratulatory. Under the Bude-light of such an artist the English manhood of that period showed great need of an antiseptic. Always is it, in the selection or creation of the types of women, and the limning of these, where will be found the touchstone of the artistic skill, as also the elevation of sensibility possessed by a writer; and it must be owned it is there where so many men fail, fail glaringly, in their literary portraitures.

Women as portrayed by Thackeray are not admirable. One which he presents as a type, and has bestowed much pains to give prominence to, is the pretty, amiable little weakling, Amy Sedley, in *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray, from beginning to end, manipulates the little creature to keep her in shape; is always apologising for her, and, as if conscious she needed buttressing, formally declares she is the sort of woman men most care for. Had she been, would she have needed to have been so labelled? We would hope that such declarations have helped English manhood to grow out of such predilections.

We see a little woman over thirty hugging her fetish, the memory of a worthless husband, dead some years, while she palters with the steadfast, honourable love of an honest and intelligent man. True to Art, whim is shown to override all else. She is left. Her fetish is shattered, her whim mocks her, she is miserable; she has nothing to hold on by. She implores the return of the true-hearted man. He comes; and she squirms round him like a spaniel. Is that the womanhood in whom a man's heart can rest?—to whom he can entrust his honour? No.

There is a last stroke which in its ethical value is priceless. It is the truth of art.

Charm is gone. Nothing can restore charm. That impalpable something, once gone, is irrevocable. The honourable, devoted man

is disenchanted! And the little woman finds that he loves his child-daughter more than herself. The Nemesis never sleeps. Thackeray did good service in his day to his fellow men.

Passing over the great cohort of writers of Fiction known in the last half-century, the large number and excellence of whose writings confirm and extend the domain of Romance-literature as Art, there is at present a galaxy of writers devoting their genius or talent to Romance productions. Among these is George Meredith, a rapid writer and clever. He does present people with warm blood coursing through their veins, palpitating with life, yoked with a purpose; and who tug and strive in the harness of circumstance until it is accomplished. But all his characters are not vitalised. Some of them are no more than masks. That implies he writes unequally. Meredith's women differ much from one another. In some he has been successful. He should put more study into them.

Mrs. Berry in *Richard Feverel* is a piece of womankind minted of a metal, and assayed by values, not convertible into paper currency. She is a "trump of a woman." Nor is she a type of woman *so rare* as some would deem—a woman of humble degree mellowed by soreness of heart to sagacity, and instructed in delicacy of devoted kindness by native affection.

And Lucy? "*Forte et belle*" is she—human and how lovely! and how loving!

Telles femmes, pour la vie ici-bas, ce sont comme les étoiles, qui parsèment les cieux, aussi qu'elles illuminent la terre pendent les ténèbres nocturnes et tristes, de la nuit.

Such women are God-made.

Another is Mr. Hardie—a true romancist. A great artist is he in portraying what in painting or fresco would be justly styled landscape. Nature is ever present with him, and he knows her features well, he has learned many of her moods, he paints her vividly.

His women are always of the same order. Why is that? He has chosen a type of woman, too, which is not attractive. You seek for revelation, but find none. Why does not such artist more devotedly study the woman-nature in its depth and fervour; expand the horizon of the womankind he portrays in completing his literary structures? There is a lack of tenderness, of strength, of passion, where you look for them the most. A supposition arises that such womankind may be a local type, which in this *passagère* life is rapidly disappearing, and of which, with archæological instinct, Mr. Hardie would conserve a record. But local types do not suffice save within very narrow bounds. Caprice, whim, irony, rivalry, jealousy, as the sole leverage! Mr. Hardie ought to know that those most admirable traits of disposition are not the exclusive heritage and valued possessions of women. Granting the debatement that may be made,

that women generally are defective in the ability of seeing and judging of life broadly, therefore justly, in its multiform complexity, in view of that admission, we look to the artist as an effective teacher to aid in the adjustment of that deficiency. Indeed women are already doing it for themselves; and artists who ignore that will drop into the rear of that battalion of creators we so much cherish and honour.

The world of letters and the world of readers have had many services of psychology prepared for them. The great masters in the use of psychological analysis have, in these later years, passed from this mundane life; but their works remain, and with the flow of time are increasingly extending their teaching. Their study has enlarged the circumference of the general mind, multiplied and enriched the sympathies of men.

It is an order of literary treatment that has immense attraction for a large number of minds. There has been a psychic mania among the brigade of minor *littérateurs*. Readers, too, have been similarly affected. It is not the constructive but the analytical faculties that are most active in such compositions. It should be remembered that while photography can be artistic, it is not, however, art. Much of the literature of the psychological school is literary photography.

To pursue the vermicular sinuosities of psychological development of story and of plot demands excessive attention on the part of the reader or student. It can almost become moral vivisection. It is absorbing, centralising, and exclusive. The habit of such centripetal treatment is opposed to the experience or delineations of large sympathies, a wide outlook, occupation with the many, a longing to feel the throb of the great human pulse.

In approaching the sensational, probably the name of Mr. R. Haggard will rise before the mind of most, holding him conspicuously representative of that order of writers. But to speak of him as such and to leave him there would be most unjust. So bold a thinker, one possessing an imagination so powerful, with such sustained ability in conception and in vivid delineations, is much more than sensational. Leaving *King Solomon's Mines* as a bit of sensationalism, we touch *Cleopatra*. Gorgeous, abundant, profusely and compactly historical is it. The writer reconstructs the Alexandria of the Ptolemies. You see the crowds of the polyglot inhabitants swarming in the streets. You see a woman part Greek, part Egyptian. The subtle swift mind of the one, the seductive voluptuousness of physique of the other, impassioned, resolute, ambitious, crafty, cruel; remorselessly smiting her victim out of her path, when one more responsive to her passion, more alluring to her ambitions, more external and beguiling to her self-love comes before her.

And that extraordinary example of womankind lives somewhere in this universe still. One would almost ask if she is yet so near this earth, of whose spirit she was saturated, that she could be attracted to one of highly vitalised brain, and so get into close rapport with such mind, as to reflect herself on its sensitised plates. It is a most remarkable creation, because of its truth of delineations, of the deployment of the character of one of the most extraordinary women of which there is any record. The scenario too, of that valley of the Nile, hoary with memories. You shiver in the cutting Mistral that sweeps over the city by the sea; you collapse limp and wearied under the enervating Khamseen from the desert; you feel the grit of the warm sand; the noontide heat of the sub-tropical sun.

But *She* has elements of another and higher kind. It is pre-eminently symbolic, and being so, has not the wealth of exteriority so lavishly found in *Cleopatra*. But as a history, or a historical delineation of a system of metaphysical thought under dramatic guise, it veils much more than it discloses. There are, too, strange echoes of passion, of long memories unforgetten, the sleepless jealousy of crushed aspiration, of tenderness suppressed, the consciousness of the power of beauty, though weird, all bespeaking humanness. Its conception is unique, its presentation a masterpiece, and in it lies a prophecy. That prophecy seems rapidly advancing to unfoldment. The "fulness of time" is not so distant. The trial by fire the Barbarians delighted to prepare was the zero point of debasement to which an early ceremonial in Nature-worship had fallen. It was to them a solemnity. We see it as a savage superstition. But as religions decay, as modes of thought once potent become exhausted, the formulas and ritual long survive, and these become superstitions. The saintly Edward, the Saxon king, required his royal mother to undergo the ordeal of fire. It was his way of affirming his filial piety—his vindication of his saintliness!

Superstitions lie thick about us: in the Church, in our politics, in our social life.

The great cohort of novel writers divides, without any very clear lines of demarcation, into two great divisions: one that may be designated Epimethean, the other Promethean. The first comprehends that large number of busy producers who, with much mechanical ingenuity, construct stories. It is a kind of Mantua-making, clever in many ways, but it is not Art. With such the violent Plot—exaggerated situations are necessary to cause excitement in the reader; and when *Plot* is on the wane sordid or hard realism takes its place. The second, Promethean, gives us something that did not exist before, as a farther revelation of what we are as men and women and our relations to one another—wherein lie our possibilities, what are our potentialities. Their creations

possess organic cohesion. Mystery—that mystery that lies ineradicable in life—sustains curiosity and urges the reader to be always finding out what is meant, and how much is meant.

Poetry, the Drama, the Romance, are collectively the subordination of all that is best and loveliest of earth—the embodied disclosures by human genius through language of what is deepest and darkest, most powerful, fervid, etherial, in man—revelations pre-eminently of that human nature, dual and complex, which is man's nature, and for the development of which the great pristine Mother—Nature, with her garnishings, her wondrous adaptations, her illusions and endless variety, abides as the picturesque phantasmagoric yet perennial scenario.

E. V. INGRAM.

MOUNTAINEERING IN MONTENEGRO.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE NICHOLAS.

IT was daybreak when the steward of the steamship *Tritone* aroused us with the news that we had arrived within sight of the Black Mountain. Hurrying up on deck, we found that we were lying at anchor off the little town of Dulcigno, the southernmost of the two seaports which Montenegro possesses on her narrow strip of coast-line. Fourteen years ago Dulcigno woke up one morning to find itself famous. After centuries of oblivion, the old pirate stronghold had obtained an European reputation. For in front of its ancient walls the ironclads of the Great Powers, Great Britain foremost among them, had assembled to "demonstrate" to the Turks the necessity of ceding the town and district to the warriors of the Black Mountain. To-day the quaint old place has relapsed into its former condition of somnolence, as if to merit the motto of *Dulcigno far niente*, which Count Beust wittily attached to it. The citadel, perched upon a rocky promontory high above the sea, with the red-tiled houses of the town clustering round it, looks the very picture of a mediæval fortress; and the narrow streets still preserve the memory of a bygone aristocracy in the scutcheons which here and there stand out from the mouldering walls of some old patrician mansion. A couple of mosques with their tapering minarets, from which the *muezzin* drones his evensong, survive to tell the stranger that, in spite of its cession to Montenegro, the town still contains a large Turkish population. So much has this been felt, that a special provision has been made exempting the Mussulman inhabitants of the district from serving in the Montenegrin levies, on payment of a capitation-tax. With their usual zeal for education, the Montenegrins have built a large school there, and neither prince nor people has forgotten the service which the Liberal Government of 1880 rendered them by suggesting the famous "demonstration" which gave them a coveted outlet to the sea. The high esteem in which England in general and Mr. Gladstone in particular are held throughout the Black Mountain is not a little due to the part which Great Britain played before Dulcigno in 1880. From the Prince, who regretted that I was not a follower of Mr. Gladstone's

Irish policy, down to the Montenegrin official, who told me that he had a photograph of the ex-Premier in his bedroom, I found an expression of that rare quality, political gratitude, among these mountaineers. Next to Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Tennyson is their favourite Englishman, and the Prince is fond of alluding to his stirring verses on Montenegro.

A Turkish gentleman from Dulcigno, who was on his way to Cetinje, joined us on board the steamer and told us many anecdotes of the place. Dulcigno, it seems, does not boast the luxury of either a watchmaker or a dentist. The absence of the former does not, perhaps, matter very much in a town where time is of little importance; but when an unfortunate native is afflicted with tooth-ache it must be unpleasant to have to decide between a ten hours' voyage to Cattaro and the tender mercies of a local Albanian practitioner, whose methods are of the most primitive description. My Turkish friend drew a graphic picture of this Albanian worthy—in the intervals of tooth-drawing he is, I believe, a blacksmith—making his luckless patient sit down on the ground with his hands tightly clasped round his knees, and then tugging and tugging at the refractory tooth until it came out. "If some of your philanthropic English travellers," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "were to see such an operation, they would write to the papers, protesting that they had witnessed a poor prisoner being tortured." After this it was not surprising to learn that there was only one other person at Dulcigno who could speak French, and that was the harbour-master, whose knowledge of languages was extensive and peculiar.

But the polyglottic custodian of Dulcigno found his match in the learned captain of our ship. All the commanders of the Austrian-Lloyd steamers are obliged to be excellent linguists, because their vessels fetch and carry between the cities of many different nationalities. But surely Captain Pietro Ivellich of the *Tritone* is the Mezzofanti of the service. To hear him marshal the steerage passengers together, in order that we might photograph them, addressing each man in his own tongue, was quite a marvel of linguistic science. Himself a Bocchese, or native of the Bocche di Cattaro, from whence most of these officers are drawn, he owned Serb as his mother-tongue, though he spoke Italian and Turkish with equal readiness. French he rather affected, as being, so he remarked, "the favourite language of the ladies, and more suited for compliments than any other;" while a visit to Ireland, the north of England, and the United States, had enabled him to pick up a fair amount of English, which is by no means uncommon along the Dalmatian coast. In fact, *Whitaker's Almanack* was his favourite reading, and whenever I happened to mention the name of any British official to him at table, he would at once despatch the steward to fetch the precious volume

from his cabin in order that he might compare what I said with the statements of the book. I always imagined that the English translation of the rules and regulations for passengers, which was hung up in the saloon, was his handiwork, for I thought I detected his style in the amusing phraseology of the twelfth and last rule: "Passengers, having a right to be treated like persons of education, will no doubt conform themselves to the rules of good society, by respecting their fellow-travellers and paying a due regard to the fair sex."

Antivari, the second of the two Montenegrin seaports, is situated on a beautiful bay, on the shore of which, only a few hundred yards from the Austrian frontier, the Prince of Montenegro has recently built himself a comfortable villa, where he was shortly expected. Prince Nicholas makes a point of having a *piéd à terre* in every town in his principality. Besides his principal residence at Cetinje, he has villas at Antivari and Podgoritz, with smaller houses at Njegos, the ancestral home of his family, at Niksic, the scene of his most brilliant exploits against the Turks in the last war, and at Danilovgrad, a prosperous little market-town in the heart of the principality. His villas are all built in much the same style, and look like modern French country-houses, while that at Cetinje alone makes any pretence to princely grandeur. The chief feature of the villa at Antivari is its excellent stabling, for there is a high-road nowadays so that one can drive from the bay to the shore of the Lake of Scutari, and the fact that the prince has built a house there at all proves conclusively that the recent drainage operations at Antivari have rendered the low-lying lands between the sea and the town much more healthy than they were before.

The hospitality of the Montenegrins is proverbial, and the foretaste which I had of it at Antivari was only an example of what I met with all over the principality. No sooner had I landed than I was received by the harbour-master, a picturesque official clad in the dark blue knickerbockers and crimson jacket of the country, with the inevitable revolver sticking in his sash, who escorted me to his house and provided me with coffee, liqueurs, and some cigarettes made of the excellent Montenegrin tobacco. Having intimated to him that my friends at home would like to see the image and superscription of Prince Nicholas in token of my safe arrival in Montenegro, I was at once furnished with a postcard of the kind that stamp-collectors love. But meanwhile the agent of the Austrian-Lloyd had come in, and nothing would satisfy him but that I must receive his hospitality too in his own home. The view from the windows of his cosy drawing-room over the beautiful bay of Antivari with the old fortress of Spizza in the distance is superb, and quite consoled one for the fact that the steamer did not stay long enough to allow of a visit to the town of Antivari, which lies

behind a projecting spur of the mountains. Antivari, as its name denotes, is opposite Bari in Italy, and its convenient position led a company to make overtures for the establishment of a gaming-table and casino there some years ago. The offer was declined, and the sole communication with "Europe" is by means of a little vessel which crosses to Bari with produce once a week. Regard for the feelings of my Turkish companion prevented me from admiring, as much as I should otherwise have done, the heaps of Turkish cannon, shells and cannon-balls, which lay on the beach, trophies of the war of 1876. But I could not help noticing that one of the cannon had been at Sebastopol. It is a curious coincidence that visitors to the arsenal at Cetinje are shown several British medals, which were originally conferred by our Government upon their Turkish allies in the Crimea, and which were captured by the Montenegrins from the Turks in their subsequent conflicts.

The late Professor Freeman was always very eloquent about Spizza. He was perpetually inveighing against Austria as being what he called the "filcher of Spizza," and founded an indictment against the whole House of Hapsburg upon its occupation of this rocky fortress. The fact that Montenegro is entirely shut off from "its own sea" except for the little piece of seaboard, thirty miles in length, from Antivari southwards, is certainly an inconvenience for that country, and the inconvenience is not lessened by the knowledge that all the way from Spizza to Cattaro the Montenegrin frontier runs so close to the shore of the Adriatic that in some places a cannon-ball could easily be fired from Montenegro right over the narrow strip of Austrian territory which lies between it and the sea into the blue waters on the other side. But Spizza, though looking very picturesque with its old-world castle on the hill behind and a twin fortress on the right-hand side of the harbour, is not in itself a place of much importance; and, if it were not for the soldiers' barracks, the town would hardly have any existence at all.

From here to Cattaro, where the ascent to the Black Mountain begins, the armed hand of Austria is everywhere in evidence. As we steamed along the rock-bound coast, three Austrian torpedo-boats, which were practising in the open sea, followed us at a respectful distance. When we entered the magnificent Bocche di Cattaro, Austrian forts were visible on either hand, and on the little island in the middle of the entrance. As we penetrated farther within the recesses of the Gulf, we saw the whole Austrian fleet lying at anchor in the lovely bay of Teodo, beneath the frowning cliffs of the Black Mountain. Virgil must have been thinking of some such series of winding gulfs and bays and channels, when he wrote the lines :

"Illyricos penetrare sinus atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum."

In one place, the passage is so narrow that in olden times chains were stretched across it; but no sooner is the strait passed than another large sheet of water opens out before one's eyes, with Risano, the chief depôt of the interior of Montenegro at one end and Cattaro, the landing-place for Cetinjé, at the other. Along the shores on either side are pleasant hamlets, the home of the ships' captains when they have retired from the sea. Off the village of Perasto, the Prince's yacht, the *Jaroslav*, a gift from the Czar to his "only friend," was stationed, as we steamed by. She is not a beautiful-looking craft, and is regarded as rather a white elephant by the Montenegrins, who find her of very little use for commerce. A little further on, as we approach Cattaro, we can see the zigzags of the road that leads up into the Black Mountain. The town and harbour were long desired by Montenegro in the days when that country had no means of access to the sea. For a brief moment, in 1813, Cattaro was actually united with Montenegro, whose people had captured it with the assistance of a British squadron. But "the hard-won haven" was soon taken by Austria, and the spectacle of the first restaurant that we had seen since leaving Corfu, together with the presence of *birra di Graz* upon the bill of fare, was sufficient evidence that the civilising influences of the Austrian double-eagle had been extended over Cattaro.

We had originally intended to ride through Albania to the capital of Montenegro, and had actually telegraphed in advance for horses to meet us at the little Turkish port of Medua. But as a telegram takes a week to deliver in Albania, we found no animals awaiting our arrival next day, and so had to go on by sea to Cattaro and drive up from there to Cetinjé. But we were glad afterwards that we had changed our plans. For I was told that I should probably have been shot in travelling through Albania, whose inhabitants show a remarkable indifference to the lives of any one who is not under the immediate protection of their chiefs. And, while Montenegro is as safe as Albania is dangerous, the road from Cattaro to Cetinjé is one of the curiosities of road-making. For years the Montenegrins refused to make any highway at all, because they contended with some reason that, where carriages could come up, cannon could come up also. So for generations natives and travellers alike were perforce content with the terrible "ladder of Cattaro"—an almost perpendicular path, covered with loose stones, which has left its marks upon the memory—and the soles—of every stranger who has ever climbed it. In fact, the feat of a former Prince of Montenegro, who, with the aid of fifty stalwart mountaineers, succeeded in dragging a billiard-table up this difficult pathway to adorn his residence at Cetinjé, seemed so remarkable an achievement to his faithful people, that the old palace is colloquially called "The Billiard-Table" to this day!

No such inconveniences await the modern visitor to the smallest capital in Europe. Prince Nicholas has persuaded his subjects that it is possible to admit carriages without letting in cannon, and from Cattaro to Cetinje and right into the centre of the Black Mountain at Niksic there is now as fine a road as any in Europe. The Corniche itself can hardly vie with the views which the traveller enjoys at every fresh turn of the highway, which leads by a series of zig-zags from the level of the Adriatic at Cattaro to the highest point of the road, 4300 feet above the sea, just beyond Njegos. Far below us, as we ascended the windings of the "serpentine," we saw the houses of Cattaro and the ships in the Gulf; as we rose a little higher, beyond a projecting headland, we could descry the Austrian fleet lying at anchor in the Bay of Teodo, beneath the shadow of a new fortress, whose guns, it is said, could command Cetinje itself. From the summit, where the road begins to descend into the basin of Cetinje, the distant Lake of Scutari was visible to the south-east, while all around there stretched east and west and south and north that dismal expanse of grey limestone-rock, without a tree, without a shrub, from which the country has derived its name. All this part of Montenegro is one vast, undulating sea of stones. Here and there the industry of the Montenegrin women, who do most of the work, has cultivated a tiny patch of corn-land, at most about three yards square, in the hollow of some rocky ravine. But these miniature wheat-fields are but oases in a desert of grey stones, which after a long day's ride become almost as trying to the eye as the brilliant glare of an Athenian street or the dazzling whiteness of a Swiss glacier.

Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, is a clean little town of about 2000 inhabitants. Although it is neither so large nor so important commercially as Podgoritza, the trading centre of the Black Mountain, it contains all the principal institutions of the principality. From the traveller's point of view, the most immediately important of these is undoubtedly the inn. The Grand Hôtel de Cetinje is in some respects unique among the hostelries of Europe. It is probably the only inn in any capital whose *table d'hôte*—for there is an excellent *table d'hôte* twice a day—is habitually graced by the presence of the chief diplomatic representatives accredited to the reigning prince. Here the bewildered traveller, arriving from the outer world, finds himself seated in close proximity to the Sovereigns of Great Britain, Austria, and Turkey in the persons of their Ministers. The British chargé d'affaires, Mr. Kennedy, whose kindness and courtesy are acknowledged by every British visitor to Cetinje, has acquired much greater knowledge of the land and people than are possessed by some of his foreign colleagues by living at Cetinje, instead of preferring, as some of them have done, the more luxurious delights of Ragusa, whence they come perhaps once or twice a year to pay a visit to the Montenegrin capital. But life at Cetinje is by no means an exile

even for a Minister who has known what it is to be stationed at Madrid and Constantinople. The British Legation boasts of an asphalté tennis-court which was specially constructed at the command of the Crown Prince for the use of Her Majesty's representative. The food at the hotel is very good, and the red Montenegrin vintage is a veritable nectar after the resinous wine of Greece. In fact, there is only one drawback to the hotel—the cats. I have never—not even in London in the middle of August when homeless cats are left by absent masters and mistresses to prowls the squares in search of food—heard anything to equal the midnight serenades of the feline inhabitants of that Grand Hôtel. Fresh from the earthquakes of Greece, I fancied that a new seismic shock had come upon me at Cetinje as I heard a portion of my ceiling descend in the night. But no, it was “only the cats,” I was told next morning; for these adventurous animals simply swarm in the attics and are for ever scratching at the lath and plaster walls of the hotel. So common an incident is this of the evening's repose, that I found it to be the custom of the place to sleep with a long stick by one's bedside, with which, without getting out of bed, it was possible to beat the wall at the precise place where the feline monster lay hid.

Cetinje combines amusement with instruction, for it contains a theatre and a small library and reading-room in the same building. When the four hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the first Slavonic printing-press was celebrated there in July of last year, the Prince made a present of books and gave a sum of 1000 florins to the library, besides offering a prize of 5000 francs for the best historical account of the reigning dynasty, which will be awarded on the occasion of its bicentenary in 1897. A poet himself—like his father Mirko and his predecessor, the famous *Vladika* or Prince-Bishop, Peter II., whose portrait adorns the salon of the hotel, and whose tomb is distinctly visible for miles around on the summit of the Lovcen—Prince Nicholas has published a volume of verses, which have been translated into German and Russian. A recent poem of his, written on April 19th, when the foundation-stone of the Crown Prince's new residence was laid, was in circulation at Cetinje during my visit, printed in gold letters, and issued from the public press. The following is a translation of it, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. M. Gaster :

“ Happy may this palace be
To my son Danilo;
God has sent him a treasure,
His blessing from on high.

“ With him piety and justice
Shall always abide;
In my son the poor
Shall have a defender of their rights.

"May he lead a happy life
 With his loving companion,
 And with beauty and health *
 May he be surrounded by children.

"Through my song the voice of sons
 Made this palace tremble,
 And round them gathered
 The brave brother Servians."

A drama by his Highness, called the *Empress of the Balkans*, is sometimes performed at the theatre, where Serb plays are given by travelling companies at frequent intervals.

Nothing strikes a visitor to the Black Mountain more forcibly than the perfect security of a country where every man is a warrior and goes about his daily business with his revolver in his belt. The traveller is sacred to the Montenegrins, whose manners prove the truth of the saying that they are the aristocracy of the Servian race. Dressed in their picturesque national garb of blue knickerbockers, white gaiters and crimson jacket, with a pork-pie cap of scarlet and black on their heads, the mountaineers look the *beau-ideal* of a nation of fighters, such as the old Greeks must have been in the days when they all carried arms. Their whole history during the five centuries of Montenegrin independence has been one long series of frontier feuds, and even now guerilla warfare on the Albanian border is not yet extinct. Whether Mr. Gladstone's prophecy will prove true that "no Austrian eagle will ever build its nest in the fastnesses of the Black Mountain" is a problem which the future must decide. But no one can help observing that nowadays Montenegro fears the advance of Austria far more than the attacks of her ancient Turkish foes. By the 25th Article of the Berlin Treaty, Austria has and exercises, conjointly with the Porte, the right of keeping garrisons in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, which separates Montenegro from Servia. The Austrian soldiers have carved their Emperor's initials, "F. J. I.," in large letters, on the rocks near Novi-Bazar, so that they evidently mean to stay there permanently. Thus Austria would surround Montenegro on three out of four sides, and the Serbs of the Black Mountain would be cut off for ever from their brethren in Servia. But to the stranger within their gates, whatever be his nationality, the mountaineers are friendly and hospitable. *J'aime beaucoup les Anglais*, were the words with which the Prince greeted me, and his people share his feelings. Yet it would be difficult to conceive of any form of government more different from our own. The Montenegrin cap with the Prince's initials "N. I." ("Nicholas I."), surrounded by five gold stripes in the corner, is not a greater contrast to the ordinary British headgear than is our constitution to his patriarchal government, under which the ruler is at once leader of the people in war, its absolute Sovereign in time of

peace—for the Ministers only carry out his orders—and completely unfettered by parliament or press. It is by the ornaments or badges in front of their headgear that the rank and position of a Montenegrin may be ascertained. In front of the black band, which goes round the cap in memory of the terrible defeat of the Serbs at the fatal battle of Kossovo five centuries ago, an officer fastens the metal emblem of his rank. There are nine of these in all, from that of a *Voivode* or Duke—the word is the exact and literal equivalent of the Latin *dux* and the German *Herzog*—down to that of a simple gunner. Of these and of their medals, which they always wear, the mountaineers are justly proud, for in their opinion to be a good fighter is the highest object of human ambition. The Ministers of the Prince appeared to me to be excellent administrators. The President of the Council, M. Bojo Petrovitch, is a cousin of Prince Nicholas, and very well-informed. In his second capacity of Minister of the Interior, he explained to me some sanitary regulations which he had just been enforcing, in the most lucid manner and in fluent French. The Finance Minister, M. Matanovitch, whom I also saw, has the reputation of being a clear-headed man of business.

Homer has described a mighty warrior as being “good at the war-cry,” and the epithet certainly applies with full force to the men of the Black Mountain. The distance which they can shout is most extraordinary, and they are in the habit of carrying on conversations across a tract of country which the voice of an average man could not possibly traverse. Not long ago, when a murder was committed not very far from the Austrian frontier, the whole army was mobilised in a couple of hours by means of scouts, who shouted from one cliff to arouse their comrades on the next, with the result that the miscreants were caught before they could escape over the border.

But the Montenegrins, though no less warlike than they were, have become much more civilised in their methods of warfare. One of the most curious sights of Cetinje is the “Turks’ Tower,” an old building, which derives its name from the practice of impaling upon its ramparts the heads of the Turks slain in battle by these mountain warriors. The Montenegrins used to regard these ghastly trophies with the same pride with which the Red Indian braves counted the scalps which they had taken; and when Sir Gardner Wilkinson visited Cetinje in 1848, he saw as many as twenty of these hideous trophies bleaching on the summit of the “Turks’ Tower.” But, thanks to the humanity of her recent rulers, the practice has ceased, and the post-office has replaced the “Turks’ Tower” in the affections of the people. The excellent system of telegraphy between the chief points in this mountainous country is most creditable to the administration. Montenegro joined the postal union before France, and it was, perhaps, only appropriate

that the printing anniversary of last year should have been commemorated by an issue of stamps specially surcharged with the two dates 1493-1893. The principality boasts one newspaper—the *Glas Grnogorca*—the weekly official organ, now in its twenty-third year. This paper, a sheet of four pages, is printed in Serb, with occasional notices in French, is well got up, and contains a leading article, a fair number of telegrams, and some literary information.

From the capital it is an easy drive to Rijeka, a little town, beautifully situated, as its name, “the river,” implies, upon a stream which is famous for its fish. These fish, called in Italian *scorange*, are considered great delicacies and form one of the principal exports of Montenegro. It was at this picturesque place that the first book in the Slavonic language was printed, and the monastery is one of the oldest in the country. Having obtained candles and a guide, we ascended the stony valley of the Rijeka and penetrated the vast underground cavern, from which that river issues. After we had been climbing for about half an hour over the huge boulders of rock which form the floor of the cavern, we arrived on the shore of an underground lake, similar to that over which visitors to the salt mines near Berchtesgaden are ferried by the glare of pine torches. If Montenegro should ever become a haunt of tourists, the grotto at Rijeka with its fine stalactites and its infernal lake will make the fortune of some Montenegrin Charon. It is unfortunate that a place so beautifully situated as Rijeka should, like Antivari, be very unhealthy and malarious.

From Rijeka, which boasts of a very fair inn, we drove for four hours to Podgoritzza along a wild and desolate desert of rocks, the monotony of which was only relieved by occasional glimpses of the azure-blue Lake of Scutari with the snow-clad Albanian mountains in the distance. Presently we descended into the plain in which Podgoritzza, the largest town of the principality, is situated. By position, Podgoritzza is destined to become on a small scale the Manchester of Montenegro. It is connected by an excellent road with the Lake of Scutari, and, as its name implies, lies in a sheltered position “under the hill.” Ceded to Montenegro by the Turks after the last war, it still retains the appearance of a Turkish town. In the old quarter may be seen ancient Turkish houses with their latticed windows and rambling balconies, while the chief mosque has a beautifully carved doorway. It was evening when we arrived, but the bazaar in the main street was filled with people, and the town was enlivened by the presence of the Montenegrin War Minister, M. Plamanatz, who was on his way to discuss the Albanian frontier-question with the Turkish Commissioner.¹ The Minister, a

¹ These disputes generally arise out of rights of pasture, which have been greatly complicated by the delimitations of the Turco-Montenegrin boundary subsequent to the Treaty of Berlin. When once a blood-feud has begun, the only method of stopping it is for both parties to meet on the banks of a stream and throw stones into it corresponding to the number of the slain.

bronzed veteran who has spent most of his life in fighting his country's battles, bade us welcome to Podgoritza. In former times the town has been the scene of many skirmishes, and the fine bridge over the river outside it is particularly noted in the annals of this border warfare. *Nous sommes toujours en guerre*, was the remark of a native, and the people seem to look upon an occasional frontier incident as all in the day's work. But Podgoritza is the only town in Montenegro which can lay claim to any considerable trade. The tobacco, which is grown here, is exported in large quantities, and last year the Austrian Government took 150,000 kilos from this place alone. The flat ground outside the town produces a good deal of corn, for wherever a Montenegrin can snatch a few acres or even a few yards from the rocks he will turn them to good use. The fish, fresh from the river, were very large and fine, and it seems a pity that this country is so neglected by the British angler. But the most interesting feature of the neighbourhood is the old Roman town of Dukle, the birthplace of Diocletian, which is about a mile beyond Podgoritza in the angle of two rivers. A considerable part of the ancient remains has been excavated and the site is well worth a visit, not merely from its Roman associations, but because it was once the residence of the old Servian kings in the days when the present principality of Montenegro formed part of a great Servian kingdom.

From Dukle we drove along through a beautiful avenue of flowering acacias up the fertile valley of the Zeta to the busy little town of Danilovgrad. Travellers who have only seen the western part of the principality have no idea that Montenegro contains any fertile district. But the vale of the Zeta is rich in corn and vines, and the oak is once more visible on the hills. Before the last extension of territory this beautiful valley was the weak point of Montenegro from a military aspect. It was here, if anywhere, that the mountain people were vulnerable; for prior to the Berlin Treaty it was only about fifteen miles across from the Turkish territory on one side to the Turkish territory on the other, so that the eastern and western halves of the principality could be cut asunder.

Danilovgrad was alive with people as we drove up, for it was market-day, and the open space between the shops and the river was crammed with rough-looking peasants from far and near who had brought their flocks and herds to sell. There were wild Albanians, clad in sheepskins with the white fez, which is the badge of all their tribe, stuck on their half-shaved heads. There were shepherds, carrying their lambs round their necks, and goatherds, the meanness of whose dress contrasted strangely with the richly-inlaid handles of their pistols, driving their goats before them. A knot of thirty soon gathered round us on the bridge, as we stood there to take a photograph of this curious scene, for the camera is seldom seen in the Black Mountain. The Prince's son-in-law, Prince Peter

Karageorgevitch, a claimant to the Servian throne, has done some good work as an amateur photographer, and there is no lack of interesting subjects in this little-known country. Beyond Danilovgrad there is one of those curious phenomena, so familiar to the traveller in Greece under the name of *katavothra*. The river Zeta disappears beneath the mountain, and flows in a subterranean channel from which it emerges at the head of the valley below the famous Monastery of Ostrog.

A three hours' walk over the rocks and stones of the Black Mountain is no light matter; for, as the mountaineers assure you, "when God was in the act of distributing stones over the earth, the bag that held them burst, and let them fall upon Montenegro"—surely no inaccurate description of that sea of limestone which stretches as far as the eye can reach. But the ancient Monastery of Ostrog—object of pious veneration to every Montenegrin—amply repays the toil of climbing and slipping over the sharp, jagged rocks, which are by a polite fiction described as a bridle-path. Thither once a year the sturdy folk of the Black Mountain go up, prince and peasant alike; for the monastery contains the bones of the famous *Vladika* or Prince-Bishop Basilus, who took refuge in Montenegro from the Turks somewhere in the seventeenth century, and lived and died in this lonely spot.

It was thundering and lightening, and the valley of the Zeta far below was hid in mist as we arrived at the lower monastery—for there are two, one on a rocky plateau on the mountain side, the other in a cavern in the cliff half an hour higher up. A ring at the bell was quickly answered, and we were ushered into a plainly furnished cell by a youth without shoes or stockings, who kissed my hand, and after a profound bow went in search of the priest. It was extraordinary to notice the respect which the holy father evoked when he entered the room. Our guide went down on his knees and did obeisance before him, and the juvenile attendant proceeded to go through a series of extraordinary antics and grimaces. He bowed and scraped and crossed himself and saluted in military fashion, running about the room all the while in quest of refreshment for the guests. A glass of excellent Montenegrin brandy and a cup of coffee were speedily offered and thankfully accepted, and then the priest began to ask us who we were and whence we came. As soon as the thunderstorm was over we started for the upper monastery, which we could just see protruding from the mouth of a cavern in the rock, several hundred feet above us. Arrived at the entrance of this remote hermitage, we knocked at the gate, and a venerable man, with flowing locks of snow-white hair, the very picture of the typical man of God in the old stories, came down the steps to greet us, after the manner of the early Christians. He kissed us on both cheeks, to our great embarrassment, and then led us by the hand

up a winding-stair and along a stone balcony into his lonely cell. Refreshments were at once produced, and the hermit, taking up two eggs, dyed crimson like the *pace-eggs* which we still see in some parts of England at Easter, gave me one of them, and requested me to hold it in my hand with the end upwards. He then took another egg himself, and having made the sign of the cross on his forehead and murmured a prayer in Serb, he struck the end of my egg with the end of his. Having thus cracked one end, he made me turn the other end of my egg upwards and repeated the same operation with the other extremity of his own, after which he peeled my egg for me and invited me to eat it. This done, he led me by the hand into a beautiful little refectory, ornamented with coloured portraits of the Prince of Montenegro, the Czar, and the Czarina, and containing a well-spread table covered with Turkish delight, almonds, raisins, prunes, and other delicacies. It was with the greatest pride that he showed me the books of the monastery, some of them being among the earliest productions of the Slavonic printing-press at Kieff, the gift of the Emperor of Russia.

But the greatest curiosity, next to the old hermit himself, had been reserved to the last. With much solemnity, my host produced a huge key from his pocket and took me by the hand towards the chapel, where repose the bones of the saint. The chapel is hewn out of a cavern in the living rock, and the roof is so low that it is just possible to stand upright without knocking one's head. One side is occupied by a large chest, covered with a richly ornamented cloth, which the old priest proceeded to remove with reverent hands. The box was soon unlocked, and, on the lid being opened, I perceived, lying in his robes of state, the mortal remains of the *Vladika* Basilus. The body was entirely covered up, but the priest permitted me to see the feet of the saint, and looked on with evident gratification while my guide went down on bended knee and kissed a little crucifix which lay inside the chest. Then the lid was closed, and we made our exit, going out of the narrow doorway backwards way, so as to avoid turning our backs upon the shrine of the saint. It was not an easy performance, but as the priest and the guide set me the example, I determined to go through with it.

Outside in the rock there is a clear spring of water, and, strange to say, a tiny patch of earth about six feet square, where a vine has been planted, and is trained against the mountain-side. A quainter spot it would be difficult to imagine, and it has more than once proved a place of refuge for the Montenegrins in time of trouble. Again and again the Turks have besieged Ostrog, and on one occasion thirty thousand of them encompassed it for several months without success. The attacks from the valley below were easily repulsed; the stones, hurled down from the rocks above, glanced off the sloping roof of the cave into the ravine far beneath, and

although it was defended by only thirty Montenegrins, the enemy had to retire without success. In more recent times, the Grand Voïvode Mirko, father of the present Prince, held this natural fortress with only twenty-six men, and his defence of the place, and his subsequent march to Cetinjé with the loss of only one soldier, are the favourite theme of Montenegrin song.

Bidding good-bye to the old priest, we set out for the pass in the mountains where our carriage was to meet us, and take us on to Niksic, where the road ends. There is no bridge over the river at present, so that we had to take the horses out, and make them swim the stream, while the carriage was ferried across on a raft. Niksic, I think, has a future before it. The natural advantages of its position in a broad and well-watered plain right in the heart of Montenegro would make it a better capital than Cetinjé, while its climate is less rigorous in winter. But until a carriage-road is constructed down to the port of Risano on the Bocche di Cattaro, the trade of Niksic cannot be developed. At present everything has to be transported on the backs of mules a sixteen hours' journey over a bad mountain-path. The capture of the place from the Turks in the last war after a four months' siege, conducted by the Prince in person, was considered a great feat of strategy, for by its acquisition and that of Podgoritza, the keys of both ends of the Zeta valley have been placed in the hands of the Montenegrins. The old Turkish fortifications are now in ruins, and the Mussulman population is gradually disappearing.

Next morning Prince Nicholas, who had come to Niksic to lay the foundation-stone of a large new church, which will be the biggest in the whole principality, sent his aide-de-camp to say that he would grant me the honour of an audience. I found him at his hunting box in the outskirts of the town. He is a handsome man of fifty-four, and looked very imposing in his rich costume. He wore a scarlet vest, partially covered by a cream-coloured jacket, and the dark blue pantaloons of the country, with a silk scarf of many colours round his waist, while the Montenegrin cap, adorned in his case with the highest of the military insignia in front, lay on the table before him. He bade me be seated, and, after offering me a cigarette, proceeded to talk in excellent French, which he speaks fluently, about his "small but loyal country." He drew my attention to the number of churches in the principality, and appeared interested in my visit to Ostrog, questioned me about the Greek earthquakes, and touched briefly upon English politics. He seemed pleased when I told him that I had heard one of Mr. Gladstone's last speeches in the House of Commons, and alluded to the foreign visitors who had come to Montenegro for the printing anniversary last year. In answer to my remarks upon the excellence of the carriage-road from Cetinjé, he told me that he hoped before long to continue it on to

the Austrian frontier beyond Grahovo—an extension which would be of the greatest advantage to the commerce of his country. He has travelled much in Western Europe, though I believe he has never visited England; and he has evidently travelled with his eyes open, for he struck me as being anything but reactionary in his ideas. He seemed to have no objection to Western notions, provided that the “patriarchal character of the Government be maintained.” There may be a few discontented persons in Montenegro, who would like to have a constitution of the modern type, but the great majority of the people appear to be perfectly satisfied with the benevolent autocracy by which they have been governed so long. The Prince is in no sense a visionary, but a very practical person, who takes a keen interest in the material welfare of his country. If he had been Prime Minister of a large State instead of Prince of a small one, he would have undoubtedly made a great mark upon the history of his time. As it is, he has certainly done more for Montenegro than any of the six Princes of his house who preceded him. Under his auspices it has been nearly doubled in size; it has gained its long-coveted access to the sea; a new code of laws has been promulgated, and all the principal towns have been connected by roads and telegraphs. He is said to have considerable talent as a diplomatist, and the “royal memory,” which enables him to recognise the faces of all his subjects, is a valuable quality for a ruler who governs in patriarchal fashion. He is hardly less active in his smaller sphere than the German Emperor. An early riser—I saw him out at six in the morning, giving directions to his architect—he interests himself in all that is going on, and he is continually moving about from one town to another. Disputes between his subjects he quickly adjusts, and the communication which exists between the Court of Justice and the palace at Cetinje is a proof that his decisions as an arbitrator are in much request. As I rose to go, he told me the best means of reaching my destination, and kindly offered me the services of one of his *perianiks*, or body-guards, as far as the Austrian frontier.

The ride from Niksic to the sea is extremely fatiguing. For ten hours we were in the saddle, only stopping for a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at a miserable *han* half-way. For miles and miles on every side there was not a house, and scarcely a tree to be seen. Everywhere the eye fell upon the eternal grey rocks, which seemed to stretch to infinity. The path, such as it was, consisted of loose stones, and went on and on through a succession of valleys and rocky basins. As night came on, and the moon rose, the gaunt figures of the huge grey crags presented the most extraordinary resemblance to all sorts of edifices. In the distance it seemed as if we were nearing a village, for these huge boulders looked like houses in the evening light. But these wilds are inhabited by no human

being. Then we reached the summit of the pass, and could see far away on the right the dreary wastes of the Herzegovina. About nine o'clock we emerged from a deep and rocky ravine, down which the horses scrambled, slipping at almost every step, but managing somehow to keep themselves from falling. There before us lay the plain of Grahovo, the scene of the great victory won by the Prince's father over the Turks in 1858. Our horses, in spite of their ten hours' journey over such a terrible road, were as fresh as possible, and my steed started off at a gallop the moment it reached the plain, and never stopped till it drew up before the door of the inn at Grahovo, where the officials had kindly ordered our meal by telegraph from Niksic. From there to the Austrian frontier is a short ride, and next day, after being hospitably entertained by the Austrian Custom-house authorities, who were delighted at finding strangers in such a place, we saw before us the lovely bay of Cattaro, with the town of Risano nestling at the foot of the mountains.

W. MILLER.

POPULAR AND INJURIOUS CLASS AND LABOUR MISREPRESENTATIONS.

IN discussing the emancipation of the masses, it is a general practice to denounce the wealthy and upper classes as selfish robbers whose luxuries have been obtained by defrauding the poor.

The vast majority of speakers and writers on the subject seem to have been carried away from the true solution of the enormous advance in material prosperity and comfort of the working classes. It is the custom to hold up the improvements achieved, as rights acquired almost solely by force of organisation of the workers against their employers. Obviously, if this be true, the employers must previously have been oppressing their men for their own benefit, and amassing wealth which is now divided amongst the men.

How far is this the real explanation of the admitted very great change for the better in their condition?

The improvement in the housing of the people has taken place within this century. In 1801, according to Mulhall, the average value of houses per inhabitant was £11, the average value in 1888 had risen to £63. Prior to last century, we had neither steam-engines, railroads nor machinery, consequently all building operations were entirely carried on by hand labour. Stone was quarried entirely by hand; carted in clumsy waggons over bad roads; timber was cut, logged, and sawn by hand labour, necessarily slow and enormously expensive, compared with cost and rate of production to-day, when a saw-mill will manufacture more finished lumber in one day than the men employed therein could have produced in a year's time by hand labour. All other materials were similarly affected. Under then existing conditions, even very coarse, small buildings must have cost proportionally very much more than the better houses of to-day. Low wages prevailed, but low wages to hand labour would not result in cheap buildings or goods. A building taking twelve months to erect with wages at 15s. per week (the rate prevailing in 1740), would cost two and a fifth times more to erect than a similar building erected in two months' time, with time- and labour-saving machinery and appliances, with wages at 35s. per week. It follows, therefore, that former low wages,

for hand labour alone, must still—apart from any exceptional extraneous causes—have produced relatively higher prices for manufactured goods and buildings, yet left much lower net profit to employers, who could not possibly produce more than a very small percentage of the goods or buildings now produced in the same time. The middle-class employers could not themselves afford to live in what would to-day be houses such as are occupied by respectable mechanics. Compare the old mansions of the old merchant princes, still standing, with the palatial West-end residences of the merchants of to-day, and the two or three room and kitchen houses, cosily furnished, with the single room, or “but and ben,” primitively furnished, of former days, and it is at once evident that employers and employees have shared in a common great improvement in their homes, resulting, not from wresting profits from one class to be given to another, but from the immense decrease in cost of all kinds of material, transportation and labour, which has made finer buildings and finer furniture, &c., obtainable at very moderate cost, whereas their actual and legitimate cost was simply prohibitory in the earlier period.

This is also the case with clothing. Where wool was spun and woven by hand, clothing could only be relatively dear and scarce. The steam-engine and steam-loom have been brought to a high state of productive power, principally within the last thirty years, and now produce cloth at a mere fraction of the cost of earlier days. This has been accompanied by a sharp advance, generally doubling the wages paid the worker; but though wages have been doubled it by no means implies the extortion of wages formerly unjustly withheld, as the increased productive power of the machinery is known to enable higher wages to be given, while the cost of the product is actually considerably less. For example: a weaver making, say, 120 yards of cloth in a week, and receiving £1 per week, would be actually twice as dear to his employer as a worker producing 480 yards and receiving £2 per week. The worker's wages are doubled, yet so far from the dearer worker having wrested £1 per week from his employer's profits, he has actually either done exactly the contrary or lowered cost price to the consumer, which is equal to the same thing, and is the result in practice as a general rule. 480 yards to 120 yards is much under the actual difference in productive power of to-day compared with a generation ago.

Mulhall states that in 1819–21 each cotton spinner produced 968 lbs. yarn; while in 1886–7 their production had increased to 5900 lbs. per spinner, or more than 600 per cent. In 1819–21 each cotton weaver produced 342 lbs. cloth; while in 1886–7 their individual production had risen to 4559 lbs. or the enormous increase of 1333 per cent. The individual production of woollen cloth is not recorded by him, but in 1780 we spun 83,000,000 pounds woollen

yarn, value 4s. per lb.; in 1888 the production had increased to 436,000,000 pounds, an increase of 525 per cent.; while the price had fallen to 2s. 0½d. per lb., or practically 50 per cent.

While production increased so enormously and prices fell to such an extent, wages were in many cases doubled and hours of labour simultaneously reduced. In 1839 spinners worked 69 hours; in 1887 they worked only 57 hours, while their wages rose from 12s. per week in 1740 to 24s. per week in 1880. Weavers' wages rose from 18s. per week in 1825 to 30s. per week in 1880. Masons' wages rose from 16s. per week in 1740 to 35s. per week in 1880; and carpenters' wages in the same period from 15s. to 30s. per week. Agricultural wages and wages of day labourers also advanced about 75 per cent. from 1835 to 1885.

Food, again (and nearly all other articles to a greater or lesser degree), have been cheapened during the same period by the construction of railways and steamboats, and the invention of the telegraph and telephone, which enables practically limitless supplies to be brought from the ends of the earth to counteract scarcity in any quarter. Food is to-day brought from the prairies of the West, and from India, Australia, New Zealand, Buenos Ayres, &c., to our doors cheaper than it could be carried from one country to another a hundred years ago. Under conditions existing prior to that date, houses, food and clothing could not be otherwise than coarse and relatively dear; but it is perhaps the reverse of the truth to say that workers have wrenched from their employers a larger share of profits than formerly. £100 was considered a small fortune, and £1000 was sufficient to retire upon from business. What are £100 and £1000 to the incomes and fortunes of to-day? Good mechanics earn more than £100 per annum.

Large annual incomes are, however, no proof of extortionate or even of high profits. Our forefathers had none of the large establishments so general to-day. An annual turnover of £10,000 would by them have been considered splendid business, while our leading firms now run up to and over a million per annum. A firm doing a business of £250,000 will have an income of £2500 per annum, at only 1 per cent. net on the business done. That may possibly be done on a capital of £20,000, or very much less by rapid and frequent turnover of capital, and at £20,000 would yield 12½ per cent. on the capital invested. The gain to the merchant in such a case is not at the expense of either his workmen or the public, as 1 per cent. is only 2½d. net profit on an article selling at 20 per cent., and no one will venture to assert that even four times that profit on a single ordinary retail transaction would be robbing either buyer or worker for their own benefit. Cases where 40 per cent. has been made on capital invested in grain business, while the profit on the business done averaged under 1 per cent., have been

reliably published. It is not the wresting from one class to give to another, but it is the application of steam to machinery, and the invention and construction of railways, steamships, telegraphs, telephones and electric power, and scientific financial system that harassed the standard of living in every grade of society.

This is true of education also to a great extent. We speak of the education of the masses, and we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the great advance. Does the spread of learning and literature to-day mean that the upper classes ground down the poor and kept them purposely ignorant? The charge is made, but those who make it have surely forgotten the scarcity and dearth of books and printing of all kinds until within the century, and that if the poor in earlier centuries were ignorant, the lords and barons were themselves mostly unable even to sign their own names, and thanked the Virgin they were not clerks, who were then only the persons with any education in the nation. How long is it since newspapers cost sixpence each for a small sheet once a week? The tax was not abolished till 1855, and paper, printing and machinery have made phenomenal advances in cheapness, quality, and speed since then. The imposition of a tax was for necessary revenue, and is no more a proof of an intention to keep any one in ignorance than the Corn Duties, once honestly considered vitally necessary, were proof of an intention to starve the people. Both were considered necessary at the time. Steam-printing was not introduced till 1814. Ragged schools were started the following year and common schools were organised in 1831, and have improved their organisation by leaps and bounds until this date, when the State has made provision for the free education, by compulsion if necessary, of every child in the kingdom. Scotland has had excellent grammar schools for three centuries, but obviously the nature and cost of books prior to 1814, along with the low wages of the times, made a literary education of necessity beyond the reach of the masses. Newspapers were luxuries for the few, and half-a-dozen books—Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, *Meditations among the Tombs*, and other grave works—was a large library for even middle-class people not so very long ago. The poorest workman of to-day can have free access to a perfect ocean of current literature—newspapers, magazines and books—which were unknown to the upper classes themselves a generation ago, as they were non-existent. Even education has, therefore, been shared in by the masses and the upper classes. It is well known that many, if not most, of the leading scholars in all ages have been born students who have come from the working classes. In the Middle Ages education was the stamp of an inferior and plebeian class instead of a privilege or right withheld by the upper from the lower

classes. It is more true to say that the increased production of cheap books has raised the standard of education than to say that education has produced the books. The one has made the other possible, and the supply has simply been limited by the demand.

The fallacy exposed is a very deadly one and is responsible for much unjustifiable class hatred. It arises from ignorant and prejudiced comparison of the improved condition of humanity to-day compared with the sordidness of earlier generations and the mistaken assumption that the wealth of the rich is an injustice to the poor and acquired at their expense. It will not be disputed that many merchants' transactions run up to and over the million. No one would suggest doing business at one penny per £ profit, yet a penny per £ on £1,000,000 would yield £4166 18s. If carping critics will name what they consider a fair profit and apply it to the transactions of modern business, they will find that large fortunes can be and are made in a few years, not only honestly and honourably, but with the very utmost benefit to the community in their acquirement.

The mere comparison of one wage with another, and of one standard of life and education with another, may, and in this case does, lead to altogether erroneous conclusions. So far from wresting benefits from one class to give to another, all classes have shared in a common vast improvement in social and material conditions, which is apt to be forgotten or ignored in the discussion on necessary efforts for relief of our unemployed, who are a heavy burden on productive industry. Not only does it pay employers better to give higher wages to-day with certain machinery, but it simultaneously follows that the worker's higher wage is worth relatively more to him than formerly. £1 to-day will probably buy twice as much as it would a hundred years ago, in some goods three or four times as much. This of itself proves that the gain of cheaper production has been shared by the public as workers and consumers. The decreased cost of all manufactured articles, resulting from improved machinery, has brought within the reach of working people many articles that were not long ago scarce and dear, and therefore luxuries for the few. When there are only ten articles in existence to be divided amongst a hundred, evidently ninety out of the hundred must go without, whether the articles be expensive or free of cost. The lack of the ninety results from the scarcity, however, and is no reproach to the fortunate ten, unless they are to blame for the scarcity. Food, fruits, and multitudes of luxuries and other articles that were formerly not to be had by any one at any price, are also brought from the four quarters of the globe by rapid transportation and scientific preservation, and sold cheaper than the common food of our great-grandfathers. It is self-evident that these have been wrested from

Nature by science and commercial enterprise, and have not been in any sense wrung from selfish class oppressors.

At this time of fierce class and industrial antagonism, when professional agitators make a business of kindling strife and resentment by asserting that our advances have been wrung from oppressive robbers, these facts seem to demand public attention. They do not establish such a charge.

FINLAND AND ITS PARLIAMENT.

HELSINGFORS, an attractive and well built city, so little known to the British tourist or trader, has just been the scene of national festivity on the occasion of unveiling a handsome statue erected to the memory of Alexander II., the Emperor to whom Finlanders owe a notable enlargement and official confirmation of their cherished rights. Nearly all the towns and villages were represented by special delegates, the Parliament attended *en masse*, and among the thousands of spectators were about 800 University students, conspicuous in their white caps. The statue represents Alexander standing with the charter of Finnish rights in his hand, and on the sides of the base are representations of peace, art, science, and industry, admirably sculptured by Mr. W. Runeberg, son of the late national poet. No better place could have been found for the monument than in the square where it stands, surrounded by the Senate House, the University, and other stately public buildings. For some months past the Parliament of Finland has been holding its triennial sessions, and the fact that it finds little or no record in the British press is perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the general tranquillity of its proceedings. Nevertheless it is noteworthy that in that remote northern region agitations are in progress concerning not a few of the questions that have come to the front in England. The Legislature of Finland consists of four separate Chambers, representing the landowners, the clergy, the townspeople, and the peasants. These are expected to arrive at substantial agreement upon new constitutional projects before legislative changes can be submitted to the Czar, as Grand Duke, for his assent. Among the questions which have been under debate are a better system of national education, the diminution of multiple votes largely exercised by the richer classes, and equality of political rights by both sexes. But English readers may be more interested in some account of the country itself, few parts of Europe being so little known.

Suomi, as natives fondly call it, possesses many features and customs of peculiar interest, besides the fact that it can fairly boast of being the freest and best governed portion of the Russian Empire. Greatly mistaken are any who assume that it is covered with snow and ice during most of the year, that it remains inaccessible to culture, or

is inhabited by a people imperfectly civilised. Finland is no doubt a severe and parsimonious mother to her children, not prodigal of gifts like more favoured southern lands. The fact that they have had to fight a hard battle, with grim drawbacks of climate and geographical position, has made them a robust, persevering race, simple in their mode of life, but much more advanced in ideas than might be expected from these remotely situated subjects of the Czar.

Progressive in civic and political affairs, they still cherish in the social sphere not a few quaint survivals of the superstitions of far-distant centuries. Such, for instance, is what is known as the kokko fire. Originally the Finlanders were fire-worshippers, and to this fact, doubtless, may be traced the custom, never neglected at midsummer and other seasons, of lighting on the hills bonfires, around which the country-folk dance, whilst they join their voices in musical chorus. At the coast this traditional fire is often lit upon a raft some short distance from the shore, and there the festive throng row in a circle, singing almost as long as the flames continue to illuminate the somewhat weird scene. The early religious faith of these people had somewhat of a mystic tinge. Mixed up a good deal with sorcery and the magic arts, it yet more nearly approached Christianity in some of its principles than the creed of ruder worshippers of Nature. The Odín of the Scandinavians was revered mainly as a type of brute strength and martial power, whereas the sacred hero of the Finlanders held sway over their imagination rather by virtue of his superior wisdom. During the long period when Russia and Sweden contended for the mastery of Finland, the people of that unfortunate buffer State had often occasion to show military prowess, but almost always in self-defence rather than wanton attack. Their patriotic spirit was kept alive, and although not rewarded by national independence, it enjoys even now a large measure of practical recognition.

The strife of centuries gave fresh point to native ballads and epics which, before the printed book era, were handed down orally from generation to generation. Sometimes these took the form of magic chants and incantations, for the descendants of the old sorceries had been dignified to the rank of poets. Although composed in different periods between the eighth and the fourteenth centuries, these were not gathered in writing until early in the present century. In 1835 they were published in one volume known as the *Kalewala*, which has been translated into English, Swedish, French, Russian, German and Hungarian. This national epic, which consists of no fewer than 22,793 verses, is much admired for its grandeur of conception, profound sentiment, and delicacy of thought; indeed, many scholars consider that it rivals the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It abounds in natural symbolism and mythical stories. In some of these, inanimate things are supposed to be imbued with life

and brought into closer relation with the singer. They all indicate the contemplative nature of the people, in keeping with the stern character of their natural surroundings. Many are cast in a somewhat melancholy vein, just as even the festive music of rugged Norway seems always to have an undertone of sadness. The more familiar and popular songs of Finland have been gathered together and published in a lyrical collection called the *Kantelator*. They are so named from the Kantele, the national instrument—a sort of zither with five strings, peculiar to the Finnish people. Its history and use are associated with many peculiar traditions and legends. In the family circles of Finland four-part singing is carried to a great degree of perfection, and they are also fond of dancing to the violin, the accordeon, or even to the cheerful voice of singing friends; but in some parts of the country there is a religious sect which absolutely forbids dancing.

Marriage fêtes in Finland, as in Norway, are often prolonged for several days, even among folk of humble rank. One peculiarity, which may excite more surprise than approval among eligible suitors in our own country, is that the Finnish lover never himself “pops the question” to the girl of his choice. The momentous proposal is made through a third person, called the “talman,” to whom the happy couple give a present when his delicate mediation proves successful and ends in a wedding. Not uncommonly their gift to the talman takes the unromantic form of a shirt. In like manner the clergyman who presides over the nuptial service receives a simple and inexpensive present, often a handkerchief and a pair of warm hair gloves. A similar gift is bestowed upon the officiating priest at funerals. Upon these mournful occasions the service is exceedingly simple—more so than would satisfy the views of British undertakers—but the burial is, as a rule, followed by large hospitality on the part of the bereaved family. One favourite occupation for home leisure in Finland, in addition to their characteristic music, is the proposing and solving of enigmas. Here are two or three specimens of that species of puzzle :

Born at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, and yet never five weeks old. (Answer : the moon.)

Narrow gulf, and long promontories, each terminated by a rocky plateau. (The fingers.)

A burden fatigues him and yet he does not carry it. (A rower with his laden boat.)

Travelling over the country like a king, he yet visits each year the most humble hut. (Christmas.)

Unable to think, unable to speak, yet tells the truth to all the world. (A balance, or pair of scales.) The last of these is sometimes varied by describing the object as “without tongue, without mind,” &c. White field and black harvest. (A written sheet of

paper.) From these samples it will be seen that the enigmas of the Finlanders are not difficult, sometimes capable of more than one answer, and such as sharp readers may multiply for themselves *ad lib.* Their proverbs are also simple and obvious, as "Time stops for nobody," "Growing up without correction, they will die without honour," "Who asks his way does not lead himself astray," as well as others almost literally corresponding to those familiar in our own land. But it is in poesy and song that the Finnish people most excel. Their language admirably lends itself to these purposes, alike from its sonorous character and the richness of its vocabulary. The Finlander smokes much tobacco, but of inferior quality, and the favourite beverage of the people is coffee, largely mixed with chicory; indeed, the coffee-pot is almost always kept in readiness on a hob at the corner of the fire. Another drink in common use is an acidulated small beer called *kalja*; but on special occasions, as at marriages or funerals, a stronger beer is consumed. In the country districts and at the coast, salt fish is more frequently eaten than meat; butter is not much used, and still less cheese, although a large quantity of good cheese is exported from the country to other markets. The most important food plant in the country is rye, and next in order come potatoes. Barley and oats are less common. Wheat is considered a delicacy, and wheaten bread is used chiefly by the better classes, with tea or coffee. The country does not produce enough cereals for its own consumption. Altogether the nourishment of the people is simple and inexpensive; so also is their clothing. The country clergy are often paid in rye in winter and butter in summer, commodities which, of course, they sell when the supply exceeds their own necessities. Small tenants not infrequently pay their rents by so many days' labour given to the landlords.

Although Finland occupies an area almost equal to England, Scotland, Ireland, the Netherlands and Belgium together, so much is covered by water that it has in many parts the appearance of an immense archipelago, sparsely populated and with imperfect means of intercommunication. Many of the intersecting canals are largely used for floating out timber from the forests to the markets. In the north and south-western districts wild animals, such as the bear and the wolf, are abundant. As may be assumed from the vast extent of the surface of Finland, there are great variations of climate and temperature in its different parts, yet the cold is nowhere so extreme as might be expected in those high latitudes. In some districts agriculture is well advanced; but night frosts in summer often play havoc with the crops. Despite the pressure of their powerful neighbours, the Finlanders have been careful to preserve intact their national characteristics and individuality. They are a stalwart race, patient, industrious and indomitable in their perseverance. About 85 per cent. of them speak Finnish as their mother tongue,

14 per cent. speak Swedish, and only about 1 per cent. talk Russian, although the latter language is now being taught in the schools. Except in some remote parishes, national costumes have disappeared, but local customs and traditions are well maintained. The cold dark nights of long winters have encouraged a taste for family life, and helped, with other circumstances, to develop the store of legends, lyrics, and superstitions to which reference has already been made.

Politically, the position of the Finlanders is peculiar. Their country enjoys a large measure of freedom and internal independence, yet it is under the ultimate supreme control of Russia. Most natives demur to the idea that it has been absorbed in the Russian Empire, and they point to the fact that each successive Czar during the present century, on assuming office as Grand Duke of Finland has entered into a solemn pledge to maintain unaltered the original rights and constitutional laws of the Grand Duchy. A copy of the first Imperial warrant to this effect, granted in 1809, is hung up on view in all the churches of Finland. The administration of the country is presided over by a Governor-General, who is appointed by the Czar, and with that functionary there is associated a Secretary of State, who must be a native of Finland. The four legislative orders are convoked every three years, and each sits separately, but they may deliberate in common if this is asked by one of the orders and supported by another of them. The privileges of the nobility have been abolished, except so far as concerns representation in their own Diet, where, unlike the other orders, they are allowed, if absent, to vote by proxy. The clerical chamber is always presided over by the Archbishop, and includes the Bishops, and twenty-eight deputies elected by the priests, also two chosen by the Universities, and certain representatives of the public schools. The third chamber consists of about fifty-six representatives of the *bourgeois* class, one from each town except in places with a population of over six thousand, where one extra member is allowed for every additional six thousand inhabitants. With the exception of the nobility, clergy, women, soldiers, and servants, all ratepayers in towns have a vote, but the rating qualification is high, and excludes a large proportion of the inhabitants from the electoral register. If a resident has not an income of more than two hundred marks yearly, he is not rated and consequently has no vote. What is known as the Swedish party, comprising the better class of townspeople, defend plural voting. Those reformers who call themselves the Finnish National Party advocate both a lowering and simplification of the franchise. The fourth, or Peasant Chamber, consists of sixty members, and every 2000 electors returns a representative. Members of Parliament must be natives of Finland like all those who vote for them. Electors must also be at least twenty-one years of age, resident in

the district where they vote, and must have paid rates there for not less than three years. Women have acquired the right to vote in communal affairs, but not yet in political contests, although female franchise societies have for some years been urging a fuller recognition of the claims of their sex. In Finland women are largely employed, not only in the post-office, telegraph stations and other public departments, but also in many banks and private offices. Members of Parliament are paid at the rate of about 16s. per day during the session, and are allowed to travel free to and from their parliamentary duties. In the Finnish Parliament the agreement of all four orders, together with the sanction of the Czar, is necessary in any decisions affecting fundamental laws. Upon questions of internal government, the accord of three of the Chambers is sufficient; and where there is a tie—two Chambers ranged on each side on any urgent question—a commission may be appointed, composed of sixty delegates of the four orders sitting together. Military service is compulsory, but the period may be reduced in the case of young men who attain a prescribed educational standard.

J. DODS SHAW.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."¹

WHEN Galileo made his famous discovery that the earth moves, he was, perhaps, not conscious how rapidly and irresistibly the world of mind progresses. The motion of thought is, indeed, like the rotation of the earth, always in a circle, but like the orbital motion of a globe it tends gradually to enlarge the ellipse. No more marked proof of this expansion of ideas can be found than in Professor Drummond's latest volume. Ideas which have been long combated by orthodox people as antagonistic to the principles of their religion are here welcomed and warmly assented to as the chief glory and support of faith. Nothing more remarkable has come under our notice for many months than this thorough and sincere acceptance of hypotheses which were for so long assumed to be destructive alike to religion and morality, if not demonstrably false.

Professor Drummond does not allow us for long to be in doubt as to his attitude towards Darwinism. His assent to every postulate and argument for it is complete and unmistakable. Seldom have we met with any one more heart-whole in his belief in the theory. At times his enthusiasm breaks forth in a way which not even Darwin's strictest scientific disciples have often equalled. Professor Drummond is a notably eloquent writer, and his eloquence finds ample scope for employment in his admiration for the principles of Evolution, and in his endeavour to state the facts in the most clear and convincing manner. Like all eloquent men, he finds pleasure in looking at the matter from a broad, abstract, and poetic point of view. His book might be almost termed a song in praise of Darwin, or a poetic eulogy of the system of Evolution as set forth by him, and elaborated by his believers, including Huxley, Weismann, and Haeckel.

The idea that Evolution involves degradation of the human species, we are told, is a thoroughly mistaken one; on the contrary, it means elevation. The wonders of Evolution are more marvellous, more awe-inspiring, than the miracle of special acts of creation. Evolution readily assimilates with the idea of an all-wise Providence;

¹ *The Ascent of Man.* By Henry Drummond. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

it raises and purifies our ideas of the Creator; it assists us to form a just conception of the magnitude of the plan of life; it gives us graver and deeper ideas of the genesis of things. "Recall," says Professor Drummond, "the vast antiquity of the primal cell from which the human embryo first sets forth. Compass the nature of the potentialities stored up in its plastic substance. Watch all the busy processes, the multiplying energies, the mystifying transitions, the inexplicable chemistry of this living laboratory. Observe the variety and intricacy of its metamorphoses, the exquisite gradation of its ascent, the unerring aim with which the one type unfolds—never pausing, never uncertain of its direction, refusing arrest at intermediate forms, passing on to its flawless maturity without waste, or effort, or fatigue. See the sense of motion at every turn, of purpose, and of aspiration. Discover how with identity of process and loyalty to the type, a hair-breadth of deviation is yet secured to each so that no two forms come out the same, but each arises an original creation, with features, characteristics, and individualities of its own. Remember, finally, that even to make the first cell possible, stellar space required to be swept of matter, suns must needs be broken up, and planets cool, the agents of geology labour millennium after millennium at the unfinished earth to prepare a material resting-place for the coming guest. Consider all this, and judge if creation could have a sublimer meaning, or the human race possess a more splendid genesis."

In his chapters on "The Ascent of the Body" and "The Scaffolding Left in the Body," Professor Drummond has collated a number of the most striking natural facts which are used in support of the theory of Evolution. His explanations, given often in the form of picturesque illustration, make his writing easy of comprehension to those who are unused to scientific study. He manages to give a very pleasant ring to the somewhat formidable paraphernalia of technical phrases with which scientists are apt to bestud their works. His evident aim is to allure the dubious reader—if such there be—to continue his research until he can load him with a few hard facts to carry away with him. In this he is likely to be eminently successful; for no one can introduce an irresistible truth in a gentler fashion than Professor Drummond.

Whilst thus bearing testimony to the author's rare powers of rhetoric, we trust it will not be considered ungracious to say that only he could have written the present goodly-sized volume on its present lines without once making us aware that his own individual contribution of speculation to the subject is not by any means remarkably large. But, for his clear, careful and graceful enunciation of the truths of the great theory of development, every student of the earth and its history will, we think, be honestly grateful. Indeed, this book will be likely to succeed in cases where the works

of Darwin himself might fail. It has nothing in it to shock the acute sensibilities of the ordinary prejudiced man. There are few remarks in it which are calculated to call forth a feeling of opposition. It is a well-known trait in human nature that a bare, absolute truth runs a considerable chance of being rejected, whilst the same truth a little gilded and disguised will be readily swallowed, especially if a good spoonful of jam accompanies it.

The jam in this instance is orthodoxy. The author's task is to reconcile the theory of the survival of the fittest, of ruthless extermination of the weaker forms, with a good and kindly purpose in Nature. Those laws which so many could scarcely fail to think cruel and relentless, he contends are in reality always benevolent and beneficial. One could wish for a more imposing array of facts to support this contention than the author has collected for that purpose; yet the attempt is made boldly and plausibly, and, for many reasons, there will be many found to think it convincing.

The pages which deal with the half-obliterated survivals of organs now no longer of use to man are intensely interesting. The remains of these outworn functionary limbs and appendages are ever and anon cropping up to startle the physician in different parts of the globe. It is seen that even monstrosities have a history, and that they are but the reappearance of organs which were once useful and necessary to mankind. Professor Drummond explains the existence of numerous appearances of this sort on the only rational grounds which science can find to explain them. He attributes them to a sudden and wonderful reversion, or partial reversion, to older forms of life, a fact scarcely more remarkable than that certain ornamental trees should "sport" back to their older and plainer forms. Every arboriculturist can bear witness to this latter fact as coming often under his own immediate observation. And the biologist no more hesitates to attribute club-foot to a revival of an earlier form of the life we now call human, than the ordinary intelligent farmer does the "sporting back" of his trees to a return to an earlier step in their growth. The internal evidences of the nature of survivals is strongly supplemented by the absolute ease with which they fit in with the whole scheme of Evolution as now understood. They are seen to be integral parts of that great system. The gill-slits in children—plainly remains of an ancient aquatic existence—the occasional appearance of a rudimentary ear in the neck, the disposition of hair on the body, as well as the abnormal quantities in which it sometimes grows—these, with a number of other natural facts adduced with much skill by the author, make up a body of facts which, he believes, must prove irresistibly convincing to all candid minds. He is of opinion that we will be blind indeed, if not wilfully dishonest, if we fail to find in all this a strong suspicion, at least, of our descent from animal progenitors.

"With such facts before us," he says, "it is mocking human intelligence to assure us that Man has not some connection with the rest of the animal creation, or that the processes of his development stand unrelated to the other ways of Nature. That Providence, in making a new being, should deliberately have inserted these eccentricities, without their having any real connection with the things they so well imitate, or any working relation to the rest of his body, is, with our present knowledge, simple irreverence."

At one time the foolish jeers and taunts of the crowd were sufficient to deter even men of an independent cast of mind from giving an open assent to Darwinism. That men were directly descended from monkeys—for such was, and even yet with some is, the only conception of Darwinism—seemed to be the epitome of all human absurdity and folly. Man, the "reformed ape," was a figure so prodigiously funny that even grave and wise men, it was thought, might be excused if they were obliged to hold their sides in an uncontrollable paroxysm of cachinnation. The laughter has passed away, and as fact after fact comes to light which goes to strengthen the already almost overwhelmingly strong case for Evolution, the wise-aces begin to look grave, and with solemn shakings of the head make believe that they have never laughed. As a plain matter of fact, which Professor Drummond points out in language which our rough pen cannot imitate, Darwin never said anything of this kind. He rather took care not to be misunderstood on the point; but if the people will have their joke, it is vain, nay, even unwise, to try and hinder them. What Darwin did say was that the man and the ape arose from some common ancestor. Man may have passed through a somewhat ape-like stage in his career of progressive development; but the man and the ape are not even close relations of the one family. They branched out untold ages back from a common stock or parentage, not simultaneously; possibly, the one long cycles of generations before the other; and each passed through vastly different circumstances, with dissimilar maturing and educating influences at work to bring them to their present stage of being. With our late comparatively large accretions of knowledge, this fallacious conception of Evolution may soon be expected to disappear, and the old joke to die out as something too outworn and stale for the age.

In his chapter on "The Arrest of the Body," Professor Drummond gives his reasons for supposing that man has reached his complete and final stage of development, and that beyond this there will be no further change. He has acquired, it is contended, a state of absolute fitness in relation to his altered and improved environment. He is perfect in so far as he is perfectly suited to the life he has now to lead. No material improvement in his physical structure can be conceived to render him more comfortable or secure in his connection

with external things. He is exactly adapted to meet all the accidents and chances which may befall him with the minimum of injury and the maximum of ease and *aplomb*. This is good and satisfying ; but that his environment will always be the same, and consequently that his bodily structure will always be unchanged, is another matter, into which our author has not entered, nor apparently desired to enter.

He has given with exquisite clearness his reasons why the bodily organs should not have gone on strengthening and improving in endless degrees of power. While the eye was growing in complexity of mechanism and in acuteness of vision, the hands and the brain had not been idle. Man had invented tools, and henceforth they were to perform part of his work for him. He learned how to cut and polish pebbles, to make glass, to work in brass and other metals. In course of time he made the telescope, the field-glass, and a host of other sight-aiding articles. There was then no necessity for the eye of civilised man to outgrow the eagle's in power ; his implements enabled him to dispense with any higher developments of sight. Savage man is notably superior in point of vision to the sophisticated man subject to a high degree of culture and refinement. Here then was the great secret of the Arrest of the Body : the body was supplemented and assisted by mechanical contrivances which continue to make further evolution unnecessary ; and the moment development becomes unnecessary, it ceases.

When the point is reached at which the genesis and growth of Mind has to be considered, we might almost expect that one with Professor Drummond's reverence for traditional ideas with regard to special and immediate endowments of the faculties by a higher power, would hesitate before accepting the materialistic methods of science in explaining such phenomena. We might be disposed to think that some wavering would be noticeable before all the consequences of a thoroughgoing subscription to the tenets of mind-evolution would be given. We should scarcely have been surprised, perhaps, if he had fallen back on one of the many subterfuges of religious people, who are inclined to believe in Evolution, but fear that their orthodoxy might suffer in consequence. Had he insisted that at this point Providence had stepped in with an immediate gift of intellect we should, on the whole, have considered it natural. He does not do so ; and that he does not shows that he has come to the subject with a commendable lack of bias and with a determination to go wherever the greatest show of probability should lead him.¹

He considers that there are five sources of information with

¹ In reference to the idea of Divine interferences in the scheme of Nature, note what is said in the last division of the book on "Involution" :

"There are reverent minds who ceaselessly scan the fields of Nature and books of Science in search of gaps, gaps which they will fill up with God. As if God lived in gaps ! What view of Nature or of truth is theirs whose interest in science is not in

regard to the past of mind. The first, the mind of childhood; the second, the minds of lower animals; the third, the weapons of primitive man; the fourth, the mind of a savage; and the fifth, language. He gives due weight to the difficulties besetting the path of any who desire to trace the progress of the mind from its lowest to its highest development. The birth of mind, or its connection with matter, he pronounces to be inscrutable. Mind has no vestigial structures remaining to show the different phases through which it has passed. There are no remains, no fossils, no traces by which we can see the stages of advancement as with palæolithic animals. But, amongst other things, pathology has given a significant hint of how it has been built up.

"When the mind is affected by certain diseases, its progress downward can often be followed step by step. It does not tumble down in a moment into chaos like a house of cards, but in a definite order, stone by stone, or storey by storey. Now, the striking thing about that order is, that it is the probable order in which the building has gone up. The order of descent, in short, is the inverse of the order of ascent. The first faculty to go, in many cases of insanity, is the last faculty which arrived; the next faculty is affected next; the whole spring unveiling, as it were, in the order and direction in which, presumably, it has been wound up. Sometimes, even in the phenomena of old age, the cycle may be clearly traced."

The gradual perfecting and growing complexity of the tools used by man are a proof of the gradual growth of mind. From the Stick Age to the age of the phonograph can be clearly traced the increasing strength of the human intellect. Existing races of men testify as clearly to the long career of brain-development through which the civilised white man has run. In the bush in Northern Queensland he will still find the native hunting and killing wallabies as one animal preys upon another, and with no better weapon than a knotted club. In intelligence he is but little above the brute which he pursues. Language shows unmistakable signs of its gradual, almost painful, increase in fluency and copiousness, and at the same time bears witness to the increasing powers of the mind which moulded it and gave it grace and beauty.

In the chapter on "The Struggle for Life" the necessity and usefulness of a constant state of strife amongst living things upon the earth is strongly emphasised. Nature gives man wants and desires in order that in the attaining of them all his physical and mental

what it can explain but in what it cannot; whose quest is ignorance, not knowledge; whose daily bread is that the cloud may lift, and who, as darkness melts from this field or that, begin to tremble for the place of His abode? What needs altering in such finely zealous souls is at once their view of Nature and of God. Nature is God's writing and can only tell the truth, 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.'

powers may be exercised. She implants the attribute of hunger that he may bestir himself to procure food, and so increase the flexibility and size of his muscles. He requires to be stimulated to constant exertion for the full development of all the organs of his system. Rest would mean retrogression; and so Nature has ordained that complete or lengthened rest shall be difficult or impossible. The goad is always applied for his good; the spur never pierces but when it is well for him to move faster. The principles of progress are hidden in the forces of compulsion. Left to itself Nature is inert and stationary, and it is necessary that the element of struggle should enter into life so as to ensure improvement and development. Though it may look cruel, and in some instances may actually be so, yet as a whole it is kindly and beneficent. Life, as a rule, is a fair fight. Death to the lower animals cannot have the terror of anticipation which it has to us. Death comes generally with merciful suddenness. And it is better to die than live a miserable life of inutility and unfitness. There is no such thing as the living of the unfit; when an animal is not suited to its surroundings, it dies. The idea of Nature as being instinct with implacable and murderous intentions is false. We must look to the results, and must not quarrel with a law which clears the earth of unsuitable and impotent forms of life. "Natural selection is the means employed in Nature to bring about perfect health, perfect wholeness, perfect adaptation, and, in the long run, the ascent of all living things."

Undoubtedly all this is in a certain degree, at least, true; but we are of opinion that the trampling out of the unfit forms of life involves a far greater expenditure of suffering than Professor Drummond is willing to allow. It is better to die than to drag out a useless, impotent existence; yet amongst men many are doomed to drag out just such an existence; men with weak physical or mental powers, who are yet perfectly conscious that they are not competent to compete successfully in the struggle. To come into this world with the seeds of consumption implanted in the body, and to know that one is doomed to extermination from the world of fitter forms, is a fate of drear bitterness to the victim, which the thought that he is making way for sounder bodies cannot be expected to alleviate much. To be incompetent in any walk of life, and to see others pass one by without the slightest ability to prevent it, or to overtake them, again, is as the waters of Marah to many a soul. With the lower animals the pain of being supplanted may be greatly less, but it has a keen reality. No bird or insect can die without considerable pain, and often we believe the sufferings of these little creatures is prolonged. In a cold spring, in storms, or in a sudden change of the weather, thousands of small birds fall down helplessly and die. The fact that the strong survive should not make us overlook the suffering which the weak endure. This

question need only be indicated; for example upon example might be given almost indefinitely of the unquestionably great sufferings of man and animals in their ceaseless and hopeless struggle with circumstances.

In the chapter on "The Struggle for the Life of Others," we find considerations which are, we believe, distinctly original contributions to the subject. Professor Drummond here introduces us to ideas which are entirely his own in conception as well as treatment. There is, he says, a principle innate in human nature which scientists, as a rule, have overlooked, whether wilfully or unwittingly it is impossible in all cases to decide. The rule of selfishness is at a certain point transcended by a higher rule—the rule of Altruism. The forces of Nature do not alone decide the actions of animals and of man in this late age of being. Selfism gives way to the power of Altruism. "Love," says Professor Drummond boldly, "is the greatest factor in the evolution of life. Since the budding of the earliest tiny protoplasmic cell, love has done its work in the perfecting of the race. Scientists have been to blame for not emphasizing this great fact. All the physical foundations, all the long slow development of animal organisms, all the laborious education of mind and muscle, were but preparations for this glorious crowning attribute, the spirit of Love or Altruism which was to make its abode in life, and turn it from a mean animal scramble for place and food, into a comprehensible, ordered, and moral state."

The most eloquent eulogy of love, however, in this connection proves nothing. Professor Drummond bases his contention for an unselfish principle in Nature chiefly on the facts of nutrition and maternity. The plant before reproducing petals or leaves withers, casts off flowers and foliage, and sinks to a kind of death. The process of reproduction he regards as sacrificial. The flower dies that the seed may generate, grow, and be scattered broadcast. The ideas of sacrifice in connection with plant life, pleasing as it may be, strikes us as a little fanciful. We cannot conceive the idea of sacrifice apart from conscious, deliberate action, and we fail to find any ethical meaning in this instance, unless we regard it as a symbol or example of what human life *ought* to be. Plants and the lower animals store up food for their offspring, but they do so unconsciously, and the most that we are entitled logically to say of the matter is, that the provisions and adaptations of Nature are admirable and perfect.

The principle of the struggle for the life of others is exemplified in the care with which the mother insect hides her eggs from the eyes of creatures who would destroy them. The most careful mothers produce the most perfect progeny. The mother is the highest achievement of Evolution; she was required to give ethical purpose and value to life. The weakness of infants calls out, enforces the

love and tenderness of the mother; thus Nature insists on the birth of love. This is the argument which Professor Drummond works out through many brilliant pages. He finds Nature everywhere insisting on love, enforcing Altruism, implanting and fructifying a system of Otherism through all life, by forces which are not to be resisted, by mandates which must not be gainsaid.

It would be but an ungracious task to write self where Professor Drummond has written selflessness; to insist that Maternity's love for progeny is but a kind of extended self-love; to show that Nature cannot mean the animal which is being exterminated by a stronger species to love its exterminator, or desire it or labour for it. It is unnecessary to speculate as to how often Nature fails in evoking real love for the offspring from the human heart. It would be unpleasant to find how gross, sensuous, and careless love may be in the main itself, how little the child may be to the mother, how even maternal offices may, in many cases, be distasteful and ungrateful to her. Yet the fine diction of this book should not altogether cause us to overlook these facts, and we should consider them in connection with all Professor Drummond has got to say, else we will be in danger of building on half-truths, and in the end find our handsome edifice somewhat insecure.

Several things will no doubt strike the reader in perusing this clever and eloquent book. One of them will be the skill with which the author has set forth all the salient points in the theory of Evolution; another will assuredly be that all that is of real value in these lectures could have been included in a volume of very much smaller bulk. The first, all students of the history of life upon this planet will be grateful for; and the second, most readers will excuse for sake of the pleasure to be derived from the perusal of its always interesting pages.

THOMAS E. MAYNE.

PASTORALS.

THE world is ever anxious to learn, and to that end is ready enough to hear the opinion of an expert on most subjects. It is a curious fatality that this praiseworthy thirst for knowledge should be so frequently baulked, and that men will commonly write of any subject under the sun save that one with which they chance to be thoroughly acquainted. It is fashion that rules our pens as it rules our dress. Most men are as shy of introducing a new theme or a new method into literature as they would be of standing sponsor to a new style of coat. It takes something of a genius, or, at the least, a man of originality who has the courage of his opinions to do either. But when once the fashion is fairly started there is no lack of imitators, who themselves furnish models to further copyists; so that in no long time your new head-gear shall become epidemic, or it shall become the mode for all scribblers to try their hands, say, at sketches in Scottish dialect. A few lead the way, and the rest of mankind follow in their tracks like sheep. For there is a singular lack of individual enterprise in the common run of men, even, in matters of personal adornment, a horror thereof; and many will sooner go shivering than appear at a place of public resort clad in an overcoat of unknown cut. Nor is it altogether a lack of inventive power that causes so few departures from the reigning custom, for it lies in the power of most to revive, at the least, some old pattern with fresh trimmings, and there are few writers of note who could not, if they tried, introduce again in like manner some half-forgotten form of literature, with a difference.

Discoveries flash forth for a while, sink into darkness, and are re-discovered. There is nothing new under the sun, and as for invention, the very name signifies nought but a chance finding. We rummage in the storehouses of antiquity and note at every turn how the ancients have anticipated us. We excavate old ideas and they serve us for new, as we see in a cycle of twenty years or so the fashion of a lady's sleeve comes back, or the pattern of a high hat. In literature, in religion, in politics, we proceed in a similar manner, returning even after a lapse of years to the same point. Thus we have our *renaissances*, our classical revivals, our ebb and flow of Ritualism merging in Roman Catholicism, and it comes about in

good time that our political wiseacres seize with joy the idea of a republic as something untried before, and when they have had enough of that, grasp with equal gladness at the equal novelty of a dictatorship.

From the time when men first began to congregate in cities, there has always existed a longing, half real and half artificial, to depict the sights and sounds of a country life. This love of innocence and simplicity is, in truth, a love of the past, for the town-bred tradesman looked back with wistful eyes to the quiet existence of his rustic forefathers, and thought he saw there the peace that himself could never find. It was this feeling, presumably, that first gave origin to what we term pastoral poetry, and, indeed, a poet would ask for nothing better than Nature and country scenes upon which to exercise his genius. The pity was that so many others followed suit on the same lines, creating a fashion by copying the form with slight appreciation of the essence. Theocritus was well enough, but the taint of artificiality lies upon his earliest imitators. The Latin pastoral followed Bion and Moschus, and most succeeding poets have hung upon Virgil's footsteps, so that it is not surprising that we find little natural force in the eclogues of Pope and Phillips, to say nothing of the earlier imitations of Boccaccio and his school. Spenser, it is true, has more of the country air in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, but the bulk of his successors preferred Italian artifice to English originality, and since his time there has been no serious effort to revive the true bucolic poetry of Theocritus, unless possibly we accept the *Gentle Shepherd* of Allan Ramsay. Such poetry, indeed, should be always tinged with the hue of dialect, and the Scots tongue is as good a substitute as may be found for the Doric of the Sicilian poet. There is a passage of rustic amorous raillery in this eclogue of Ramsay's as good as any between Daphnis and Menalcas—the lines beginning:

“Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned, glowering about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na' me.”

I wonder we have not more after this model, instead of so many Strephons and Chloes, or (which are but little better) Hobbinols and Blowzalindas. We have not had many singers to this tune since the worthy Allan. In fact, pastoral poetry might well be revived again, not as a burlesque, after Gay's manner, but as a reality. There are other dialects, as has been proved in Dorsetshire, that would trip gaily enough to this measure, besides the Scotch. Indeed, I imagine that the world possesses also a volume of Irish idylls, more or less in the right vein. But the common run of the poetry of to-day that aims at depicting country life is more of the lyric

stamp, and is cramped by tradition into the measure and follows the spirit of Lovelace, Suckling, and Herrick.

It is an open question to what extent art should hold the mirror up to nature in work of this kind. It is not to be supposed that poets should strive too ardently after the bare truth, suffering no adornment whatsoever to be added to the language of the common peasant. Such a method would be equally impossible and inartistic, and one could no more fashion a poem this way than one could compose a novel by reporting drawing-room conversation word for word. The story was told of Alexander—and it has been attributed to many of more modern fame as well—that he refused on one occasion to listen to some marvellous imitation of a nightingale's song, on the ground that he had heard the bird herself. And truly, unless the man could improve upon the nightingale, it were mere idle curiosity, though pardonable, to witness the performance. The parallel is not perhaps an exact one, for while a nightingale's song is beautiful in itself, the conversation of a peasant, even from the most picturesque regions, is not always witching to the ear. Yet this only offers a stronger inducement to the poet to clothe his thoughts in seemly language, so that, while preserving something of the rustic tongue and not going so far in his adornment as to sacrifice all appearance of probability, he may please the reader's taste without doing violence to his reason. It is quite easy to carry realism too far; easier, perhaps, than to err in the direction of excessive elegance. It is a nice point which extreme produces the more laughable result, and I am not inclined altogether to give the palm to the latter. Some of the French pastorals, it is true, reached nearly the summit of the ridiculous, as those of Fontenelle, whose shepherds are the merest Parisians in masquerade. They saunter about with their *chers moutons*, but the handling of their sheep-hook and their oaten reed betrays them. It is comical, too, to note the seriousness with which such men and their critics debated the rules of their art. There were as many unities to be observed, at the last, in this poetry of artless simplicity, as in the high realms of tragic drama. To such an extent does a long course of imitation change the spirit of its original, weaving around it by degrees all kinds of fantastic extraneous matter, until at length it is as hard to recognise as a good story that has been the round of a dinner-table.

Most, however, of our pastoral writing at the present day is done in plain prose. The danger here lies rather in the direction of a too realistic treatment. There is not the same temptation to idealise, and the reader is sometimes oppressed with a too close adherence to nature. The smell of the farmyard should be a trifle sweetened before it reaches the sensitive nose of the critic. There are one or two popular novelists who seem to me to err rather in this respect,

and who introduce with unnecessary detail descriptions of farm labour which would look better if sketched more roughly. The method of a Meissonier is not always applicable to coarser subjects. And in any case a novelist should aim at painting with a large brush; for the story is with him the chief thing, and it creates a feeling of impatience in the reader to be fobbed off thus with the mere curiosities of a careful observer.

I suppose the real successors to our pastoral poets of the Augustan age are our now so numerous writers of the school of Richard Jefferies. The amateur naturalist, who gives us the benefit of his own observations in field and hedgerow, is pleasant to read in certain moods, and supplies the note of rural life in our literature creditably enough. If he writes with reasonable simplicity, his work comes like a breath of fresh country air to the city toiler, and a sober countryman is pleased to verify his own experiences by those of another observer. A certain severity of style, as of White's *Selborne*, is not amiss here in men whose writings have some connection with science, and who are acting, so to speak, as voluntary pioneers in clearing the path of natural history. It is perhaps a pity, therefore, that there should be here a growing tendency towards diffuseness and picturesque writing. There is some danger, again, of the development of an artificial school of rustic literature on somewhat new lines. It is a singular fatality that we can for no length of time preserve this particular branch of art, it seems, from becoming artificial. By degrees its native simplicity is corrupted, whether the vehicle be prose or verse, and this curious vein of fine writing crops up, spoiling everything. At certain seasons now it is customary for the newspapers to publish articles of this stamp, commonly about the beginning of August or September, in which the writer riots in the most luxuriant description and rivals in the gorgeousness of his language the many-coloured tints of autumn. The pheasant is a godsend to him. Year after year, towards October, he has marked him "whirr upwards from the tangled brake," a harmony in brown and gold. Regularly as the shooting season comes round our rhapsodist is to be seen disporting himself thus in tender appeal to the æsthetic sensibility of the country squire. The fashion for this sort of gaudy word-painting is fast rising, and it is too often the case that our amateur naturalist sets out now for his forest glade *in malice prepense*, armed with the tools of his profession, and prepared to lay on the local colour as thickly as possible. He does not go to gratify himself, but his reader, and his aim is not so much to see as to describe, and not so much to describe accurately as picturesquely and with a due eye to the effect. It is difficult, however, to blame him severely for this fault. It is no easy matter to steer accurately a middle course, avoiding on the one hand the Scylla of bald fact, and on the other the Charybdis of too flowery

language. In fact, of the two I am inclined to esteem the latter the more pardonable error. If he has nothing of any real importance to tell us, and the observations of many of these modern writers are not remarkable for originality, it is something, perhaps, of an insult to his readers to clothe it in common language. Where the subject lacks intrinsic worth it must perforce be well attired in order to attract attention, as it is in general your worthless books that appear in the most ornamental binding. It is well to look pretty at the least if we cannot look profound, and there are men enough in the world who will value us—and our books—from a merely superficial acquaintance, and who will never disappoint themselves by a too close examination of the poverty that lies beneath the surface.

I am no enemy to a touch of the picturesque in certain kinds of literature. I am ready to confess myself far more inclined to overlook an excess in this direction than in the other. There is a charm in the mere cunning linking together of poetical words which it is difficult sternly to rebuke. A burst of fine language here and there will go some way with me towards atoning for lack of information. I am blessed with a Catholic taste, and can stomach any but the most outrageous conceits and far-fetched allusions in poetry of the heroic cast. In fact, if one is prepared for the nature of one's meal, if one is warned beforehand that the food is to be highly seasoned, a moderately healthy palate should not shrink from it, it seems to me, in disgust. It is a small, carping mind that hesitates to accept a mixed metaphor or that boggles even at a play on words. I cannot but think that the great Scriblerus went too far when he quoted his specimens of the cumbrous in poetry, selecting for ridicule such passages as this, from the *Tempest* :

“Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.”

—or this, with reference to the opening of a sealed letter :

“Wax, render up thy trust.”

Indeed, if we are to be so particular upon this point, there is but little of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Thomson, or Gray—to mention none other—that shall escape condemnation. If a man is capable of it, by all means let him employ exalted language to his heart's content; if he is in other respects a good poet we shall be gainers rather than losers even though he should indulge in hyperbole or strain his metaphors a shade too far. The man must have more than a touch of the pedant in him who is offended by Hamlet's famous soliloquy. But it is to be remembered that as a small man of mean appearance looks merely the more ridiculous if tricked out in royal garments, so it takes a poet of some magnitude to carry this swelling diction with entire success. Even Dryden's robes were

sometimes too gaudy with ornament, and the stately port of Johnson, both in prose and verse, degenerates now and again into more than the suspicion of a strut. Their extravagances are more glaring, but they are not always intrinsically greater than those in *Samson Agonistes* or *Cymbeline*. They are disproportionate, and consequently they produce the effect of a caricature, as a well-shaped nose of undue size will turn beauty into ugliness, and admiration into derisive astonishment. The rest of their work is not conceived upon the same high scale as these isolated passages that amuse the critic. And thus it chances often that the minor poet, while he keeps to the comfortable tableland of mediocrity, is esteemed a passable writer enough; but when by ill hap he airs his eloquence upon some higher peak, we account it presumption, and accuse him of posturing at an elevation where he has no business. And the same holds good also with regard to the subject he treats, and it is for this reason that the old style of pastoral poetry fell into desuetude: because the general theme was not of sufficient dignity to support the heavy load of conceits and metaphors heaped upon it. As Johnson was said to make little fishes talk like whales, so did many of our gentle shepherds and fair milkmaids assume, in the poetic pages, the manners and diction of the best society. Here and there, it is true, some perfunctory mention was made of the common stage properties of the pastoral trade, as handed down by immemorial tradition, but it is unlikely that such stuffed sheep or tuneless pipes ever deceived the most simple reader. Nor, as a matter of fact, was any deception seriously intended.

This is pre-eminently an age of revivals. It may be a sign of decadence in our literature, but it is the fact that an increasing number of writers are now beginning to model their work upon ancient forms, or to employ a touch of the archaic in their diction. I should not be sorry for my part to see some attempt made to resuscitate, among others, the old pastoral form, with a difference and in accordance with the true model. I am convinced that there is more good metal to be extracted from this ancient mine. Indeed, to a poet of any power this sort of writing appears to me to offer the most varied opportunities for displaying his talent to advantage—opportunities for cunning conjunction of rustic humour and simple pathos mingled with a touch of classic polish to preserve the whole from any suspicion of vulgarity. I should like to suggest to some of our younger poets that they should leave for awhile penning imitations of Herrick and Suckling, and try their hands once more at a series of eclogues, in some provincial dialect. Only, let them be real pastorals and not the pinchbeck imitations that have so frequently done duty in their stead since the days of Theocritus.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[Under the above title a limited portion of THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely, on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.]

THEISM—AND AFTER.

“The whole of natural theology resolves itself into one simple, though somewhat ambiguous, at least undefined, proposition, that the cause or causes of order in the universe probably bear some remote analogy to human intelligence.”—HUME.

IN considering the case for Theism, the inquirer, should he be a really earnest seeker after truth, will do well to observe two preliminary cautions. In the first place, he will carefully dissociate the minor question as to how Theism may have originated from that major question touching its metaphysical validity as now duly matured. This severance must be specially recommended to the Theist. Recent researches indeed seem to show that Theism had, like all other known ideas and things, an exceedingly humble origin, and that if it is to appeal successfully to our support to-day its claims must rest on something more impressive than lineage. And while we are unable, to all seeming, to trace its rise to a “golden age” or a special primeval revelation, we cannot even regard it as the one indubitably crowning result of religious evolution. Pantheism with its legions of adherents in the East has at least as good a claim to be viewed as the crown of that evolution; and indeed, in view of its marked progress among advanced thinkers in the West, perhaps a better. It is not, then, on its probable origin nor on the numbers and standing of its adherents that Theism should seek to rely. The struggle between it and its great rival must be decided in other lists. And possibly both may have to give way before the onset of a younger and fresher combatant.

The second caution concerns the introduction into philosophy of what is known as faith. We are familiar with contending religionists who defend clashing doctrines by appeal to this alleged faculty. We

note dogmatism perpetuated, unmeaning ceremonial "customariness" sanctified, and all manner of strange beliefs vindicated by these means. Yet some are prone to allow faith a hearing within the confines of philosophy itself! The late G. H. Lewes fought stoutly against this tendency, and we shall do well to follow his lead. "The very groundwork of philosophy consists in reasoning, as the groundwork of religion is faith."¹ No loss will be incurred. A faith which sanctions diverse conflicting views cannot be made to validate just that one of those views which our wishes or mental habits cause us to uphold.

In the present paper, therefore, I shall view Theism simply as an hypothesis that copes with the riddle of the universe, and is liable, accordingly, to acceptance or rejection as rationalism seems to require. Commencing with a survey of the arguments for the defence I shall endeavour to summarise their defects. Subsequently I shall indicate very briefly the quarter in which a more effective hypothesis than Theism is to be found.

Now, ignoring alleged revelations and the clashing reports of faith, we are able to reduce the arguments in behalf of Theism to four: the Ontological, the Cosmological, the Teleological, and, lastly, the Moral-Sensa arguments. It will be convenient to follow briefly Kant's discussion of the first three of these, supplementary criticisms based on more recent thought being thrown in. I will proceed to the statement and examination of them at once.

Kant viewed these three arguments as generated by philosophic theologians who had surveyed the lofty fabric of faith with some alarm and were eager to convince themselves and others of its complete stability. And his aim was to show that a *rationalist* defence of Theism is impracticable. "The head and front of his position is that the subject cannot soar beyond experience, or the sum-total of its categorised states of consciousness. He accepted, indeed, in dry scholastic fashion, an 'Idea' of God regulative of experience, but he is careful to point out that an admission of this sort does not advance theology. Indeed, the error of Theology lies in hypostatizing this 'Idea,' in assigning to this 'sum-total of all reality and perfection' an absolute standing independent of our thinking."² This initial error underlies all the fallacies which its "proofs" exhibit.

The ontological argument infers that God exists on the sole evidence of a mental concept of Him that we are supposed to possess. This procedure may be assailed both by those who *deny* that we have or can have any clear concept of the kind and also by those who *affirm* that we have one but consider that it proves not Theism but Pantheism. Waiving, however, this point, we note that the argument in its pre-Kantian statements has two main forms. That of Anselm seems utterly inadequate, if not puerile. It maintains that

¹ Lewes, *History of Philosophy*, p. 406, vol. i., Third Edition.

² Cf. my *Riddle of the Universe*, p. 361 et seq.

the word "God" implies what is thought as the greatest and most comprehensive of existences, and that, as *actual* existence is more comprehensive than existence in our concepts alone, God must be held to have an actual as well as a theoretical existence. Replacing the word "God" with Spinoza's "One Substance," the "Self" of the Upanishads, or von Hartmann's "Unconscious," we might make the plea do duty for almost any system. A more radical flaw, however, is that it merely shows us how we may have to *think* a concept, confines us within the squirrel's wheel of *thought*, whereas we want to be placed eye to eye with actuality beyond thought. Descartes endeavoured to abolish this flaw. In his form of the argument it is held that the concept of a most real and perfect being *implies necessarily* the correspondent existence of its object. We cannot divest the concept of this predicate of necessary existence any more than we can divest the concept triangle of the attribute of having its angles = two right angles. To have the concept is to have the proof of a Being who *exists independently* of our thought. But Kant objects that "existence" is a category which adds nothing to the concept "God," but merely determines our *way of viewing it*. A judgment of existence does not analyse such a concept, that is, reveal explicitly to our reflection what it previously contained, but is synthetic, determining thereby only our mode of having it. Kant was here no doubt elaborating a timely hint of Hume's "The idea of existence . . . when conjoined with the idea of any object makes no addition to it" (Treatise, § 6, pt. ii.). But whether we accept his Category-doctrine or not, one result shows up clearly. Juggling with high and dry mental concepts is no march to independent reality beyond their pale. The individual thinker cannot in this way soar above himself; he is only having certain thoughts and viewing them from different standpoints.

But what if thoughts are, or rather include, things, what if an Absolute Idealism is mooted? Assuredly in this case a restatement of the ontological argument is possible. Anselm and Descartes reach out to existence beyond thought, but an Idealism which views existence as only the "*thought*—of the out of thought," and so really within thought, is not similarly handicapped. Consequently for Hegel the argument is valid just because the concept of God is Reason or the IDEA coming to full consciousness of itself. Thought in its dialectical self-movement explicitly realises itself in this stage as what it eternally and implicitly is. We can quite appreciate the relevancy and force of this view, *provided that we can accept the foundations on which the Absolute Idealism or Rationalism of Hegel rests*. But, on the other hand, the God thus established would not be acceptable to most Theists. Theists require, as a rule, deliberate recognition of a definitely conscious personality as the Power that shapes Reality. A deified Reason that externalises itself in Nature

and individuals only that it may "bring to its consciousness what it is in itself," and which, failing the multiplicity of evolved individuals, would presumably lose its consciousness, is a gift of which Theists should beware. I ignore here the mountain of difficulties which crush theories that make Reason the sole ground of this world.* Let it suffice to warn Theists to insist on clear statements when asked to recognise their personal God in the IDEA.

The ontological argument is an abuse, argues Kant, of concepts. But the cosmological is weaker still. This argument urges in effect—Here is a world of contingent conditioned facts; by running back in thought along the antecedents of these facts, it is possible to infer an *Ens realissimum*, a necessary unconditioned and most real being, their creator and prime mover. From dependent and contingent existence we are to argue to independent and necessary existence, and then this necessary existence is to be further viewed as an actually energising God. But how in the first place are we to infer from contingent facts a necessary existence which is not only not given objectively, but cannot *ex hypothesi* be so given? The alleged existence is ideal and has no extra-mental standing. Why, again, must we assume the *finiteness* of the series of contingent conditioned phenomena? Experience gives us no completed sequences of phenomena, the causes of any events may be traced to prior causes, and these again back to others and so on indefinitely. There is no ground for dogmatic assertion to the effect that the series is finite rather than infinite. And even were it finite, we could not assume it to be completed by a Power said to be beyond and above it. The *Idea* of the "necessary existence" has no touch with the series of contingent natural facts. And an ascent to the contemplation of the "necessary existence" as a really energising God involves further errors. How do we come to attribute *reality* to a "necessary existence" of the activity of which we know nothing directly, but which we have to *think* as the presupposition of things? How are we to effect a passage from *conceptually* necessary existence to the "sum-total of all *reality* and perfection"—God? We can do so only by committing two errors, in the first place by assuming arbitrarily that our conceptually invented "necessary existence" is the one and *only* necessary existence, and in the second place by employing the discredited Ontological Argument. The Cosmological Argument, accordingly, exhibits the defects of its predecessor as well as others proper to itself. The Design, or Teleological (Physico-Theological) Argument, again, exhibits the defects of both.

Criticising the current form of this argument Kant observes that, even if valid, it proves only the reality of an architect—of a Demiurge, so to say, working on a given material stuff. Its procedure is simple and popular. Recognising the universality of order, it assumes forthwith that it is *contingent* to things, that it is super-

imposed on them by a principle not themselves, and then views the principle as God. It is not clear, however, why an extraneous principle of order, if it is to be posited at all, should be viewed as a *unitary rational being*. This inference can be based only on a supposed analogy between the designful products of human art and industry and other products met with in Nature. But analogy here is unreliable. We have a knowledge of a determinate *proportion* between intelligence and product in the case of man; but in the other case we have no means of arriving at such a proportion, or even at the fact that there obtains *any* proportion. We cannot therefore say what kind of, and how, exalted a power must be posited in order to account for the results. Worsted in this way the teleological proof, still assuming that the order of things is contingent, and must therefore have an extraneous necessary cause, obstinately infers one—God. Hence the Ontological and Cosmological Arguments have to reappear and along with them their fallacies.

It deserves prominent note that one of the foremost modern upholders of Design, E. von Hartmann, rejects Theism, and that a recognition of the *immanent* (as opposed to a contingent) purposiveness of things is *not a simultaneous recognition of a conscious fontal God*. Idealism in the form of a monadology has, as I have tried to show elsewhere, ample room for recognition of a purposiveness immanent in reality, an aspect of the actualisation of the monadic hosts, but accurately followed out it excludes belief in a conscious creative power.

The design argument, *as adopted by Theists*, is moreover a sword that cuts its users. Theists everywhere are anxious to establish a God who is not merely the creator, but a moral, an ideally moral, sovereign of His universe. In order to effect this end, they select those cases of design which appear to have benevolence as their prompting cause. But the selection, just because it is a selection, is one-sided. The indications—if they are indications—of design make freely for the belief that, if benevolence is a potent force behind manifestation, so also is malevolence. The struggle for existence among men and animals teems with horrors and failures of which one hardly cares to think. "The whole history of the [human] species is made up of little else than crimes and errors," writes Macaulay, and yet these miseries are all but an inevitable outcome of world-historic agencies which the races could not withstand and which were assuredly part of the great plan, if plan there be. Dr. Huxley, one of the least hysterical of men, has commented gravely on the depressing effect of a study of human evolution as recorded in history. And if we turn from human miseries to those of animals, we find much that should move the Theist. Schopenhauer, noting the hideous drama of the serpent and its prey, satirises the Theism which has to account for it.

Almost all species, observes Darwin, "either prey on, or serve as prey for others," and the scenes attendant on this war are in places literally revolting. That this war, on the whole, advances species is certain (though it prevails also in quarters where there is no march and even retrogression). It may consequently be urged that the end here justifies the means. This, however, raises the further question—why were these means adopted? Omnipotence, allied with omniscience, was by supposition not bound to employ them.

There remains the awkward device of Mill—the positing of a *Conditioned* God, a God who is somehow thwarted and cannot act in the ideally perfect fashion that He would wish to. But this hypothesis merely throws us back on a Demiurge and leaves the metaphysical ground both of this Demiurge and the opposing agency or agencies as a new riddle for the inquirer. A Conditioned God is no ultimate, but Himself a phase only of a whole to be explained.

Contemplating, therefore, the ill human flesh is heir to, contemplating the seemingly designful contrivances which arm so many creatures for inflicting pain, we must put the following question to the Theist: "You draw attention to certain apparent instances of design as expressions of benevolence, why not draw attention to those others which, by parity of reasoning, suggest malevolence?"—*e.g.*, the really hideous case of the python and his prey. The observations of Winwood Reade, culled from his *Martyrdom of Man*, are relevant here:

"Pain, grief, disease, and death, are these the inventions of a loving God! That no animal shall rise to excellence except by being fatal to the life of others, is this the law of a kind Creator! It is useless to say that pain has its benevolence, that massacre has its mercy. Why is it so ordained that bad should be the raw material of good? Pain is not less pain because it is useful; murder is not less murder because it is conducive to development. *Here is blood upon the hand still, and all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten it.*"

It is obvious, in fact, that the design argument, employed in a Theistic regard, is most treacherous. I pass over the many cases of apparently designful contrivances which are also *imperfect*—*e.g.*, the long list of defective structures and instincts, &c., drawn up by Darwin and Romanes. My aim is rather to point out that the traces of design make as much for the view that their alleged designer is malevolent as for the view that he is benevolent. An attempt to evade this result by shifting the responsibility on to "secondary agencies," biologic and other, is futile, as, on the assumption of Theism (save in Mill's form), such agencies are only God's instruments.

The argument for Theism drawn from the so-called moral sense has proved a haven to doubters. "With the proof of the moral.

nature of man stands or falls the proof of the existence of a Deity," observes Sir W. Hamilton, who cared nothing for the other received arguments. But the contention breaks down hopelessly.

(1) Let us suppose that our moral nature must be traced back to some special metempirical source. Must that source be a personal God? Here lurks an arbitrary assumption. Clearly, there are other alternatives. There is, *e.g.*, the Impersonal Ego of Fichte, which is said to assert itself in the "moral order" of the universe. Can this doctrine be wholly ignored, or if noticed, set aside *once and for all*? Then there is the possibility that the implanters of the "moral nature" may be a *plurality* of superhuman beings, a far more plausible hypothesis, seeing that the "moral nature" and conscience vary with climate and country, thus suggesting a plurality of implanters.

(2) The high degree of defectiveness of our ethical endowments is an obstacle. Not only are most persons' promptings to "positive" and "negative" benevolence distinctly weak, but immoral or unsocial promptings are numerous, and often disastrous. And it should be remembered that "if we were on all occasions touched with the unhappiness of others immediately and remotely springing from our own conduct—if *sympathy* were perfect and unfailing—we could hardly ever omit doing what was right" (Bain). Hence it appears that God could have endowed us with ideal moral natures had the growth of the sympathies been quickened. Surely, then, ABSENCE of true grandeur from most men's "moral natures" cannot justify inference to a moral or any God.

(3) The high probability that morality is as natural an evolutionary product as anything else must be remembered. Schopenhauer termed Kant's doctrine of the Categorical Imperative an "infant school of morality," and allied doctrines attributing a special unique source to the higher moral nature can scarcely be said to be favoured by modern research. The development of "morality" seems no more mysterious than the development of "perception," "reason," "instinct," &c. It is up to date, a very imperfect output, and calls for no heroic explanations.

To conclude, I will remark that any attempt to *prove* God to be a "necessary existence" implied by our possession of a moral nature involves, along with other fallacies, the fallacies of the Ontological and Cosmological arguments as exposed by Kant. Kant himself, though laying stress on the moral sense, does not pretend to have established a God speculatively by its aid. God is not supposed by him to be a demonstrated reality, but only a "postulate" of morality. The expression "postulate," however, must not blind us to the fact that Kant's reinstatement of God *via* the practical reason is a reinstatement which must involve argument. There is no "reason" which concerns morality other than the "reason" that concerns all other phases of consciousness. And that God is a necessary pre-

supposition of the moral life is an *assumption* which thousands of thinkers in Europe and the East would at once reject, would brand as of a piece with those other vagaries of "reason" which Kant assails elsewhere. We shall err grievously if we consider the "postulate" as more than an excrescence on Kant's work due to an anxious, though honourable, desire to find a niche for the leading doctrine of the then current theology.

If, however, Theism, as currently taught, cannot intelligibly persist, in what quarter must the ultimate of ultimates of philosophy and religion (which has been termed "philosophy speaking naïvely") be looked for? That the agnosticism which confines us to phenomena and the modified agnosticism that places an Unknowable behind these are more than transitory standpoints I do not for one moment believe. Rightly or wrongly we cannot get on without metaphysic; failing it physics and psychology become a phantasmagoria and we are within easy hail of nihilism. The first kind of agnosticism above noted is, to all intents and purposes, nihilistic, for it leaves us merely "states of consciousness" and forbids us to accept even an Ego as their ground; the second only avoids this by being sufficiently metaphysical to assert boldly that behind the phenomena is—an indeterminate somewhat! It remains for us to ask whether a more determinate solution is not feasible, and that too on the lines (not of a discredited "speculative" method) of the Induction that has already done us moderns such grand service. It is with some brief indications of the accessibility and character of this solution that I propose to close this paper. I need hardly say that the sketch will be most shadowy and that it is intended to promote inquiry, not to convince. I may add, however, that I have dealt with the matter at length in my *Riddle of the Universe*, and that those who think that they detect any clues of worth to philosophy will be able to follow them there through the labyrinth.

These, then, appear to be the lines on which the projected attempt should run. An inductive metaphysic must start from the "given" and proceed thence to the complete explanation of the said "given." Now there is only one "given" that is universally recognised by disputants and its scope may be accurately embraced in the formula, "states of consciousness appear." This much is admitted just because there is no way of disputing it without at the same time establishing it. It will thus be obvious that the most cautious inquirer must start from an *idealist* premiss, as experience cannot warrant him in trespassing beyond "states of consciousness" at the start. So far so good. The next rung of the ladder consists in showing that the states of consciousness are the content and revelation of a Subject or Ego. That *some* subject of consciousness must be posited is the belief of almost every metaphysician of note in Europe and the East alike. And most even of the agnostics place an occult "core," a stable "I know not what" in and behind

the stream of percepts and concepts. The arguments prompting the step are, indeed, overwhelming. But it is necessary to distance the agnostics and point out that this subject, whatever else it is, is no occult substance but spiritual—*i.e.*, that it is essentially the same in nature as that which we call consciousness. "Sensations" and "ideas," those unreal abstractions of the psychologist, are simply modes or aspects of this subject, which unfolds itself as the presentation-whole in which they appear. Knowing such sensations and ideas *through and through* as unfolded, we cannot consistently assert that their source is an occult "substance." *The so-called "substance" reveals itself in the so-called "attributive" states.* Not, indeed, that we can regard the fontal subject as always and ever conscious; it is rather a *metaconscious* potentiality which becomes aware of itself only by what Behmen termed "contrariety" and others "opposition of itself to itself." Consciousness is the flower, not the root.

But there is not merely a Unitary subject behind my and your consciousness—there are monads, *i.e.*, multiple individual centres of consciousness (actual or virtual). Experience, which is the manifestation of the centres, itself reveals this; all selves being "impervious." From this point we progress till we note that both the so-called inner "mind" and the so-called "outer" world are really two correlated sides of our monads; an idealistic solution familiar to all students, but of special interest in the present monadist regard. Anxious to be thorough above all things, we must now ask why these sides are presented as we find them. This inquiry conducts first to a survey of the riddle of External Perception, and it may then be shown that the appearances in our outer experience have a reference to activities which lie in myriads of *minor monads*. The stages of the proof are three in number; in the first it may be shown that Causality has in metaphysical language a transcendent validity, that is to say, that we must explain certain changes in consciousness as caused by changes beyond consciousness, an assumption obviously most familiar to science and common-sense, but one which, in view of special idealist denials, requires and must receive its special vindication. Assumptions cannot be absorbed uncritically. In the second stage it is shown that the changes beyond consciousness are necessarily spiritual—*i.e.*, essentially akin to what we call consciousness; and, thirdly, reasoning both by analogy and by way of noting the indications presented by facts, we are able to conclude that these changes beyond our consciousness are not aspects of any mere unitary spiritual whole (*e.g.*, an "externalised" Hegelian IDEA), but are referable to the multiple centres of subjectivity termed monads. It is impracticable, however, to do more here than indicate this result. Ignoring a variety of implicated issues, I must now, perforce, turn back forthwith to the matter which originally engaged our attention, and offer some remarks as to the bearing

which the positing of these monads has on the *crux* touching the true "Ultimate of Ultimates" of philosophy.

Suppose, then, that we are able to establish a hierarchy of monads—in self-conscious, conscious, sub-conscious, &c., stages of unfolding—there arises the further question: What is the ultimate ground of them all? In reply, I may perhaps be allowed to cite a passage from my *Riddle*, which I cannot alter with any good effect. It deals with the establishment of what I have called the *Metaconscious*—that is to say, the consciousness but spiritual spontaneity, no more a unity than a plurality—which constitutes the fontal essence of all possible modes of reality, and which Schopenhauer, in his one-sided polemic against the Hegelian Reason, described erroneously as the *Universal Will*. The monads are plural centres within this *Metaconscious* which is realised through their realisation, and only through their realisation; the universe thus viewed revealing itself as a veritable generation of Deity:

"Turn to John Locke and observe his *use of Causality*. By its aid he reaches out to his independent matter clad with the primary qualities—the mode of reception of our sensations having, as he thought, to be thus *accounted for*. He further argues for the existence of God as transcendent cause of our existence as conscious units. That his metaphysical excursions were happy few, perhaps, would maintain, and apart from his use of causality, they need not fix our interest. Leibnitz, like Locke, is emphatic in his championship of Causality. *Sans ce grand principe on ne saurait venir à la preuve de l'existence de dieu*. His *mode* of utilising it has been noticed and need not further concern us. What, however, may very fitly concern us is this. On the supposition that others besides myself can read this page, that there are conscious individuals independent of my Subject [monad], the extra-subjective validity of Causality is empirically assured. In treating of the monadology I exploited this mine very usefully, and shall now exploit it once more. Our problem is: to account for the *plurality* of subjects which, though discrete, are yet, as their struggles, and indeed most of their experiences show, *interrelated*. In other words, what is the *cause* of these plural interrelated subjects [monads], the fundamental harmony which their very discords indicate. The answer can be but this—a Universal Subject which as ground of the minor subjects—the stream holding the travelling eddies—manifests both as their discreteness and relatedness. And note that the notions of Cause and Substance here run into one another. For the Universal Subject is only cause of consciousness in so far as it is the spontaneous substance or essence ever passing into, and revealing itself to itself as, consciousness. . . . Exactly the same reasoning applies to the atomic and other lower monads as to our own subjects. . . . Their interrelated plurality is due to suspension in a common Subject, manifested discretely in them, but still maintaining itself also in the background."¹

The proof of the spirituality of this ground—the proof that it is the same in essence as consciousness and no mere agnostic surd—is effected on the same lines as it is in the case of the individual monad. The truth, obvious and irrefragable, *when once pointed out*, is simply this: the essence or inmost nature of the Subject is

¹ *Riddle of the Universe*, p. 369.

revealed by experience itself, because it is just as this same experience that the Subject unfolds itself. Knowing states of consciousness *through and through*, and knowing further that they are manifestations or activities of the Subject, we are compelled to recognise that the Subject as potence is in last analysis one with what these states of consciousness are in actuality. The inside of the Book of the Sphinx reveals its character when opened; the whole panorama of Reality is but the opening of the Universal Subject, the Unity-Plurality of Monads.

A personal God-consciousness cannot stand as *Prius*. The hypothesis does not even cover the facts. A personal Deity as individual is, *quid* individuality, shut off from other individuals. "Positing such a God-consciousness helps us in no way to explain the rise of *other* centres of consciousness—other unitary egos which, existing *for themselves*, are by supposition outside it." One individual may affect another, but the highest conceivable monad could only *share* reality *along with* the individuals that it affected. A personal God can stand "at best only as leading monad in a monadology. And behind any monadology stands the meta-conscious."

Experience shows that our consciousness arises as a slowly evolved result in time. The "naked monad," in Leibnitzian phraseology, is not conscious at all. And as we must hold firmly to experience (though getting *beyond* it by its means), we extend the induction to the riddle of reality at large. It is possible, nay probable, that there obtain superhuman monads of indefinitely greater knowledge than we now dream of, monads that might cast into the shade of pettiness the gods of most book-religions; but, be this the case or not, it must be affirmed that consciousness in every quarter was originally a growth in time. So far so good. It may, however, be asked—Is the Fontal Metaconscious rational after the fashion of the Hegelian IDEA, or irrational after that of Schopenhauer's WILL? Arguing as ever from *indications of fact*, ignoring verbal "dialectic" and such-like high and dry sophistry, I reply that it is neither rational nor irrational as we ordinarily use these terms. Assuredly not rational, because there is much other than rationality apparent in the known world, and the presence of this demands positing of correspondent activity in its ground; secondly, because "reason," as observed by Spencer, is a mere "re-coördinating of states of consciousness already coördinated in certain simpler ways," is a mere secondary growth implicated with organic structures, a growth, too, that the highest human experiences, notably those of genius, seem immeasurably to surpass. On the other hand, the evolution of the universe viewed *as a whole* presents appearances that utterly give the lie to an idealism that upholds a blind irrational Will. And it must be remembered that even Schopenhauer speaks of a

Power which, when shaping the chicken in the egg, performs a task "complicated, well calculated, and designed beyond expression," though it does so without consciousness. Probably Schopenhauer's hatred of the absurdities of the guild-philosophers drove him to uphold the Will as the sharpest possible antithesis to the Hegelian Reason. A quite unnecessary extreme this. A super-rational spiritual Power, not admitting of explanation by way of "dialectic," the realisation of which in time carries with it the "immanent purposiveness" of things, is the Ultimate indicated by experience. Schelling's "primal ground or unground"—the subject of being, the ability-to-be which hungers for existence—as suggested by Behmen, probably gave Schopenhauer the original fertile hint, but in his wrath with the Hegelians he developed it quite amiss. While sympathising with his indictment of abstract verbalism, we must regret his excesses elsewhere. Among these his pessimism, expressly based on his view of the WILL, admits of a complete answer, though an answer which must certainly turn from a survey of the wretchedness of this planet to those vistas of compensatory gain which a wider horizon reveals.

Euthroning the Metaconscious in place of the old Theism, we shall find, perhaps, the riddle of this troubled world less grim. Indeed, I cannot here even touch upon the variety of problems which this procedure serves to solve. Allied with a monadology it seems to me to explain all those enigmas of life which make modern optimists dumb. And first and foremost of its services is the exhibition of Reality as a vast and ever-expanding spiritual whole—as the birthplace of a Deity that subsists through myriads of conscious monads such as we. It gives universal history a meaning as the great struggle by which on this planet Deity is attaining strength. At present, perhaps, this God is no more than a name for innumerable conscious beings who perceive, feel, and think in discrete spheres, but deductions from previous inductions allow us to look further. We are able to contemplate as goal of cosmic evolution, as the poet's "far-off divine event," the Metaconscious generating a concrete God, a "single organised being, in whose infinity would be gathered up millions and millions of lives, past and present at the same time" (Renan)—the crown of a deific process now being advanced through pain. In the eyes of those still in the grasp of the old theology, and indeed of all who lack the keys of monadology, such a prospect will seem fantastic; it will be found, nevertheless, to be a legitimate metaphysical inference. I have no space in which I can discuss its multiform aspects here, but those who sight in it a possible vindication of creation will discover anon that it satisfies their reason no less than their sentiments.

EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

‘ CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE *Monthly Weather Reviews*, published by the Meteorological Department of the Government of India, are still appearing with commendable regularity, and the one for February, 1894,¹ is now before us. It contains the usual Summary of the chief features of the Weather during the Month; a Summary of the Reports of the Weather and Snowfall in the Mountain Districts to the North and North-West of India; a Summary of Special Storm Reports, and one of the Weather in the Arabian Sea and Bay of Bengal; besides the usual information respecting the Atmospheric Pressure, the Depressions and Cyclones of the Month, the Air-Temperature, Winds, Humidity and Cloud, Rainfall, &c. It is based on observations taken daily at 8 A.M. at 203 stations, and on additional observations taken at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. at 88 stations. In the preparation of the rainfall summary use is made not only of the rainfall data of the meteorological observations, but also of the weekly telegrams received from the district officers, and the statements of the month published by the provincial Governments. The summary of the weather in the Arabian Sea and Bay of Bengal is derived from information extracted from the logs of vessels entering the ports of Calcutta and Bengal. This will show how active the Department is in utilising reliable information, no matter whence it is obtained, in order to make the Monthly Reviews as valuable and useful as possible. February being usually the last month of the cold weather in Northern India, important changes in the temperature, pressure, and other meteorological factors fall to be recorded, and cold weather storms, similar to those of January, are the chief disturbances met with. From the details given we learn that last February these disturbances were greater than usual, and had certain peculiar and interesting features which makes this Review specially deserving of the notice of meteorologists.

The eighth volume of Professor Huxley's collected essays² contains a number of addresses, lectures, &c., which are more particularly concerned with biological and geological matters. They are not the

¹ Government of India Meteorological Department. *Monthly Weather Review*, February 1894. By John Elliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing. 1894.

² *Discourses: Biological and Geological*. Essays by Thomas H. Huxley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

most recent of his utterances, most of them indeed carrying us back for more than twenty, and, in one or two cases, for more than thirty years. In general they may be described as less controversial and more expository than several of his other essays, and this being so, it is remarkable that almost without exception the facts and inferences are as sound and as reliable to-day as at the time they were originally put forward. Among them are the well-known lectures on "The Lobster," "A Piece of Chalk," "Yeast," and "The Formation of Coal," and the Presidential Address to the British Association at Liverpool on "Biogenesis and Abiogenesis." There are also two essays on "The Problems of the Deep Sea," and "Some of the Results of the *Challenger* Expedition," respectively, and three addresses delivered to the Geological Society of London, two in the capacity of president, and one, on behalf of the president, as secretary. These are among the best known and most widely read of the author's essays, and their republication would of itself call for little or no comment. But in issuing them in the present form Professor Huxley has added a preface, on which a word or two may be said. In this preface he raises the question of the value of popular lectures, a question which, we fancy, will in a few years attract far more attention than it has hitherto done. Speaking of his own experience, he tells us that he doubts whether one person in ten of an average audience carries away an accurate notion of what the speaker has been driving at; but in spite of this he does not see why science should not use the public platform and turn to account those peculiarities of human nature which are so much exploited by political and religious agencies. With this conclusion most persons who are interested in the diffusion of scientific knowledge will heartily agree. But it is desirable to insist that however popular it may be in form, the scientific lecture should actually be what it professes to be. Unfortunately, as many of our readers will be aware, this is not always the case, many so-called popular scientific lectures being totally destitute of anything which can strictly be called scientific. And here we have, in our opinion, one of the strongest reasons for welcoming the reissue of these lectures, addresses, &c. For where can young scientists turn for better models than we have here of the manner in which the spirit, the methods, and the results of science should be and may be explained to non-scientific minds, and that, too, without bating one jot of that strict accuracy and rigorous logic which are the very essence of scientific work? We do not wish to minimise the value of these essays as repertoires of scientific facts and carefully reasoned scientific generalisations, but we are firmly convinced that they are equally if not more valuable as concrete illustrations of what popular scientific expositions ought to be and must be if they are to escape the condemnation so often heard against other public utterances. ...

Another matter referred to by Professor Huxley in the preface is the subject of Geological Time, on which, as he expresses it, he has been brought "into a position of critical remonstrance, with regard to some charges of physical heterodoxy," brought against British Geology by Lord Kelvin. Fortunately, the latter has also, quite recently, republished his views on the subject in the second volume of his popular lectures and addresses, so that those who are interested in it will have no difficulty in comparing the opinions of these eminent authorities, as at present held. On our part it would be presumptuous to attempt to adjudicate between them, but there can be no harm in saying, that a careful perusal of what is advanced on both sides leaves the impression that the differences, even now, are not really so great as they appear, and that in the near future there is a prospect of their being still further diminished.

By the publication of the fourth part, which is now before us, this excellent treatise on the *Anatomy of the Dog*¹ is brought to completion, and we are in a position to estimate the measure of its perfection as a whole as well as the symmetry and proportions of its various parts. It was the object of the authors to set forth the Anatomy of the Dog from the descriptive and topographical points of view, and to avoid histological, ontological, and physiological questions. This object they have carried out with praiseworthy fidelity and thoroughness, and as it stands we believe there are few works which so fully deserve the confidence of those interested in the subject as does the one before us. Embracing the substance of all that has been published by others in recent years, it is yet mainly based on the results of investigations made by the authors themselves, their official positions in the higher Veterinary School at Dresden affording them exceptional opportunities for work of this kind. The style throughout is clear and direct, the details are both full and accurate, and wherever necessary, the central facts of the descriptions are emphasised by the use of heavy type, italics, or in other ways. In face of the great variety of races of dogs now known, there is more than the usual difficulty in presenting the anatomy of the dog-type, but this is not nearly so great as might be supposed, and such as it is the authors have successfully overcome it. They found indeed that the difference of race had little influence on the relations of the muscles, vessels, nerves, and viscera, and that only in a few breeds, where there is a torsion of the bones of the limbs, is there any modification of the position of the muscles. And even here the topographical relationships of the muscles, nerves,

¹ *Anatomie Descriptive et Topographique du Chien*. Par les Docteurs W. Ellenberger et H. Baum, à l'École Vétérinaire Supérieure de Dresde. Traduit de l'Allemand par J. Deniker. Ouvrage orné de 208 figures dans le texte et de 87 planches lithographiées dont un grand nombre couleurs. Quatrième Partie. Paris: C. Reinwald et Cie, Libraires-Éditeurs. 1894.

and vessels are so little altered, that it was found only necessary to note the special exceptions which occur here and there. The skeletal characters of the best marked races are, however, more pronounced, and these are therefore dealt with more fully, as the student will find in the chapter on Osteology.

As regards the contents of the part now before us, it is occupied almost exclusively with the nervous system. The subject was commenced in the third part where the Spinal Cord was dealt with, so that here we have descriptions of the Cerebellum, the Cerebrum, the Cranial and Spinal Nerves, the Sympathetic Nervous System, and the Organs of Special Sense. The accounts of the various parts of the brain may be referred to as being specially well rendered, particularly as regards fulness, clearness, and exactitude. In view of the importance of the internal structure of these organs, the authors have wisely departed somewhat from the lines they laid down for themselves at the outset, and have introduced, at various points, short paragraphs in which an outline of the structure is presented. The other parts of the nervous system are dealt with in a manner which is fully adequate to their relative importance, so that altogether this section of the work is a fitting conclusion to the whole. In the closing pages the authors have added a series of tables, which ought to prove of great service to students. These give in a small compass the distribution of the arteries and the nerves in the different parts of the body, such as the digestive organs, the respiratory organs, the uro-genital organs, and other viscera, the muscles, the skin, &c. As to the illustrations which form so important a feature of this work, we can only repeat what we have said in noticing the previous parts. They are introduced with a liberal hand, and are in all cases large, clear, and well executed productions. For the figures in the text, the authors have wisely preferred the old method of woodcuts to the less sharp and definite processes which have recently come into vogue, and we think every reader will allow that they are all that can be desired. The plates, on the other hand, have been lithographed, but with excellent effect. They represent sections of the body of the dog, or parts of it, and unquestionably add greatly to the value of the work.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THE interest of the ninth volume of the collected essays of Professor Huxley centres in the Romanes lecture on *Evolution and Ethics*,¹

¹ *Evolution and Ethics*. By Thomas H. Huxley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

which is here reproduced with an introduction, or, as the author prefers to call his explanatory remarks, prolegomena. The reason for this introduction lies in the discovery made by the writer after the delivery of the lecture that he had assumed the possession of more knowledge on the part of his audience, and we presume the public generally, than they really had, and he has therefore found it useful to remind them in a simple form of the general bearing of the current doctrine of social evolution. With regard to the main thesis of the Romanes Lecture we do not quite see why it should have been received with so much surprise, as in part it is almost universally recognised as true. The thesis is, "the apparent paradox that ethical nature, while born of cosmic nature, is necessarily at enmity with its parent." It appears to us to be a scientific way of stating that evident antagonism in the universe which was characterised by the early Christians as the enmity between the spirit and the world; the actuality of the existence of this struggle, however characterised, cannot be denied. The new element contributed by evolution is the discovery that the ethical is born of the cosmical, and that the latest natural development finds itself at variance with the earlier. Professor Huxley states the problem, but in accordance with his general principles does not venture upon a solution. Had he done so no doubt he would have given more satisfaction to some portion of his readers and less to others. Running through the essay there is a strain of pessimism, for he only foresees a time when the parent will have devoured its child, for we are compelled to carry on a struggle in which the ethical man may achieve a temporary victory but in the end will meet with irretrievable defeat. That this conclusion does not commend itself to the multitude is scarcely to be wondered at, and if the hope of some better termination to the process of evolution is an illusion, as Professor Huxley appears to suggest, it is an illusion that mankind will probably cherish for long years to come.

An essay on Science and Morals is no more than one of the Professor's entertaining tilts with one of his opponents, Mr. Lilly. And a large section of the book consists in a reprint of matter, epistolary and other, referring to "General" Booth's great social bubble, the "Darkest England Scheme." We are quite at one with Mr. Huxley in his denunciations of that daring project.

Mr. Wenley's *Aspects of Pessimism*,¹ though a well-written and readable book, is by no means a profound study of the subject with which it professes to deal. The mere fact of a man being deeply conscious of his own or others unhappiness, or of his being impressed with much that is apparently unjust in the world, does not alone make him a pessimist in the strict sense of the word. Nor is he

¹ *Aspects of Pessimism*. By R. M. Wenley, M.A., D.Sc. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

one merely if he concludes that the problem of existence is insoluble. The pessimist professes to have found an answer to the problem, and his conclusion is that existence is an evil, and he shuts the door to the possibility of hope. The first essay in the book is on Jewish Pessimism, a phenomenon which had no existence, for on the author's own showing the Jews were not pessimists, their theistic interpretation of the world always giving them the confidence that it was susceptible of an optimistic explanation, however much they might at times be baffled in the search for it. Koheleth came the nearest to pessimism, but he is decidedly un-Jewish, and his pessimism is unsystematic. The second essay, on Mediæval Mysticism, brings us nearer to the subject, but even the mystics were only pessimistic with regard to the active life of the world; they fled from it because they believed it bad, but indulged in the hope of finding some lasting good. The pessimistic element in Goethe forms the subject of the fourth essay, but his teaching that the redemption of man is to be found in self-effort and self-culture is the very opposite of the true doctrine of pessimism as it was of mediæval mysticism. Hamlet, who forms the subject of another essay, was for a time an emotional and, if we may use the term, a personal pessimist; but his ultimate belief in the triumph of justice and of an over-ruling Providence would lead us to put him in another category. A paper on Berkeley, Kant, and Schopenhauer leads at last to a consideration of Pessimism as a System, which only fills one-sixth of the volume.

Dr. W. Main offers a slight contribution to an interesting study in his book *On Expression in Nature*.¹ It is little more than an attempt to show the *rationale* of an artistic theory which the writer says he found in the *Art Journal* some years ago. The theory is probably generally known, and is more or less consciously acted upon by artists, actors and, in a way, by orators. The propositions are "that up tending lines indicated progress and power; that down tending lines suggested weakness and sadness; and that horizontal lines were indicative of repose and peace." Dr. Main, having by observation found more or less confirmation of this general principle, sought to find an explanation in vegetables, animals, and men. His conclusion seems to be that in many cases, so many, indeed, as to form a kind of general rule, these directions of leading lines are the result of causes which are related to the apparent expression. That energy, for instance, in vegetable and animal tends to produce an upward direction in cells and tissues and muscles, while failing energy or weakness as naturally tends to physical depression, and so on. There is no doubt a general truth in this, but it does not appear to us to be either very new or very important.

¹ *On Expression in Nature*. By Wm. Main, M.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

Christian Morals and Doctrine,¹ by the Rev. G. Findlay, is the title of the twenty-fourth Fernley Lecture, delivered before the Wesleyan Conference held at Birmingham in the present year. We must admit it is a masterly attempt to show that the acceptance of orthodox Christian doctrines has, or should have, a powerful effect upon the moral life of believers, and it reflects credit upon the body to which Mr. Findlay belongs. It is also in part an answer to a charge made some years ago by Dr. Dale, that the Evangelical Revival, of which Methodism is almost the only survival, had been poor in ethical results. It may be unfair to assert, as is frequently done, that the moral tone of Methodism is low, but there can be no doubt that it is so in comparison with the professions of its adherents, and that the believers in "entire sanctification" are no better ordinarily than the generality of men. We are not able to agree with Mr. Findlay that orthodox doctrines and morality are inseparable. Many of the brightest examples of Christian morality are to be found amongst those who reject the doctrines while accepting the ethics of Christianity; while many of the most ardent professors of Evangelical orthodoxy are morally nowhere in comparison. Mr. Findlay argues for the moral effect of the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection of *the body*, and the Last Judgment, but never stops to attempt to prove that these doctrines are founded upon facts, a matter very much disputed in these days. That within the last fifteen years, the period which has elapsed since Dr. Dale called the attention of the Methodists to the subject, there has been a remarkable advance in the demand for ethical results must be allowed; but, strange to say, in direct opposition to Mr. Findlay's main line of argument, this has been accompanied with a decline in doctrine. That there is a school which rejects Christian doctrines and ethics alike proves nothing, and we doubt if they will be converted by a fresh presentation of the doctrines to a morality which they reject, rightly or wrongly, upon quite other grounds. From an Evangelical point of view the book is well thought out and vigorously written, and is far superior to Methodist literature generally; but that is all we can say for it.

*The Case Against Diggleism*² may be divided into two parts—first the theological, and secondly the attempt to diminish the usefulness of the Board Schools. With this latter subject we cannot attempt to deal in this section, but we earnestly call the attention of Londoners to the facts here presented, which are sufficient to show that theological fanaticism and obscurantism still go hand in hand. The theological policy of the majority of the London School Board, as embodied in the famous Circular, must stand self-condemned

¹ *Christian Doctrine and Morals viewed in their Connection*. By George G. Findlay, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1894.

² *The Case Against Diggleism at the London School Board*. London: Alexander & Shephard. 1894.

in the eyes of all intelligent people. The teachers are directed with reference to Bible instruction and religious observances to take the Bible as their text-book; they are instructed to teach the Christian religion, though a great part of the Bible has nothing to do with Christianity, and by Christian is meant somebody's questionable epitome of what is supposed to be Christian doctrine. They are to take the Bible as their text-book, but the statements of the Bible must be qualified if they do not agree with the theology embodied in the Circular. The whole disturbance arose, we are told, through a member of the Board hearing some infants affirm that Joseph was the father of Jesus, which very Scriptural statement was not corrected by the teacher as the member thought it should have been. Though the "Bible is their text-book," they are also commanded to teach a tri-theistic doctrine which is nowhere to be found in the Bible, and the children are also to be impressed with the very unscriptural notion that Jesus is their God. Such is the theology which is to be taught at public cost and for which the real work of the schools is to be crippled. The questions involved are too large to be dealt with here, but it is deplorable that the control of elementary education in London should be in the hands of a set of men capable of making Christianity ridiculous.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

It would not be easy to call to mind a more unblushing piece of plagiarism than Mr. Geoffrey Drage's *Unemployed*.¹ In the introduction Mr. Drage informs the reader that having been "directed to draw up a memorandum for the Labour Commission with regard to the unemployed," he was led to examine a Report by the Board of Trade on "Agencies and Methods of Dealing with the Unemployed" (c. 7182), and that he "found to his disappointment that, although it contains much valuable information, the arrangement adopted renders it almost valueless for practical purposes." Apparently, however, Mr. Drage's disappointment was not either very profound or very prolonged, for no sooner has he disposed of his nine-paged introduction than he sets to work with scissors and paste upon the Board of Trade Report.

It is true that in a note to the *preface* Mr. Drage terms this process summarising, and rearranging what he is good enough to call "the really valuable material which is contained in that publication." But the summarising consists in merely copying out whole para-

¹ *The Unemployed*, by Geoffrey Drage, Secretary to the Labour Commission. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

graphs, word for word, without the slightest acknowledgment, or anything whatever to show that the language is not Mr. Drage's own. The arrangement is equally a mere copy; the headings to the paragraphs are exactly the same with one exception, and that exception is not any improvement, and is even lifted out of the body of the Report. In the Report, for instance, the writer deals first with the Wolverhampton bureau, then with that of Salford, and then with that of Chelsea: Mr. Drage merely substitutes Chelsea for Wolverhampton, and gives the last place to Salford!

This sort of thing covers the first half of the book. Hardly a single sentence, and certainly not a single idea, but what is to be found in the Report, and where the language is changed, and here and there words are altered or transposed, it is usually for the worse. It is bad enough to plagiarise, but, after having done so, to turn round and rend one's victim is ungenerous, to say the least. Mr. Drage, however, is above all such scruples, for he devotes a whole appendix to what he is pleased to call a "Critical Review of Parts I. and VI. of the Report." Of the writings of such men as Mr. Giffen and Mr. Llewellyn Smith he has the cool impudence to make the following observations, "for slovenly thinking and pretentious writing, the chapters dealt with in this appendix have no parallel, as far as I am aware, in the whole range of literature professorial or official on the subject of the Labour Question. I very much doubt whether a parallel can be found in the ephemeral publications which make no claim to serious consideration. It passes my understanding how any one not 'inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity,' could, after committing such matter to writing, have solemnly corrected the proofs; it is almost incredible that the proofs should have passed under any supervision worthy of the name, before being issued to the world as publications of a large and well-known English Government Department like the Board of Trade." To us it appears even still more incredible that Messrs. Macmillan should have accepted and given to the world as an original work what is merely a barefaced and impudent piece of plagiarism, and they will be well-advised if they withdraw their support to such a production, since it is scarcely fair to ask the public to pay 3s. 6d. net., when the original is to be obtained for the modest sum of 1s. 9d. The second half of the book contains Mr. Drage's "suggested solutions" of the Unemployed Problem. Upon examination it will be found that these solutions are suggested, not as the reader is led to suppose by Mr. Drage, but by various other persons, who have given expression to their views in leading articles and letters to the *Times* and in various magazines. The references are indeed given, but the inverted commas are so sparingly used that the guileless reader would imagine that Mr. Drage was conferring a compliment upon these individuals by mentioning their names.

According to the author of *Conciliation and Arbitration in Labour Disputes*,¹ the question of the hour is the settlement of the conflict between capital and labour. If land had been included in the term *capital* we might have subscribed to this opinion, since rent forms a very considerable portion of the cost of production. With this reservation, however, we have no hesitation in agreeing with Mr. Jeans, that the means by which wealth may be more equitably distributed is the great problem of the day, and it is the solution of this problem that Mr. Jeans attempts in the book before us.

Mr. Jeans seems to us to dismiss somewhat too summarily the discussion on co-operative production and profit-sharing with which he opens the book. The unequal distribution of profits must, he says, be righted in some other way than by co-operative production.

Mr. David F. Schloss, in his Report to the Board of Trade on *Profit-sharing* (c. 7458), just published, whilst admitting all objections to the system, yet considers that "the notable measure of success, with which the introduction of this system appears, in numerous instances, to have been attended, must be held to justify its claim to be esteemed well worthy of careful examination by those who desire to consider in what direction it may be possible to effect an improvement in the existing methods of industrial organisation."

Mr. Schloss appears to think that the degree of suspicion, and even hostility, with which this system is regarded by the majority of trade unionists is the chief obstacle to its success. We should have liked a fuller expression of opinion on this point from Mr. Jeans.

Believing, then, that conciliation and arbitration are the only practicable means of solving the problem, Mr. Jeans, after giving a slight sketch of the history of the subject, discusses the comparative merits of conciliation and arbitration. "The most competent judges," he affirms, "are generally divided in opinion as to whether conciliation alone or arbitration alone is to be preferred as a means for the adjustment of labour disputes." This point, Mr. Jeans considers, is determined by the special circumstances of the case. Conciliation, or "the long jaw," as it was called by Mr. Mundella, is to be preferred, since, as a rule, arbitration is only resorted to after an open rupture has occurred. Mr. Mundella's Conciliation (Trades Disputes) Bill, the text of which is given in the Appendix, meets with Mr. Jeans's heartiest approval. Although the Bill is permissive and voluntary, Mr. Jeans considers that "the powers vested in the Board of Trade would enable them to take such a course in reference to any important dispute as would cover with odium any party to it that refused to recognise and accept the recommendations of so manifestly impartial an authority." A con-

¹ *Conciliation and Arbitration in Labour Disputes.* By J. Stephen Jeans, M.R.I. F.S.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1894.

siderable portion of the book is very wisely devoted to accounts of labour disputes and their settlement in other countries. In fact, the whole work is most instructive, and is especially valuable at the present moment.

*The Anarchist Peril*¹ will take its place as the standard text-book of Anarchism. Fortunately Englishmen have not been brought into such close contact with the followers of this doctrine of destruction and re-construction as their neighbours across the Channel. Fortunately, too, this doctrine does not appeal to the English instinct of fair play. The English working man is content to suffer until his wrongs can be redressed in a constitutional manner, but the more impressionable nature of the Frenchman is apt to induce him to resort to violence as a short cut to the attainment of his desires, and thus, whilst the Anarchist party is insignificant in this country, in France, notwithstanding all seeming repression, it is a force to be reckoned with.

The Anarchist party arose out of the struggle between Carl Marx and Prince Michael Bakounine for the dictatorship of the International Association of Workers.

From this struggle, Bakounine emerged triumphant, more however owing to the mistakes of his rival than to his own ability. The International shared the fate of Marx, and so the field was left clear for the creation of a system which was to be the very opposite of that based upon the Collectivism of Carl Marx. Thus from the rivalry of two men has sprung the doctrine of Anarchism. Unwilling to admit the preponderating part played by hazard in the foundation of their party, the Anarchists have eulogised Bakounine to the skies. "From no point of view," says M. Dubois, "was Bakounine weaker than as a thinker." It was his immense power of seduction that gave him the prominence to which he attained.

"Twenty Years of Anarchism" is a useful epitome of the various events in the history of Anarchism from 1874 to 1894, and this is followed by accounts of the organisation of the party and the propagation of its tenets. This organisation is entirely different to that of any other party. In fact, the very word "organisation" is out of place in connection with a party which seeks to destroy all social institutions.

Hence the organisation consists only of "groups" without any ties to any centralised body, and which are mere "voluntary associations of individuals possessing the same tastes, animated by the same ideas, professing the same opinions, and actuated by the same motives." The most important function of the group is to further the spread of Anarchist doctrines.

To achieve this end, the chief agent requisitioned is the Anarchist

¹ *The Anarchist Peril*. By Félix Dubois. Translated, edited, and enlarged, with a supplementary chapter by Ralph Derechef. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

press, which furnishes periodical newspapers, pamphlets, and broad-sheets, most of which are notorious for scurrilous and senseless abuse of existing institutions and individuals. In these groups, there are no leaders or followers; all are equal. No detailed plan of campaign is formed, and no resolutions are put. Every outrage is carried out on the initiative and sole responsibility of the perpetrator, and consequently the police are comparatively helpless, and even though they find no difficulty in becoming members of a group themselves, since a proposed outrage is known only to the perpetrator himself, and perhaps to one or two of his intimate friends, detectives are absolutely powerless to take any precautionary measures.

The doctrine of Anarchism may be summed up in three propositions—viz., "Everything is at an end. Do what you choose. Everything is everybody's." Of these, the second is borrowed from Rabelais and the last from Bossuet. The first is to be found in Jean Grave's book *Moribund Society*. This writer is the editor of the *Revolte*, who, with Prince Kropotkine and Elise Reclus, represent the more moderate and respectable school of Anarchists. Although these men at first looked with approval on deeds of violence as a means of directing and enforcing public attention to their cause they have now receded from their former position. This is due partly to the fact that the recent atrocious outrages have completely alienated public sympathy from their cause, and partly because every criminal in France has sought to avoid the criminal taint by declaring himself an Anarchist.

All friends of social progress will sympathise with motives of such men as Kropotkine and Elise Reclus, but their doctrine that all existing institutions must be destroyed, and that no authority of any sort or kind be substituted is the doctrine of insanity. The world has many a weary century to travel before human nature is sufficiently perfected to be able to dispense with social institutions. The principles of individualism advocated by these men are, however, only the logical development of those principles taught by a certain school of individualists in this country.

The drainage question, notwithstanding all the recent developments, is still an unsolved problem, and it is more intimately connected with the agricultural question than most people seem to suppose. In *The Sanitary Arrangements of Dwelling-Houses*¹ we are delighted to find the author dealing with those two questions in so far as they are related. Even in districts eminently suited to a water-borne system of sewerage, such a system is very costly, and, from the noxious gases generated, must be more or less injurious to health; but in water-logged districts such a system becomes prac-

¹ *The Sanitary Arrangements of Dwelling-Houses.* By A. F. Wallis-Taylor. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1894.

tically impossible, and can only be carried out in an imperfect manner at a vastly increased cost. And in any case such a system is wasteful. Mr. Wallis-Taylor has thus done right to give the alternative methods of house-drainage—viz., the dry earth and peat-dust closet system. Powerful deodoriser as dry earth is, peat-dust is still more powerful, and, as Mr. Wallis-Taylor informs us, whereas 1 cwt. of earth is required for one closet per week, 2 cwt. of peat-dust only are sufficient for one closet during the whole year. Another advantage of peat-dust is that "it absorbs from nine to twelve times its own weight in liquids, and retains all ammonia; it effectually deodorises the most evil-smelling substances and arrests all ammoniacal fermentation; it acts as a powerful disinfectant upon foul air or filthy soil, purifying them and destroying fungoid growth. Mixed with human excreta it forms a most valuable nitrogenous manure." The effect of this manure upon various crops is given in Herr Burstenbinder's report to the Brunswick Government. Herr Burstenbinder "states that results have been uniformly most satisfactory in every respect . . . that manurial ingredients contained in human excrements, when mixed with peat-dust, decompose more rapidly than farmyard manure and are more quickly absorbed by the plant," and that this is especially advantageous to market-gardeners who desire to bring on their crops rapidly, so as to reap the benefit of an early market. It may be mentioned that even in this country peat-dust manure fetches a very high price indeed. There still remains, however, the disposal of sink and bath water. Mr. Wallis-Taylor here advocates a system of discharging such into an automatic flushing cistern, draining into a small tank in the garden, about eighteen inches deep by twelve wide, from which common field-pipes radiate below the surface. This system is said to have been very successful, but we understand that experiments are now being made of depositing such water upon peat-dust beds. Mr. Wallis-Taylor might with advantage have extended the chapter with which we have been dealing. The book is well written and well illustrated, and should prove extremely useful, not only to members of Local Boards, but also to the average householder.

It has frequently been asserted by public men in this country that the Canadian people are favourable to the annexation of Canada by the United States of America. We ourselves have always believed this assertion to be baseless, and it is therefore with great satisfaction that we welcome *Canadian Independence, Annexation and British Imperial Federation*,¹ which is an attempt to show the real relations of Canada and the United States and of both with the Mother Country. In one respect the author is eminently qualified to speak

¹ *Canadian Independence, Annexation and British Imperial Federation*. By James Douglas. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

on this subject. A native-born Canadian, and much of his early life spent in Scotland, for nearly twenty years he has been actively engaged in the United States as metallurgist and mining engineer, in the management of several important enterprises in the west, has visited almost every portion of the North American continent, and has thus become intimately acquainted with the views of the inhabitants of those districts.

Imperial Federation is only possible, according to Mr. Douglas, between entirely independent States. Canada has now arrived at that period of her State life when she is beginning to feel the irksomeness of her dependence to the mother country. The present relations with England are felt to be anomalous. Canadian interests may be sacrificed to those of the Empire, or Canada may be involved in a quarrel for which she has not been even remotely responsible.

Moreover, countries are united, not by paper constitutions, but by blood and sympathy, and there is no colony more thoroughly loyal to the Mother Country than Canada, where England and home are synonymous terms. Granted independence, and Imperial Federation will follow as a matter of course. Sentiment, says Mr. Douglas, is even stronger than self-interest. Equally with Mr. Thompson and Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Douglas scouts the annexation bogey. Just as professional politicians in the States have used the anti-English sentiment as a political weapon, so have some politicians in Canada endeavoured for party purposes to stir up a similar feeling. Although this attempt, says Mr. Douglas, was made cautiously it was found to be dangerous. The bulk of the population is loyal to England, and the remainder is simply indifferent. From the Canadian point of view, annexation would be politically distasteful and economically unsatisfactory.

In the United States the domestic troubles of Canada are considered as a serious bar to annexation. The States have sufficient of their own to contend with at home; and commercially annexation would not be viewed with approbation, since, with the exception of ice, Canada would simply swell the bulk of those articles of commerce which are already produced to excess by the Republic. This little work is worthy of careful perusal by all, especially by such as are interested in the problem of Imperial Federation.

The author of *Winter and Summer Excursions in Canada*¹ tells us he has "been assured that the British public do not care much about Canada except as a refuge for the superfluous population." Whether the British public really cares nothing for one of its most flourishing colonies we do not pretend to say, but that this work will tend to create or arouse any interest in that body we very much doubt. What a splendid subject that journey along the Canadian Pacific from Quebec to Vancouver, and what memories it stirs!

¹ *Winter and Summer Excursions in Canada.* By C. L. Johnstone. London: Digby Long & Co.

And yet it is dismissed in a few words. What an opportunity lost! The information is loosely put together, without any method, and what general conclusions there are do not seem to be warranted by the evidence adduced, much of which, by the way, is mere hearsay. Bishop Anson, no doubt, is a very estimable man, but the author might have remembered that he was writing a book about Canada, and not about bishops and Church missions. We regret that such a good subject should have been spoiled in the handling. The illustrations are miserable, which is inexcusable, since Canada possesses some of the grandest scenery in the world.

*Woodside, Burnside, Hillside, and Marsh*¹ is intended by its writer to direct the attention of the general public to "a few of the interesting phenomena which are to be observed everywhere around us by those who take the trouble to look for them and to give such explanation of their causes as may be understood even by those whose scientific knowledge is small." Mr. Tutt's idea of selecting certain localities and describing the flowers, insects, birds and animals to be found therein is a happy one, and that three out of the four should be favourite haunts of Dickens and rendered immortal by his works makes the book still more interesting. Mr. Tutt is to be congratulated upon having succeeded in explaining scientific facts in a clear and popular manner. The book is carefully illustrated.

To the jaded dwellers in cities *The Friendship of Nature*² will come with a refreshing welcome. It is a charming attempt to enable the reader to picture to himself the beauties of New England scenery, to listen to the song of its feathered inhabitants, and to recall the sight and scent of its flowers, shrubs and trees. The little volume is neatly bound and well printed on good paper.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE opinions of Count Tolstoi are entitled to respect on account of his intense earnestness and his entire freedom from opportunism—the vice of modern philosophers; but it is quite impossible to agree with some of the views which he maintains so strenuously in his book published in Paris by MM. Perrin et Cie under the title of *L'Esprit Chrétien et le Patriotisme*.³ The main object of Count Tolstoi in writing this book appears to be this: he believes that

¹ *Woodside, Burnside, Hillside, and Marsh*. By J. W. Tutt, F.E.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

² *The Friendship of Nature*. A New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

³ *L'Esprit Chrétien et le Patriotisme*. Par Comte Leon Tolstoi. Paris: Librairie Académique Didier, Perrin et Cie.

war is a curse and a crime against humanity, and, as, in his opinion, patriotism tends to promote appeals to arms on the part of contending nationalities, he thinks devotion to one's own country is a narrow and demoralising sentiment. The recent demonstrations of international friendship between France and Russia meet with not wholly undeserved ridicule from the author, who exposes the hollowness of the so-called Franco-Russian Alliance. But when Count Tolstoi proceeds to say that patriotism is impossible at the present time, and that it is the only obstacle to the union of all peoples in Christian fraternity, he overlooks some of the fundamental conditions of human society. No man can be indifferent to the country of his birth, and, even though he were, he could not get rid of local or national associations. Countries are not merely divided by geographical barriers, but by language and physical and moral characteristics. It is true that an Englishman and a Hindoo are both men; but Nature has established marked differences between the English and the Hindoo races. It is certainly to be deplored that absurd and superstitious prejudices should cause animosities between the various races; but it is not desirable that any man should forget his native land or become the enemy of his own people. Count Tolstoi's idea of Christian duty is rather distorted. We can no more abolish racial distinctions than we can abolish the family. However, there is a substratum of truth in the book after all. The silly "patriotism" which made Englishmen less than a century ago imagine that to hate all Frenchmen was incumbent upon them as true Britons, and which, on the other hand, filled Frenchmen's minds with ridiculous fears of "la perfide Albion," should be laughed out of existence. Though difference of nationality is in accordance with natural laws, there is a real sense in which all men are brothers, and Count Tolstoi's principal fault is nothing more than excessive generalisation, which leads him to forget the strong influence of climate, custom, heredity, historic traditions, and environment.

A new book¹ on Napoleon deals with his genius and character independently, without any misguided hero-worship. According to the author, M. Marius Sepet, Napoleon was a colossal egoist who sacrificed everything to his own desires. Is this estimate altogether just? Unquestionably the ambition of Napoleon was not of the really unselfish kind; but there was an element of patriotism and fine statesmanship in his public career which no Frenchman should ignore. So much attention has of late been directed to the personality of this extraordinary man that the materials for estimating his true position in history as well as his real human worth are within the reach of every intelligent reader. The net

¹ *Napoleon : Son Caractère, Son Génie, Son Rôle Historique.* Par Marius Sepet. Paris : Librairie Académique Didier, Perrin et Cie.

result of the various works which have come within our purview appears to be that Napoleon, though he had not the highest ideal of life, was far from being a commonplace tyrant—in fact, it would be impossible to deny his greatness as a man not merely from the standpoint of the soldier, but also of the politician.

A history of Rome from 287 B.C. to 202 B.C., by Mr. W. F. Masom,¹ though primarily intended for students, gives a very vivid and complete account of perhaps the most wonderful events in the progress of the Roman Republic. As the author points out in his introductory chapter, the time of the wars with Pyrrhus and Hannibal seemed to the Romans of the later Republic and the Empire to be “the golden age of Rome.” It was something worth remembering that a Roman citizen left the plough to take the command of an army and, having vanquished his country’s foes, returned once more to till the soil in obscurity. In modern times the only parallel to such an example of grand humility is to be found in the case of George Washington, and even Washington falls short of his Roman prototype. No doubt there may have been a halo of romance thrown round this period of Roman history by historians; but the valour and civic virtues of the great men of the early days of the Republic can scarcely be questioned by even the most sceptical critics.

In this little volume full justice is done to the marvellous Carthaginian general who, for a time, overpowered and terrified the Romans, and threatened their capital with destruction. Some historians have placed Hannibal above even Alexander the Great as a military leader. Unquestionably some of the exploits of the Carthaginian commander exhibit genius of a high order. His career bears some resemblance to that of the greatest conqueror of modern days, the First Napoleon. They both were entrusted with the command of an army at a comparatively early age. They both won their battles by a combination of daring inventiveness and lightning rapidity of movement. The Carthaginian general brought his army over the Alps under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and peril. Napoleon performed a similar feat. The strategy to which they both had recourse was of the same kind. Hannibal at Cannæ and Napoleon at Austerlitz—making due allowance for the different methods and appliances of warfare in the two cases—adopted much the same tactics. Finally, Hannibal met with an irreversible defeat at Zama at the hands of Scipio and his Numidian allies; and a like disaster befell Napoleon at Waterloo at the hands of Wellington and the Prussians. Considering the limited resources of Hannibal, he was perhaps a more consummate military genius than Bonaparte. But for the scanty number of troops placed at his disposal the Carthaginian general would in all probability have conquered Rome. As a matter of fact he was finally worsted

¹ *The Struggle for Empire: A History of Rome, 287-202 B.C.* By W. F. Masom, M.A. University Tutorial Series. London: W. B. Clive.

by circumstances which human ingenuity could not surmount rather than by any lack of ability. In Mr. Masom's compendious and, at the same time, luminous work, the details of Hannibal's career are set out clearly and forcibly, and the book will be found invaluable not only to students, but to teachers of history.

Some very searching test questions are appended, and we venture to think that many University graduates would be staggered by some of them. This history of Rome during the particular period dealt with can be recommended as a splendid text-book on the subject. Furthermore, it has the advantage of being written in an attractive style without any pedantry or mannerism.

BELLES LETTRES.

ALTHOUGH the heroine of Miss Marryat's clever novel, *A Bankrupt Heart*,¹ is the so-called "housekeeper" of a young nobleman, and the interest turns on his desertion of her and marriage to a scheming young lady of the fast garrison type, the characters are so handled as to enlist the reader's sympathy, as well for the erring yet generous-souled Miss Llewellyn as for the witty, ambitious Nora, Countess of Ilfracombe. The book is brightly written, and the conversations reach a very good level, but the descriptive passages are injured by a certain floridness of style. Generally speaking, however, the workmanship is worthy of a better plot. A noble renunciation is a fit subject for the most artistic pen, but it is at least difficult to treat attempts at suicide by leaping from Waterloo Bridge, or by drinking an arsenic lotion for sheep's backs with any distinction or freshness of interest.

The novels of Mrs. Lovett Cameron are less intelligent than those of Miss Marryat, less firm in the drawing of character, and further from reality, but she has done much better work than *A Bachelor's Bridal*,² where she is by no means seen at her best. A London solicitor in large practice does not drink drugged sherry while on a visit to an unknown client, fail to notice a diabolical plot, flourish idiotically before his eyes, and casually marry a rich and beautiful young lady, only to leave her at the church door, for the reason, apparently, that he has furnished his bachelor rooms so prettily that he cannot bear to give them up. Such as it is the story is not badly told, but the plot is quite unworthy of a practised pen.

"The seventh child of a seventh child is gifted with second sight," runs an old superstition; and it is upon this quaint belief that

¹ *A Bankrupt Heart*. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: F. V. White & Co.

² *A Bachelor's Bridal*. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: F. V. White & Co.

"John Strange Winter"¹ has founded an amusing story which well deserves the success with which it has already met. The clairvoyante, Nancy, chiefly exercises her gifts in probing the characters of her sisters' lovers, but does not succeed in preventing her favourite from marrying a rascal. Her gift is a terrible one, for she involuntarily witnesses bomb explosions and attempts to murder, and even from her English home sees her brother sicken and die of cholera in India, relating her visions as they pass to her horror-stricken family. The tale is, however, saved from appearing over-melodramatic and impossible by this authoress's realistic touch and pleasant, intimate style.

An anonymous two-volume novel, *A Sunless Heart*,² shows that its writer must possess a "soulful" nature. Each page quivers with a somewhat hysterical passion, for the most part, that of a sister for a brother, of a mother for her child, of a girl for her friend. The book is not without a certain verve and feeling, but it is wanting in balance, overdrawn, from the illness and death of the god-like consumptive brother with which it begins, to the frightful railway accident at the end, in which the mysterious Lady Lecturer and her warm-hearted Creole friend die "within five minutes of each other." Nor is it free from passages which raise a smile, e.g., the Lady Lecturer is telling the story of her youth. She is seventeen "when my intellect roused and asserted its supremacy. I found, one day, . . . an old Latin grammar and a book of Euclid. *Never shall I forget the intense intellectual awakening of that moment!*"

The *Dagonet on our Islands*³ of Mr. G. R. Sims is a collection of holiday travel sketches originally written for a newspaper, and certainly not worth republication. They are slight (though that is nothing), and, of course, written with a jocular intention, but the fooling, such as it is, was really not good enough to make it worth while to reproduce them for more attentive reading.

After the two books just noticed it is a relief to be able to conclude with a eulogy of Mr. S. R. Crockett's *Mad Sir Uchtreil of the Hills*,⁴ a picturesque tale, told in careful and impressive language, contrasting favourably with the slovenliness and slipshod haste of many of the pages produced by uncritical writers for readers who, though they may insist upon being amused, have not the taste to be fastidious as to how this object may be attained.

The value of idealism as a source of inspiration and a governing principle in literature and art is emphasised forcibly in M. Maurice

¹ *A Seventh Child*. By "John Strange Winter." Second Edition. London: F. V. White & Co.

² *A Sunless Heart*. 2 vols. London: Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.

³ *Dagonet on Our Islands*. By George R. Sims. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

⁴ *Mad Sir Uchtreil of the Hills*. By S. R. Crockett. Antonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Pujo's charming book *Le Règne de la Grace*.¹ The title of the work has been suggested by Schiller's famous words. The author strongly opposes the tide of naturalism, which just now has reached its highest point in France, and maintains that the young men of the twentieth century will not be under the sway of either science or democracy, but will be artists above all and devoted disciples of Christ. The German mystics have apparently influenced M. Pujo to an extraordinary extent. He worships Novalis, and founds his æsthetic system on the theories of Kant. We cannot entirely agree with him as to the triumph of idealism, nor do we believe that a philosophy of life divorced from the teachings of science would be either sound or permanently useful. Still it must be acknowledged that the beautiful is independent of the laws of matter, and has its foundation in the very depths of the human soul. Keats' line may not be literally correct—"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty"—but unquestionably the realm of Beauty is almost, if not quite, co-extensive with that of Truth. The study in the volume headed "*La Resurrection du Christ*," is a curious example of Neo-Christianity. The author says the true quality of God is not intelligence or sanctity, but the power of creation. "God is before all the Creator—that is to say, the Supreme Artist—and it is to Him as such that we must reascend to-day." The book is a unique production, and certainly not such a work as might be expected from a modern French critic. M. Pujo has a style and an individuality of his own, and we have no doubt he will find many enthusiasts even in France to adopt his views.

ART.

MR. THOMAS HARRIS, who pleaded for distinctly English architecture as long ago as 1860, has now summed up the facts in the case in a book of nearly two hundred pages. The *Three Periods of English Architecture*² are—(1) "At Work," up to the sixteenth century, after which the essentially foreign styles of the Renaissance, Italian and Classic, finally prevailed; (2) "Asleep," which is variously reckoned down to the Gothic revival of fifty years ago, or, by the pessimists who even yet see no valid signs of the architecture of the future, down to the present day; (3) "Awaking," which Mr. Harris seems sure is at hand, if only from the use of iron in construction, and the consequent predominance of engineering science, to which lazy architects, willy-nilly, must conform.

¹ *Idealisme Intégrale: Le Règne de la Grace*. Par Maurice de Pujo. Paris: Ancienne Librairie, Ballière et Cie.

² *Three Periods of English Architecture*. By Thomas Harris, F.R.I.B.A. London: B. T. Batsford. 1894.

The author's method is to string along the thread of his own contention copious extracts from those English professional authorities who have speculated on the progress of their art during the last half-century. To these are added Viollet-le-Duc, whose investigations did so much to guide the Gothic revivalists, and Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, the annotator of that American architecture which has won our author's sympathy, because it is not "always bound by precedent." The book, like many recent works on architecture, is printed with almost an affectation of superfine work, on heavy laid paper with untrimmed edges, except for the gilding at the top, and with a title-page evidently copied from the period when English art was awake. There is a list of the authorities consulted, of the twelve illustrations in the text and the seven plates inserted—and no index!

The main ideas of the book are not without interest to the general public, of which a part employs architects and the other part claims the right of criticising the architect's work.

In the first place, Mr. Harris everywhere regrets the tendency of architects to adopt foreign styles of the past, instead of keeping abreast of the times. Probably Mr. Aitchison, whom our author quotes, is right in attributing this tendency to the demands of the public. The architect is looked on "as a supplier of old fancy dresses for buildings;" he "is believed by the public to be like a comic actor whose business it is to parody all the expressions of former national character, from Greek to Chinese, and not to give expression to our own." Our own national character would seem to have been last expressed by the mediæval builder in wood and stone; and the important question is, What would he, who knew nothing of foreign styles, have done with our present building materials in consideration of our present wants?

The Rev. W. J. Loftie, who is very much of an outsider to architecture, and so may well represent the average public, says that all such talk leads only to "mock Gothic," and he accordingly goes in for the Palladian style of Wren, and of Inigo Jones and his school. Mr. Harris reminds Mr. Loftie that it is unwise for "the pot to call the kettle black," and Palladian architecture is "mock, mock, mock Classic." Mr. William Morris, who would have his architecture like his poetry and his Socialism, expresses this Palladian third degree of mockery as "an imitation of an imitation of an imitation." To this Mr. Harris adds, that it is "a style so un-English, that it is very doubtful whether it is possible for any but the bucolic mind, which naturally associates the architecture of 'the Hall' with the Squire, as it does that of the village church with the parson, ever to think of it but as foreign."

Secondly, our author would not reduce us to such architectural straits as we might at first imagine. He would not lodge us in the many-cornered houses of the Gothic revival, where the air entered

mainly in knife-like, unexpected draughts, where the light was dim, yet not conducive to religion, and where all the roofs leaked and chimneys smoked. He would also not have architects "invent" a new style. The architecture of the future "must grow out of something," and it is "a new construction which will prove to be the 'something' required." Practically, iron seems likely to be the building material of the future.

Here Mr. Harris curiously runs amuck of Mr. Ruskin, who does (or in his *Stones of Venice* did) not believe it likely that iron and glass "will ever become important elements in architectural effect." The one reason which he gives is like a canon of Byzantine art:

"Assuming that the Bible is neither superannuated now, nor ever likely to be so, it will follow that the illustrations which the Bible employs are likely to be *clear and intelligible* illustrations to the end of time. . . . Now, I find that iron architecture is indeed spoken of in the Bible. You know how it is said to Jeremiah, 'Behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land.' But I do not find that iron building is ever alluded to as likely to become familiar to the minds of men; but, on the contrary, that an architecture of carved stone is continually employed as a source of the most important illustrations. A simple instance must occur to all of you at once. The force of the image of the corner-stone, as used throughout Scripture, would completely be lost if the Christian and civilised world were exclusively to employ any other material than earth and rock in their domestic buildings. I firmly believe that they never will."

Our author has the courage of his convictions. He doubts "whether, after all, much is to be expected of America in this matter," since he has heard of the vagaries of the American firms who are introducing "metallic fronts" into this country, and announce that they present when erected "all the appearance of a solid stone building." He even fears, as Mr. Schnyler relates, that "American humour has never found full expression except in architecture . . . that American architecture is the art of covering one thing with another thing to imitate a third thing, which, if genuine, would not be desirable." Nevertheless, he cites the prophetic words of Professor Kerr:

"You must always bear in mind that the Americans are the English of the future . . . that if we look at what they are doing now, *that* is probably what we are about to do in the course of a certain time."

In any event the late Mr. Richardson, who founded the only great school of American architecture, set about developing the capabilities of Romanesque art, which is certainly older than the mediæval English with which Mr. Harris would begin. It may be added that the houses built by Richardson and his disciples are both light and airy, and quite without draughts, smoke, or leaks—all which is a condition of enjoying art, if not high art itself, in domestic architecture.

The third and fourth principles advocated by Mr. Harris concern the use of iron in the framing of a house (this determines outline), and the use of vitreous manufactures, mosaics, &c., or even granite and marble, for panel-filling.

Fifthly, and finally, the question of colour is considered, in which it is to be feared our author does not count sufficiently with the ingrained English dislike of all minute design and bright colours which will not settle into indistinguishable masses of respectable grey.

The latest number of the collection of "Celebrated Artists," published by *L'Art*, is devoted to the three brothers Saint Aubin.¹ They were sons of the king's embroiderer, and in their respective lines they represent interestingly the age of Louis XV., when the Eternal Feminine had become an idol which it was the exclusive office of art to adorn and portray and to amuse. Germain, the eldest, designed plants and ciphers, and wrote notes of sad humour concerning his family. Gabriel, the second, was a true Bohemian, sketching everything, from the ball at Auteuil to the charlatan of the Pont Neuf, powdering his hair and freshening his stockings with his chalk crayon. Augustin engraved the inventions of others, made allegorical illustrations after the taste of the times, and left a valuable series of portraits of typical *grandes dames* and *petites femmes* of the day. He alone lived to see all that pride of the eye humbled in the dust and blood of the Revolution.

The work of this volume has been well done, and the 122 pictures are well chosen. With others of this series, it may take the place of the costly work of the brothers De Goncourt on the *Art of the Eighteenth Century* in the splendour of its decline.

¹ *Les Saint Aubin*. Par Adrien Moureau. Paris : Librairie de l'Art. 1894.

DISCONTENT IN INDIA.

OF late, events have occurred that have alarmed the public mind as to the stability of British rule in India. The British public in search of a sensation was startled by the sensational comments of the *Spectator* on the mango-smearing incident in Behar, which was regarded as the sure forerunner of a popular rising on the scale of the Great Mutiny of 1857. The panic consequent on the appearance of this article was intensified by news of insubordination in a Bengal regiment, which, though of purely regimental origin, was in a way natural enough connected with the political uprising predicted by the *Spectator*. The state of public feeling produced a crop of letters and interviews in the newspapers speculating as to the probable causes of discontent and danger in India. Most of these letters might have gone to prove Carlyle's dictum that "all Englishmen were fools," at least, to the extent that several of them were. One writer was of opinion that the Opium Commission was the chief cause of Indian discontent; another laid the blame on the Age of Consent Act and the Behar Cadastral Survey; while a third took to task the Indian National Congress and the Cow-protection Societies—for in many an acute mind a mysterious and subtle connection was scented between the two organisations. The truest word in the controversy has been said by Sir William Hunter when he wrote in the *Times* that "conscience hath made cowards of us all,"—it was the sense of unfulfilled promises and unjust acts that filled many in England with dread as to what might happen in India.

Out of evil cometh good, and the scare about the mango-smearing incident will not have been without its use if it awakens the British conscience to a juster treatment of India and its people. But whatever might be the speculative good that might thus result, it cannot be doubted that the egregious folly of Mr. Meredith Townsend has done some injury to Indian interests. It has given a golden opportunity for the enemies of Indian progress to blaspheme, and they have not neglected to "improve" it. That remarkable outcome of the feeling of Indian nationality, the Indian National Congress, has been selected as the scapegoat on which the whole weight of the blame for discontent in India is to be thrown. Sir Richard Temple, a typical Anglo-Indian, and a good hater of Indian

popular movements, recently told an interviewer of a well-known provincial journal : " The only interior danger I can think of arises from what is known as the National Indian Congress. I think that if England does not take care mischief may breed from this movement of what are known as the English-speaking natives." This charge of treason against the great national movement is an ancient one. In the early days of the Congress movement it was often enough employed by the Anglo-Indian press, but it was so notoriously opposed to facts that it was soon abandoned. Even Lord Lansdowne, who during the whole period of his tenure of office remained a puppet in the hands of his official advisers, was compelled to acknowledge that the Congress was thoroughly loyal and that its methods of agitation were thoroughly constitutional. This is a commonplace of Indian politics, but the ignorance of the average home-staying Englishman of Indian affairs is so profound that any one who poses as an " authority " might scatter about exploded fictions without fear of contradiction. The Anglo-Indian hatred of the National Congress is easy enough to understand. It is the jealousy that the Englishman who deems himself of the conquering race feels for his pushing Indian brother. The Anglo-Indians, as Macaulay long ago observed, desire to rule as an order of privileged freemen in the midst of slaves. This happy state of things was to a certain extent possible in the good old days of the Company, when the natives of India were ignorant and servile. But under present conditions, when a highly educated society gives the tone of the country, it is out of the question. The educated Indian no longer bows and cringes to " Master Sahib," as his ignorant grandfather did. Hence the complaints about the bad manners of Young India which are voiced by old Anglo-Indians, and which find expression in University Convocation addresses. The educated Indian no longer sits tame under oppression, or sees his rights coolly taken away. Hence the complaints about the disloyalty of educated Indians, and the constant efforts to revive Lord Lytton's gagging laws against the native Indian press. The spirit which animated the recent utterances against the National Congress is the spirit which led the Calcutta lawyers of Macaulay's day to oppose what they termed the Black Act, which prompted the bitter but shameful opposition to the Ilbert Bill, and which induced the Allahabad *Pioneer* newspaper to remark on the elevation of a native Indian civilian to the Commissionership of a Bengal division, that it sincerely pitied the European officers who had to serve under him. It is this Anglo-Indian hatred of natives of India that constitutes the real source of danger to this country. From the Congress movement nobody need expect any shock to the stability of the Empire. Its objects are of peace, and only to be attained by peace. Any disturbance of the peace of the country will throw back the attain-

ment of its objects by twenty years. Nobody deplored the Bombay Riots of last year more than the Congress.

A favourite charge against the Congress leaders is that their aims are purely selfish—that, in fact, they are merely men who play the patriots for the sake of place and power. This is a very untrue and impertinent description of men who brave the displeasure of the Government—no small thing, be it remembered, in a land where the Government bulks huge in the life of the people—who daily submit to be placed in the pillory by the Anglo-Indian press, and who spurn aside titles and honours, leaving these empty baubles to be contended for by those who hanker after these marks of gilded servility. It is not the Congress leaders, but its opponents, who are smiled upon by Viceroys and Governors, who figure in the birthday honours list, who are made members of Universities, and whose effusions on the many and mysterious dangers of the Congress movement find a conspicuous place in the columns of the *Times* or the *Pioneer*. Time was when the Congress leaders were flattered by the smiles of an ex-Viceroy (Lord Dufferin) and an ex-Governor (Lord Connemara); but that was when the Congress was looked upon as a picturesque assemblage of all the races of India, and nothing more. Mr. J. A. Baines, of the Indian Civil Service, in an article recently contributed to the *Leeds Mercury*, tries to make out that the Congress is a purely Brahman organisation, kept up simply to promote Brahman interests, as distinguished from those of the “dim, common populations.” In the first place, it is wrong to assert that the Brahmans monopolise the Congress; its strength lies in the middle classes. Secondly, it is false that the Brahmans use the Congress as an instrument of their own advancement. Take the resolutions of the Congress and examine them carefully one by one: you will find that they bear on such matters as the Salt Tax, the Forest Laws, the separation of judicial from executive functions, and so forth. Not one of them but concerns the proud Brahman and the humble Pariah alike. The Raja of Bhinga, one of the minor aristocrats of the North-West Provinces, asserted in the *Nineteenth Century* that the elected members of the newly-expanded legislative councils of India are people bent on promoting the interests of their own class. Go through the list of the questions put by the Honourable Members, and you will find a ready refutation to such wild statements. Sir Richard Temple told an interviewer that the Brahmans had the control of the press, and used it to promote Brahman ascendancy. Take such a newspaper as the *Hindu* of Madras, entirely edited, managed, and owned by Brahmans. See how it champions Brahman and Pariah alike, and see also with what fearless independence it exposes the misdeeds of Brahman and Sudra alike. It is all easy to explain. It is English education that has persuaded the Brahman to lay aside his

ancient pride of caste and acknowledge the humblest of his land as his brother, if not yet in social rank, at least in political position. The work of the Congress is unifying in tendency ; a united India is the grandest dream of our Indian publicists.

No doubt it will be pleasing to many people if the Congress meetings were forbidden, if the press was gagged, if juries were abolished, and India placed under a sort of martial law. Unfortunately these are too much in love with the principle that "India was won by the sword and must be kept by the sword" to think of the happiness and contentedness of the people as an element in the safety of the empire. But no free nation can safely act on such counsels. You cannot trample liberty abroad and retain it at home. The recent farewell speech of Lord Lansdowne at Calcutta, in which he resented the lawful authority of the House of Commons in Indian affairs, shows the rapid deterioration of ideas that follows from contact with the Indian bureaucracy. In the last century retired Anglo-Indian " nabobs " poisoned English freedom at its source by their lavish corruption ; the danger now arises from the despotic ideas that Anglo-Indians import from their Eastern experience.

" INDIAN."

PSEUDO-INDIVIDUALISM ; OR, THE • PRESENT SLAVERY. •

THE adoption at Norwich, by the overwhelming majority of 219 to 61, of Mr. Keir Hardie's amendment, adding to the resolution : "That in the opinion of this Congress it is essential to the maintenance of British industries to nationalise the land, mines, minerals, and royalty rents," the words "and the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange," to say nothing of the resolution in favour of the legislative eight-hours' day, carried by 256 votes to 5, and the resolutions calling for further amendments of the Factory and Truck Acts, and for increased Governmental inspection in divers matters, makes it abundantly clear that, to use the expressive journalistic slang now so much in vogue, "the Socialists have captured the Trades Congress."

In view of this and other facts no less significant, the question—"To what are we to attribute this rapid diffusion of socialistic ideas?" cannot but force itself upon those who realise the grave dangers involved in the carrying out of such a programme.

For my part, I maintain, without the slightest hesitation, that one of the chief causes of the fungus-like growth of collectivist ideas is the one-sided presentment of individualism by self-styled individualists of the school of Herbert Spencer, Auberon Herbert, and the Liberty and Property Defence League.

'Tis true these gentlemen deal in a most masterly manner with the evils of State Socialism—"The Coming Slavery," as Mr. Spencer has termed it. Their labours in that direction leave but little to be desired, but their attention seems to be so earnestly concentrated upon "the coming slavery" that the present slavery, to all intents and purposes, escapes their view, and the frequent assertion of the Socialists that our present social and industrial system is one of rampant individualism, that economic laws now have free sway, and that freedom of contract and freedom of competition now obtain, is hardly a caricature of their position.

Certainly Mr. Spencer is very careful now and again to impress upon his readers the fact that "disapproval of socialism does not . . . necessitate approval of existing arrangements," but throughout his works we find scattered such utterances as the following

extracts from *The Study of Sociology*, which certainly do not express any very great *disapproval* of "existing arrangements." On page 21, combating the "must do something" impulse, he says, "Is it not probable that what in the individual organism is improperly, though conveniently, called the *vis medicatrix naturæ* may be found to have its analogue in the social organism, and will there not very likely come along with the recognition of this, the consciousness that in both cases the one thing needful is to maintain the conditions under which the natural actions have fair play?" A tacit assumption, surely, that such conditions already exist.

Page 250: "Were not their judgments warped by the class-bias, working-men might be more pervious to the truth that better forms of industrial organisation would grow up and extinguish the form which they regard as oppressive, were such better forms practicable. And they might see that the impracticability of better forms results from the imperfections of existing human nature, moral and intellectual.

Page 252: "Thus, as acting on the employed in general, the class-bias obscures the truth, otherwise not easy to see, that the existing type of industrial organisation, like the existing type of political organisation, is about as good as existing human nature allows. The evils there are in it are nothing but the evils brought round on men by their own imperfections."

Page 253: "And so it may be held that at the present time, though the form of industrial government entails serious evils, these evils, much less than the evils of past times, are as small as the average human nature allows—are not due to any special injustice of the employing class, and can be remedied only as fast as men in general advance."

Page 254: "... the class-bias warps working-men's judgments of social relations—makes it difficult for working-men to see that our existing industrial system is a product of existing human nature, and can be improved only as fast as human nature improves."

Page 262: "On the other hand, members of the regulating classes, while partially blinded to the facts that the defects of the working classes are the defects of natures like their own placed under different conditions, and that the existing system is defensible, not for its convenience to themselves, *but as being the best now practicable for the community at large*,¹ are also partially blinded to the vices of past social arrangements, and to the badness of those who in past social systems used class-power less mercifully than it is used now; while they have difficulty in seeing that the present social order, like past social orders, is but transitory, and that the regulating classes of the future may have, with diminished power, increased happiness."

It is hardly to be wondered at that, having individualism thus presented to them, the workers, keenly conscious of the evils of present industrial conditions, should argue: "Well, if we have individualism now, if what we see around us is the result of free competition and freedom of contract, it is obvious that we must get rid of individualism, and that, in the best interests of the community, we must restrict and regulate the play of economic forces so that they

¹ The italics are mine.

shall no longer grind us into the dust and bleed us for the benefit of the drones. If these be the fruits of unfettered individualism, we want the very opposite. Let State Socialism, then, be our watchword."

Surely, however, the very fact that it should be deemed necessary to enact laws, not to force men and women to work eight hours a day, but to prevent them working more than eight hours; not to force men and women to work in insanitary workshops and amid unfenced machinery, dangerous to life and limb, not to force men and women to work in the deadly white-lead works, alkali works, match factories, &c., but to prevent their doing so; surely the very fact that it should seem necessary to pass laws to prevent men and women doing that which under free conditions no sane man or woman would wish to do, should suffice to demonstrate, both to our socialist friends and to the pseudo-individualists above referred to, that present conditions are the conditions, not of freedom, but of slavery—of a slavery masquerading in the guise of individual liberty and under the forms of freedom of contract, but a slavery far more insidious, far more grinding, far more widespread in its effects than chattel slavery ever was.

The chattel slave cost good hard cash. The wage slave costs nothing. A sturdy well-fed negro, in the old slave days in the Southern States of America, cost on an average \$1000 (£200). It *paid* his master to feed him well, to clothe and house him well, to doctor him when sick, and to see that he was not overworked, for if the chattel slave broke down or died from overwork or under-feeding, or from any other cause, it meant a heavy pecuniary loss to his master, who had to buy another slave in his stead. The "free-born Britisher"—the white industrial slave—on the other hand, costs nothing. He may be overworked, his miserably scanty wage may not suffice to clothe, house, and feed him, so as to keep him in a state of efficiency, and he may break down and die, but to his master it matters not. There are hundreds where he came from—hundreds of unemployed only too eager to step into the gap; and a two-line advertisement will quickly call together a hungry crowd of applicants, clamouring for the dead man's billet.

It is, I think, only too obvious that if the people of the United Kingdom were the chattel slaves—the actual property—of their "masters," the latter would, in their own interest, be compelled to return to the workers, in the shape of food, clothing, house accommodation, and what not, a much larger share of the products of their toil than they now receive in wages. It would, in fact, *pay* them to do so. It would *not* pay them to do otherwise.

What, then, is the cause of this slavery?

Whoever will look facts squarely in the face cannot but realise that the fount and origin of industrial slavery is land monopoly—that he who owns the land owns the people, and that, not in any

vague, theoretical, and intangible sense, but in a sense most real, most practical, and most tangible. For what is land? and what is man? Man, scientifically speaking, is a land animal, and in its economic sense the term "land" embraces all natural resources, opportunities, and forces, the whole of this planet—in short, the whole of the material universe accessible to man. It is, therefore, absolutely impossible that true individual liberty, true freedom of competition, and true freedom of contract should obtain where land is the subject of a close monopoly, since for the monopolists to refuse to allow the rest of mankind to live upon "their" land would be to pass sentence of death upon them, and so long as the landlords can enforce their demands, and prevent the workers having free access to the land, economic forces cannot have free play. Freedom of contract between the landed and the landless is manifestly impossible.

It would be difficult to state this great truth in clearer or more forcible language than that employed by Mr. Spencer himself some forty years ago in *Social Statics*, in the chapter on "The Right to the Use of the Earth." It is true that since that time Mr. Spencer has seen fit to state that he has modified his views, has humbly apologised to "Sir John and His Grace," and has attempted by multiplying words without wisdom to becloud the issue then so clearly stated; but neither he nor any of the champions of the Liberty and Property Defence League—an association which might with much more truth be designated a League for the Defence of the Liberty of Appropriating the Property of Others—has ever succeeded in showing any flaw in the reasoning.

As a matter of fact, the equal right of all men to the use of the earth and the true right of property, can be deduced from "the law of equal freedom," which Mr. Spencer has not yet recanted, with a logic as clear and as inexorable as that of Euclid himself. For, granted that all men have equal rights to life, then, since the use of the earth is essential, absolutely essential, to the life of all men, all must have equal rights to use the earth. But all men have also equal rights to liberty; therefore whatever each man makes by the application of his labour to the land must be his as against the world, since to compel him to hand over to another, without return, a portion of the product of his labour would be to make him to that extent a slave. The true right of property is, therefore, the right of the producer to the product of his toil.—*Q.E.D.*

Mr. Spencer, I believe, would not attempt to dispute this right of property, for he quotes with approval St. Paul's dictum, "He that will not work neither shall he eat," and throughout his writings are to be found such utterances as the following, culled from *The Study of Sociology* :

Page 259: "The bias of the wealthy in favour of arrangements apparently so conducive to their comforts and pleasures, while it shuts out the

perception of these indirect penalties brought round on them by their seeming advantages, also shuts out the perception that there is anything mean in being a useless consumer of things which others produce."

Page 261: "It will become a matter of wonder that there should ever have existed those who thought it admirable to enjoy, without working, at the expense of others who worked without enjoying."

Page 277: "There is no intrinsic virtue in votes. The possession of representatives is not in itself a benefit. These are but means to an end; and the end is the maintenance of those conditions under which each citizen may carry on his life without further hindrances from other citizens than are involved by their equal claims—is the securing to each citizen all such beneficial results of his activities as his activities naturally bring.

Page 347: "While, however, each society, and each successive phase of each society, presents conditions more or less special, to which the natures of citizens adapt themselves, there are certain general conditions which, in every society, must be fulfilled to a considerable extent before it can hold together, and which must be fulfilled completely before social life can be complete. Each citizen has to carry on his activities in such ways as not to impede other citizens in the carrying on of their activities more than he is impeded by them. That any citizen may so behave as not to deduct from the aggregate welfare, it is needful that he shall perform such function, or share of function, as is of value equivalent at least to what he consumes; and it is further needful that, both in discharging his function, and in pursuing his pleasure, he shall leave others similarly free to discharge their functions and to pursue their pleasures."

Page 348: "On the other hand, the punishments for murder, assault, theft, &c., and the penalties on breach of contract, stand for the necessity that, in the course of activities by which he supports himself, the citizen shall neither directly injure other citizens, nor shall injure them indirectly, by taking or intercepting the returns their activities bring."

Page 350: "All further requirements are unimportant compared with this primary requirement, that each shall so live as neither to burden others nor to injure others."

Page 351: "When a Legislature takes from the worthy the things they have laboured for, that it may give to the unworthy the things they have not earned—when cause and consequence, joined in the order of Nature, are thus divorced by lawmakers; then may properly come the suggestion, 'Cease your interference.' But when in any way, direct or indirect, the unworthy deprive the worthy of their dues, or impede them in the quiet pursuit of their ends, then may properly come the demand, 'Interfere promptly; and be, in fact, the protectors you are in name.'"

Page 419: "Though in low societies, formed of unadapted men held together by coercion, no better arrangement is practicable than that under which the relation between effort and benefit is traversed by force, so that those who work enjoy but little of that which they produce, while that which they produce is largely appropriated by others who have not worked; yet we recognise this *régime* as one not consistent with the greatest individual welfare or greatest sum of happiness. Along with advance to a higher state in which life is carried on, not by compulsory co-operation, but by voluntary co-operation, there has grown the moral perception of what we call equity. Continued through many generations, the discipline of industrialism (implying in every transaction fulfilment of contract, which involves respect for the claims of others and assertion of the claims of self) has developed the consciousness that each ought to get neither more nor less than an equivalent for his services, of what kind soever they may be; the amount of such equivalent being in every case determined by the agreement to give it. And, considered in their

ensemble, the progressive improvements of laws, and all those political ameliorations which bring after them improvements of laws, have as their general effect the better maintenance of this normal relation between effort and benefit."

Surely no utterances could more clearly condemn land monopoly, and all other monopolies, by reason of which some are enabled to "enjoy without working at the expense of others who work without enjoying." Yet the man who, in *Social Statics*, demonstrated that "equity . . . does not permit property in land," and scornfully inquired at what rate per annum claims originally invalid become valid, says, on page 32 of *Man versus the State* (popular edition):

"Communitistic theories, partly indorsed by one Act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favoured by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously under one or other form by popular leaders, and urged on by organised societies. There is the movement for land nationalisation, which, aiming at a system of land tenure equitable in the abstract, is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends *with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners*,¹ and as the basis of a scheme going more than halfway to State Socialism."

And on pages 73, 74:

"And now see the Nemesis which is threatening to follow this chronic sin of legislators. They and their class, in common with all owners of property, are in danger of suffering from a sweeping application of that general principle practically asserted by each of these confiscating Acts of Parliament. For what is the tacit assumption on which such Acts proceed? It is the assumption that no man has any claim to his property, not even to that which he has earned by the sweat of his brow, save by permission of the community; and that the community may cancel the claim to any extent it thinks fit. No defence can be made for this appropriation of A's possessions for the benefit of B, save one which sets out with the postulate that society as a whole has an absolute right over the possessions of each member. And now this doctrine, which has been tacitly assumed, is being openly proclaimed. *Mr. George and his friends, Mr. Hyndman and his supporters, are pushing the theory to its logical issue.*¹ They have been instructed by examples, yearly increasing in number, that the individual has no rights but what the community may equitably over-ride; and they are now saying, 'It shall go hard but we will better the instruction,' and over-ride individual rights altogether."

Land monopoly is as clearly and as strongly condemned by the principles laid down in Mr. Anberon Herbert's paper, *The Free Life*. In *Voluntary State Paper*, No. 8, dated April 1894, Mr. Herbert says:

"1. *The Free Life* believes that the self-ownership of each man and each woman is the one rock on which all social relations, all social progress must rest; believes that each individual is the only one true owner of his own faculties, and has the right to exercise them, to dispose of them as he wills, and to gain all that he can by their means, whether it be much or

¹ *Italics mine.*

little, provided only he makes no use of force or fraud in his dealings with others, and does not aggress upon their faculties or property, which belongs to them under the same great moral law as his faculties and his property belong to him ;

" 2. Believes that property rests upon the same moral law as faculties, and that if it be true that a man owns his faculties, he must also own the property he can acquire by their means, provided he can acquire it without the use of force or fraud—all force and fraud, so far as they extend, preventing and destroying the free use of faculties ; believes, therefore, that Parliaments have no authority to interfere with the property of the individual any more than they have with the faculties of the individual ;

" 3. Believes that the consent of an individual as regards his own actions is one of the most sacred things in the world, and cannot be rightly thrust on one side by laws, or by majorities, or by any physical force ;

" 4. Believes that this law of self-ownership is the great moral law underlying all relations of men to each other, and whenever it is departed from on any plea whatever, confusion, oppression, and suffering of many kinds must result, and that true progress becomes impossible, &c."

Yet in *The Free Life*, August 1894, we find the following :

" OBJECTING TO PAY RATES.—In Kerry they object to paying rates. Mr. Morley states (H. of C., June 19), that the bailiffs were employed making seizures on behalf of the Killarney Board of Guardians, and that twelve police attended as escort. Is it quite certain that we shall always pay rates and taxes ? *I resolutely preach the faithful payment of rent, for that is a voluntary contract between man and man ; and if we cannot stand faithfully by our voluntary contracts, the world's work cannot go on ;*¹ but how many of us have agreed to pay rate and tax ? How many of us are going to pay during the coming ages ?

It is difficult to know what to make of such contradictory utterances. One can only say that it is impossible to credit those who make them with both common honesty and common sense. The greater the honesty of purpose we credit them with, the less their intelligence ; and the greater their intelligence, the less their honesty.

I challenge Mr. Spencer, and all others whom it may concern, to show what are "the just claims of existing owners"—land—"owners," that is to say—as such ; and also to demonstrate in what respect Mr. George's proposals exhibit "avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners." Does he propose to confiscate or to take away from the land—"owners" anything that rightfully belongs to them ? Does he not merely propose to "confiscate the power of confiscation ?"

In the letter to Mr. M. D. O'Brien, the publication of which gave rise to no little controversy in the *Daily Chronicle* in August last, Mr. Spencer said :

" I originally thought that after due compensation had been made to existing landowners, the community would benefit by taking the land into its own hands, whereas I have since then concluded that the transaction would be a losing one for the community. If due compensation were made there would not be a balance of gain, but a balance of loss. Hence

¹ Italics mine.

I have argued that it would be better that the existing system should continue."

Compensation, however, is not due to the landlords. Said Emerson, the great American philosopher, when the question of compensation was mooted during the Anti-Slavery campaign :

"Pay ransom to the owner :
And fill the cup to the brim ;
But who is the owner ? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him."

And in answer to all demands for compensation to landowners we may as justly say, "The people were ever the owners ; pay them." The landed classes, if they prate too much of compensation, will inevitably be hoist with their own petard.

The central point of Mr. George's proposals is the taxation of land values. Now what is it that confers on land an exchange value ? Simply the fact that the landlord, by his ownership of the land, is enabled to appropriate to himself in the shape of rent a portion of the fruits of the labour of others without returning an equivalent. Unless the ownership of land confers that power—unless, in short, the ownership of land carries with it the power to enslave, to a greater or less extent, one's fellows, land has no value whatever. Title deeds, in fact, are taxing charters ; the private appropriation of rent is, in plain terms, robbery ; and land ownership is but another and a subtler form of man ownership. The landowner, *quâ* landowner, produces no wealth, nor did he make the land. All wealth is produced by the application of labour and capital to the land, and belongs of right to those who have created it. There is no spontaneously generated surplus for non-producers. It is inevitable, therefore, that to whatever extent the landowner receives that which he has not earned, those who do the work of the world must to that extent go short of what they have earned—must to that extent be enslaved.

This use of the word agrees in every respect with Mr. Spencer's own definition of the essence of slavery. On page 34 of *Man versus the State*, with the view of showing that all socialism involves slavery, he asks :

"What is essential to the idea of a slave ? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labours under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. . . . What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of slavery as more or less severe ? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labour is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. . . . The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labour for other benefit than his own, and how much

can he labour for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labour for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and towards such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us."

Well might the Socialist, turning to the landlord, exclaim, "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*—Just change the name and the same might be said about you."

But, argue the pseudo-individualists, if each individual has no right to the rent, a community composed of one million, or a hundred millions, of such individuals can have no right to the rent. Nothing multiplied by one million, or by one hundred millions, is yet nothing. Beautifully simple, is it not? But what says the right of property enunciated above—the right of the producer to the product of his toil. If that right holds good for the individual, it holds good also for the community. Now mark: Apart from population, land has no value. It can have no value till at least two persons want the same piece, and its value rises with each increase in the number of competitors. As population increases, land values rise; as population decreases, land values fall; and were population to disappear, land values would also disappear. Land values, in fact, are created by, and therefore belong to, the whole community.

From what has gone before it will be seen that land monopoly involves aggression in one of its most insidious and most iniquitous forms, and that the principles of true individualism—which, I take it, aims at securing to each man a fair field and no favour—if carried to their logical conclusion, demand, not only the State appropriation of ground rent, but the abolition of all other monopolies by means of which those who control them are enabled to "reap where they have not sown and to gather where they have not sowed." Tariff monopolies, as Mr. George has shown, would disappear on the abolition of tariffs; while he contends that other monopolies, such as railroads, post-office and telegraphs, gas, water, electric light, and tramways, should be either nationalised or municipalised on payment of fair compensation for actual plant, rolling-stock, &c. Personally, I am inclined to think that it would be found possible to combine freedom from the evils of monopoly with the benefits to be derived from free competition, by taxing up to its full rental value all land occupied by the buildings, rails, pipes, or wires of the aforesaid monopolies, and also taking every year for public purposes the full annual value of the privileges granted by the State or the municipality to such concerns. So much is logically demanded by individualism itself, even though pseudo-individualists

may consider it "a scheme going more than halfway to State Socialism."

Had individualism been thus presented to the masses, there can be no doubt that the present demand for absurd, arbitrary, and, under free conditions, unnecessary restrictions would not exist.

The bugbears of the socialist are capital and competition. While the individualist regards competition as the balance wheel of economics, and looks upon capital as the ally of labour, the socialist sees in competition an economic Juggernaut grinding the worker down by "iron laws," and, regarding the capitalist as the inveterate foe of labour, sees no hope of deliverance except in the State absorption of capital—"the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange."

Now the interests of capital and labour, had they but the common sense to see it, are identical. Capital and labour should be friends, not foes. For what is capital? Capital, as a matter of fact, is but "stored-up labour," and interest is but "stored-up wages." Land and labour are the primary essentials to the production of wealth. Capital is only a secondary factor, such *labour products* as are fitted to assist labour in the production of further wealth being termed by the economist "capital." It is because of the assistance rendered by capital to labour that the users of capital are willing to pay interest. When one man aids another in the production of wealth it is held that he has a just claim to share in the resulting product. Capital assists labour in the production of wealth; may not capital, then, justly claim a share of the proceeds? Interest is in no sense a deduction from wages, it simply represents that portion of the joint product of labour and capital which is due to the assistance rendered by capital. It may be justly urged that under present conditions capital often oppresses labour and exacts an undue profit at the expense of wages, but that is only possible when the labourer is denied access to the land and is, as it were, bound hand and foot and handed over to the tender mercies of the capitalist. Granted freedom of access to the land, the labourer would be independent of the capitalist, but the capitalist could not do without labour, for if not constantly renewed and kept in good repair his capital would quickly deteriorate and disappear. The rate of interest would thus be kept at a just and reasonable level by the fact that if the capitalist's demands were exorbitant the labourer would simply leave him severely alone and set to work on the land on his own account, and could readily produce all the capital he required.

In his *Merrie England* Mr. Robert Blatchford (*Nunquam*), who "goes the whole hog" on State Socialism, twice quotes with approval the following passage from John Stuart Mill:

"When men talk of the ancient wealth of a country, of riches inherited from ancestors, and similar expressions, the idea suggested is, that the

riches so transmitted were produced long ago, at the time when they are said to have been first acquired, and that no portion of the capital of a country was produced this year, except so much as may have been this year added to the total amount. The fact is far otherwise.

"The greater part in value of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months. A very small proportion indeed of that large aggregate was in existence ten years ago; of the present productive capital of the country scarcely any part, except farm houses and factories, and a few ships and machines, and even these would not in most cases have survived so long, if fresh labour had not been employed within that period in putting them into repair.

"The land subsists, and the land is almost the only thing that subsists. Everything which is produced perishes, and most things very quickly.

"Capital is kept in existence from age to age, not by preservation, but by perpetual reproduction."

Surely it is only necessary to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the above to see that, granted access to the land, labour could no longer be oppressed by the capitalist. It must also be obvious that, under conditions of economic freedom, the idle capitalist, the mere "sleeping partner," would quickly disappear. No business concern weighted with such an incubus could long compete successfully against those not so burdened.

And now let us just briefly view this question from the standpoint of practical politics.

The rental value of the land of the United Kingdom, apart altogether from the improvements made by the individual owner or occupier, is variously estimated at from £160,000,000 to £200,000,000. Were the State, therefore, to appropriate this value to public purposes by means of a tax on ground rents, it could readily afford to remit the whole of the £128,000,000 of rates and taxes now levied upon trade and industry. The relief from so great a burden would give a tremendous fillip to manufacture and commerce, and the demand for labour would, therefore, be greatly increased, and wages would rise by leaps and bounds. But the stimulus given to trade and industry by the breaking down of the barriers of land monopoly would be greater by far. The tax would be levied upon the full annual value of the land, whether the land were put to use or not, and, as a consequence, the 18,000,000 acres now held out of use, and the millions of acres only half used, would be forced into the market, and rendered accessible to him who would put them to their best use. Rents, therefore, would fall.

Moreover, the workers would then be able to obtain allotments at a reasonable rate. What the effect of that would be may be readily gauged by the results obtained on Lord Carrington's estates. There the labourers can hire the land at the same rental as is paid by the farmers, and it is shown that one man working five acres can make a clear return of from 26s. to 30s. per week. That wage would, therefore, quickly become the minimum wage throughout the

country, and a great improvement in the general conditions of labour, both in town and country, would ensue. No man would work for another for longer hours, for lower wages, or under worse conditions than he need work for himself on the land.

To those who may be disposed to object that the rise in wages would be set off by a corresponding rise in prices, I would point out that with rents lowered, and the present rates and taxes abolished, the cost of production would be much less than now; and that the greater demand resulting from higher wages would tend to lower prices, since goods can be much more cheaply produced in large quantities than in small.

Of course, it would be too much to expect that the present, or any other Government, should at one coup introduce the system of taxation advocated above, but every step in that direction will tend to relieve trade and industry of the present deadweight of rates and taxes, to loosen the grip of the land monopolist, to give the labourer access to the land on more reasonable terms, and therefore to raise wages. The enemy should be attacked simultaneously, both in front and rear, by gradually abolishing the rates and taxes now levied on labour and labour products, and as gradually replacing them by a tax on ground rents.

There is at present supposed to be a tax of 4s. in the pound on land values, but instead of bringing in from £32,000,000 to £40,000,000 it brings in only a paltry £1,050,000, being levied, not on the values of 1894, but on those of 1692. The demands of the English Land Restoration League that this tax should be enforced on present values, and that the tax should be increased by yearly increments of 1s. in the pound until it reached 20s. in the pound is an eminently reasonable one. The present Government is pledged to the taxation of land values, and were Sir William Harcourt to impose a tax of even only 1s. in the pound he would net a revenue of from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000, which would enable him not only to redeem other pledges, such as payment of members, payment of election expenses, and abolition of breakfast-table duties, but to go some distance in the direction of old age pensions.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote the eloquent passage with which Mr. Spencer concludes his postscript to *The Study of Sociology* :

"Here, then, is an ample field for efforts that must, beyond all question, be beneficent. If, as above shown, more evil than good eventually results from measures which give to individual citizens benefits which their individual efforts have given them no claims to; then, contrariwise, more benefits than evils, if not pure benefits, will eventually result from measures which ensure to them the full advantages due to their efforts. Enforcement of justice is nothing else than maintenance of the conditions to life as carried on in the social state. And the more completely justice is enforced, the higher will the life become."

ARTHUR WILBY.

A COLONIAL HOME RULE QUESTION.

THE solution of the Irish Home Rule Question is not the only one likely to prove a source of trouble and difficulty to our legislators and statesmen. One equally as difficult of settlement is about to be thrust upon their notice, and from an unexpected source—our colonies. There cannot be much doubt that the latter have not enjoyed their fair share of the time and attention of the Imperial Legislature, and that their interests have in consequence suffered. Largely owing to this, the dissatisfaction which exists in many of our leading colonies as to the terms of their relationship or connection with the Mother Country is fast approaching the breaking point.

The colonies, using the term in its broadest sense, including for this purpose all the foreign possessions of Britain, but excluding India and those situated in Europe, may for all practical purposes be divided into two classes—Crown colonies and colonies in possession of responsible government. The former would include all the smaller possessions, the latter the larger and more important colonies, embracing as it does, Canada, the Australasian colonies and the Cape Colony.

The Crown colonies may be divided into two divisions. In the former division is placed those possessions, whose affairs are administered by a nominee of the home authorities, who acts under their instructions, with the advice and assistance of the chief officials of the colony, who, however, are also appointed to their positions by the Home Government. The Governor and these officials between them manage and administer the internal as well as the external affairs, promulgate and carry into execution the laws of the land, and impose such taxation as is necessary for the proper government of the colony, and collect and disburse such revenues. Under such a system the colonists have little, if any, share in the management of their own political and economical government. Their chief duty is to obey laws, in the framing of which they have had no share, and to contribute towards a revenue, in whose expenditure they have no controlling influence, but as a corresponding advantage they have the protection of the Crown authorities as regards their lives and possessions. Whilst recognising the value of these latter privileges, many of the colonists are averse to this mode of government, and are anxious to have some share in framing the laws of the land in

which they have established their homes. They contend that the present system is bad for all concerned—for the home authorities as well as the colonists themselves. Their argument is, that it is impossible for a Governor, who comes to the country whose affairs he is to administer, ignorant of its circumstances and conditions, to conduct its affairs in a proper manner, without the assistance and advice of those whom he is to govern, especially as he is trammelled by the orders of the home authorities, who are in a worse position than he, since they have some slight knowledge of the country, which is usually of an erroneous kind. In addition, they contend that political exigencies often dictate the policy adopted in the colony, apart altogether from the benefits and evils likely to result from such a course of conduct to the colony itself. Too often the administrator of the colony has been sent from another colony, where he has no doubt acquired a reputation with the Imperial authorities for wise and faithful administration. In his new seat of government the same administrator, however, may not be so successful. Many forget that different climes have different needs and capacities, and too often endeavour to proceed upon the same lines of administration which they have adopted in their last sphere of influence. With preconceived ideas of the capacities of a country which he has not seen confusion is bound to ensue. The wisest administrator is he who recognises that he has to study the country, its people and its requirements, and is willing to disabuse his mind of all the preconceived notions which he had of governing the land, views formed when he was ignorant both of its capacities and demands. For the first few years the administrator has to learn his duties and the means of accomplishing these to the best advantage. Just as he recognises this so successful will his administration be. Unfortunately the Governor has to vacate his position when he has arrived at the period when his services are likely to be of some advantage. By the time he has acquired some insight into the proper means of governing the land entrusted to his care his period of office expires and a new administrator takes his place with whom the same difficulties are bound to arise. Under such a system it would be next to impossible to expect any stable or proper means of government. Of course the Governor has his advisers in the colony, but in most cases these are of the official class, consisting mainly of his Colonial Secretary and the Chief Justice of the land. Apart altogether from the fact that these officials are importations from England who are strangers in a strange land, they have stereotyped notions, and their views are not in keeping with the majority of those under their rule, from whom they form a distinct and privileged class. Red-tapeism and officialdom are the prevailing principles of the government, and when to these are added the

restraints imposed upon the government by the home authorities, the difficulties in the way of proper administration are enormous. When the population of the colony is a small one, the murmurs of discontent are not so loud, but when a colony, despite the faults of its administration, begins to grow in its people these become both loud and numerous. Downing Street, as the Home Colonial Office is termed, officialdom and red-tapeism, become the bugbears of the colonist, and he does not attempt to disguise his contempt for the home authorities. The colonist thinks that he knows far better how to govern his own country than a set of officials or politicians removed some thousands of miles away from the scene of operations. He pesters the home authorities with his views on the subject, and demands as his rights the privileges of framing the laws which he will have to obey, of imposing the taxation which he will have to pay, and of supervising its proper expenditure. The only means by which these can be accomplished, he contends, is by the remodelling of the system of government. He demands a legislature, to which he can return his representatives, who will assist the governor in administering the affairs of the colony. By these means the views of the colonists will become known, and their affairs administered in a better manner than they have heretofore been performed. Persistent representations on the part of some of the colonies have resulted in their receiving a portion of their demands.

The home authorities have in some instances modified their methods of government and have allowed the institution of a Legislature in some of these colonies to advise and assist the Governor in the administration of their affairs. These colonies may be said to form the second division of the Crown colonies. This concession to the wishes of the colonists is, however, more apparent than real, though for a time it satisfied the demands of the colonists. In such colonies the home authorities have still retained the controlling influence, as if fearful of the dangers likely to ensue from entrusting the conduct of affairs to the colonists themselves. The Governor nominates one-half of the members of the Legislature, these members consisting mainly of the permanent officials; the remainder of the members are returned by the colonists themselves, and may be said to be representative of the public opinion of the colony. The legislative procedure is very much fashioned upon the lines adopted in the Imperial Houses of Legislature. This legislative body forms a consulting and advising board to the Governor, passing and enacting laws for the good government of the colony, as well as imposing taxation for these purposes and disbursing its revenues. The colonists, however, have no voice in the employment of any of their officials, or of those responsible for the administering of their laws. These are appointed by the home

authorities or by their representative in the colony, the Governor. This evil has not been remedied. Of this class Natal may be taken as a representative colony.

The great cause of complaint consists in the constitution of the Legislature. Under its present arrangement, the home authorities have generally the majority in the House, owing to the presence of their nominees; hence they have the power of passing such legislation as befits them, whether the colonists are averse to it or not. The Governor has it thus in his power to set colonial opinion at defiance, either by passing measures, with the aid of his nominees, which, in the opinion of the colonists are inimical to their best interests, or, by means of the same nominees, rejecting any legislation which may have been introduced by the representatives of the colonists as absolutely essential for the welfare and progress of the colony. Even if this check should not be sufficient, owing to the nominees not proving sufficiently subservient to the wishes of the home authorities, the Governor has it in his power to veto any legislation which may have passed the Legislature by refusing his assent thereto or to consent to its promulgation. This power he has in reserve, and the possession of it arms the home authorities with the virtual control of the whole of the legislation of the colony. This, the colonist maintains, is unfair to the colonies, and virtually deprives him of the benefits which the home authorities have professed to grant to him. Responsible government is the cry of these colonies, and probably ere long their demands will be acceded to, when they are in a sufficiently strong position to justify the granting of such privileges.

It is doubtful, however, if their demands will rest at this point, for the colonies possessing the privileges of responsible government are themselves dissatisfied. It is true that they manage their own internal as well as external affairs, and that the power of the home authorities is reduced to a minimum, according to the views of the latter. No law can be promulgated until it has received the assent of the Legislature of such a colony, a Legislature which is, or should be, really representative of the colonists themselves, seeing that it is appointed by themselves, and that the home authorities have no power to nominate members thereof, and cannot interfere in the election for its members. Each of such colonies has its Cabinet of Ministers, who carry on and conduct its affairs, and who are responsible alone to the Legislature, who have entrusted to them the management of the affairs of their country. The Ministry act as an advising board to the nominee of the home authorities, and it is more than questionable if the Governor has the right of dismissing his advisers without the consent and sanction of the colony's Legislative body. All the officials of such a colony, from the Chief Justice down to the doorkeepers, excepting the Governor and the

members of his staff, are in the appointment of the Legislature, or rather in the Ministry enjoying its confidence. In short, the Government in such colonies proceeds very much on the same lines as it does in England. The home authorities contend that the widest of liberty is conceded to such colonies in the management and arrangement of their own affairs, and that it is impossible to extend the privileges already granted without severing the tie now existing between the Mother Country and her dependency. The colonists recognise the value of the concessions granted to them, but many of them are now commencing to agitate for a still further concession, which is likely to prove a bone of contention between the home authorities and the colonies, and the treatment of which will require delicate manipulation. Practically the Governor of such a colony is there merely to watch the course of legislation on behalf of the home authorities, and to watch that their interests in the colonies are not endangered thereby. For this purpose no law can be promulgated or put into force in any colony until it has received the assent of the home authorities' representative, despite the fact that it may have passed the Legislature of such a colony unanimously, and be approved of by the colonists themselves. This power of veto has been claimed but sparingly hitherto, but the power to do so exists. It is against this last and almost sole surviving privilege claimed by the home authorities in the management of her colony's affairs that an opposition is now arising. The opinion of the colonists themselves are not unanimous upon the point, for the question has only lately been mooted, but there is a large and gradually increasing section of colonial politicians who are looking with disfavour on this right claimed by the home authorities. On the one hand it is contended by the rising school of colonial politicians who are opposed to the claim of the home authorities in this particular, that their Legislature, being, as it is, the representative and exponent of the wishes and feelings of the people themselves, is a better judge of what is best for the requirements and good government of their own land than a stranger whom accident has sent to preside over its deliberations, ignorant as he is of the circumstances and conditions of the people, the requirements of the colony and the best means of meeting these. In addition they maintain that an occasion might ensue when the interests of the Mother Country and the colony might be in conflict, and that any legislation enacted in the colony, even if it were for its own self-preservation, stood little chance, amid the circumstances of being promulgated. Such briefly is their contention.

The older school of colonial politicians maintain that the right of veto reserved upon colonial legislation by the home authorities is a judicious step, hindering as it does the passing of measures in times of panic and alarm, which with more serious consideration and

in calmer moments would never have been entertained. They maintain that the colonists have not much to complain of since the power of veto claimed by the home authorities is rarely exercised. In the few cases where the Governor has used his privilege he has never himself vetoed such legislation, but has merely delayed the promulgation of such laws until he has obtained the advice and consent of the home authorities. In such cases there may have been delay, but in matters of vast importance to the welfare of the colony, legislation cannot be rushed through with undue haste. To abolish this power of veto reserved to themselves by the home authorities would be to make the colonies altogether independent of the Mother Country, and to reduce the Governor to the position of a mere figure-head in the colony. At present the colonists have as much liberty and freedom of action as they can reasonably desire, and certainly as much as is consistent with the true interests of the Empire as a whole. They are allowed to manage the internal as well as the external affairs of their colonies, and they exercise their rights with considerable latitude and freedom.

The supporters of the home authorities contend that, instead of the colonists having reason to complain, it is the Mother Country who has abundant cause not only to be dissatisfied but to be alarmed at the manner in which she is being treated by her colonies. She is placed at the expense of keeping up large armaments, to which the colonies are asked to contribute nothing—directly at least—towards their support, for the purpose of maintaining the prestige of the Empire, in the benefits and glory resulting from which the colonies derive their full share—nay, their present position and protection. The Mother Country makes large sacrifices, and it is but natural that she should expect something in return. Yet many of the colonies, so far from being grateful, are the very reverse. Willing to receive as many advantages as the Mother Country is disposed to confer upon them, the colonies refuse to contribute in return anything like a proportionate or adequate compensating return. The benefit which the Mother Country naturally expects is trading facilities with her colonies—that is to say, that no undue or unfair restrictions will be placed in the path of her traders entering into and competing for the trade of the colonies—no great restriction upon their freedom nor development—and this is not even demanded as a right, but rather asked as a privilege in return for the favours and benefits conferred. The colonists, however, in a number of cases, are not disposed to grant this return, but, on the contrary, have gone to the extreme limit of virtually closing their ports to home manufacturers owing to the high protective tariffs which they have placed upon all manufactures entering their ports which have not been made or are not the produce of their soil. It is true that these restrictions apply equally to articles of foreign

manufacture as well as British, but they do not appreciate the concessions made by the Mother Country.

On these grounds, the older school of colonial politicians argue that as long as the colonies form an integral portion of the British Empire it is but right and just that the Mother Country should have some share in the government of the colonies, even if it be only the right of annulling legislation which may be inimical to the best interests of the empire as a whole, though it may have proved advantageous to the colony framing such legislation. The greatest good of the greatest number must triumph. Were it otherwise, the colonies would prove the continual source of embroilment and expense to the Mother Country, without returning any corresponding or compensating advantages. They contend that those who are agitating in this matter desire to have everything and to give nothing in return. They desire to derive a portion of the benefits and glory involved in the connection with the Mother Country without paying the price for such advantages. The colonies cannot complain that the Mother Country has been a hard taskmaster. They contribute nothing, directly, at least, towards the expenses of the Empire which gives them their position and their protection. Further, it is contended that if the matter be viewed in its proper light, it is better for the colonies themselves that this power of veto claimed by the home government should be allowed, for it prevents the enactment of measures which may be grossly unfair towards certain sections of its populace; and this is particularly the case in colonies where the native forms no inconsiderable section of the populace: and the native question is the difficulty of the day. Prejudice in too many cases would prove to be the cause of legislation which, judged on equitable grounds, should never have been enacted. In such a case the Home Government acts as an impartial arbiter between the contending factions; and the fact that they have this power of veto reserved to themselves prevents many a gross injustice.

Such in brief is the problem which awaits solution; but it is questionable whether the matter will be allowed to remain there. There cannot be much doubt that there is a growing tendency in the leading colonies to separate and dissociate themselves from the Mother Country. A variety of reasons conduces to this change of opinion on their part, but chief amongst these are trade ones. The maxim that "trade follows the flag" is fast becoming an exploded notion, and the colonies themselves have begun to give practical proof of that fact. Sooner or later, despite the exertions of the Mother Country, the colonies will separate themselves from her jurisdiction, and form independent States; it is their inevitable tendency. That they have not done so before this is largely due to the fact that sentiment has influenced the older colonists; but as the colonies are advancing in age, a younger generation is springing

up, to whom the Mother Country is but a mere figment of speech. Their mother country is the country in which they have been born, reared and educated. They have new ideas, hopes and aspirations, in which their country is the central figure. Canada and the Australasian colonies all bear witness to this, and it is in a modified extent the desire of many South Africans, who have no connection or relationship with England or its people.

It is but natural that it should be so. Sons leave their parents, and form homes of their own, independent of the restraining or controlling influence of the family, though all filial regard has not been cast off, and why should it not hold equally true with regard to the colonies? Statesmen will have to recognise this sooner or later, and the sooner the better for all parties concerned. Nor will it be disadvantageous to the Mother Country if this should come to pass, for at the present time the possession of the colonies having a responsible government of their own is not attendant with exceptional advantages to the Mother Country. The colonies afford her no exceptional trading facilities or advantages, but, on the contrary, buy their goods in the cheapest market, whether it be English or foreign. Amid such circumstances the Mother Country is bound in any case to retain the share of trade she already possesses, and self-interest alone would induce the colonies to send as much of their customers to the world's market as they possibly could. As a field for investment, the colonies will remain then, as at present, only too willing to receive British gold to develop their resources. In brief, England will suffer as little from the loss of the colonies as she does from the United States.

The fear that the colonies in their new position might impose protective tariffs, thus shutting out our goods, need cause no alarm, for, in many cases, even under their present mode of government, it has been done already. At present the Mother Country derives no more advantage from the colonies as spheres for trade and investment purposes than she does from the United States. And from the point of view of a field for immigration purposes there is a growing tendency in many of the colonies to devise means for preventing the wholesale immigration into their territories of England's surplus population, and this, the only real ground upon which the intention of the colonies can be advocated, will soon be a thing of the past. Britain will have soon to look for other fields for these purposes—in her younger colonies, until they also in their turn begin to struggle for release from the apron strings of the Mother Country.

Though the growth of this feeling of a desire for complete independence on the part of the colonies has been slow it has nevertheless been sure, and the desire is perfectly accountable. The colonies have in many instances rival and conflicting interests, and the same thing which is advantageous or a matter of indifference to one of the

Mother Country's dependencies may be extremely disadvantageous and hurtful to the others. As an illustration, Australia is a wool-growing country, and it is to her interest to enlist the sympathies of the continental nations for the disposal of her wool and produce; whereas Canada may be regardless of such sympathies as being independent of them. If Britain should have an embroilment with one or other of the continental nations, in such a case it is obviously to the disadvantage of Australia, whose trade not only will be disturbed, but who will be subject to the attacks of a nation with whom it is her interest to be on good terms. The colonies have not much interest in the disputes between the various European States, excepting in so far as it interferes with their trade, though the Mother Country has—hence, in this important particular alone, the two interests clash. And it is because of these various conflicting interests that separation is bound to come sooner or later, and it is mainly owing to this that the Imperial Federation scheme hangs fire. With the older colonist sentiment may largely influence his views in favour of such a scheme, but with the younger colonist local patriotism is placed before Imperialism. He does not understand why he should be dragged into quarrels with which he has practically no concern, and spend his blood and treasure. Such views are Quixotic to him; his politics are summed up in one word—self-interest; that is his guiding principle; sentiment has no place in his ideas of statecraft.

Nor need it be a source of discomfort to those who are anxious for the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Were it in danger, the colonies, even if separated from the Mother Country, would in their own self-interest help to assist Britain if she were on the verge of political extinction. Who doubts in such an extremity but that Cousin Jonathan, despite his differences with us on minor points, would assist to prevent such a catastrophe. There need be no fear of the latest development, even though it results, as it ultimately will, in the establishment of several English-speaking countries. It is but a development of the times in which we live, and is another specimen of the vigour and virility of the Anglo-Saxon race, another proof that the race is not dormant nor likely to be.

J. MACLACHLAN.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S NATURE POETRY.

I. EARTH AND MAN.

IN George Meredith's poetry, as in Robert Browning's, there is great intellectual power of a very subtle kind, and swift and piercing vision. Both these men are thinkers as well as poets.

The thinker and the poet are always closely akin. A poet is a thinker breaking forth into song. And a great poet is ever a great thinker and seer. Poetry is the outward sign and symbol of an inward and spiritual grace. The thought of genuine poetry ever has a poetic form, to which fitting expression must be given in order to reach the highest poetic level. Thought which can be most fitly and adequately expressed in prose is not made poetic simply by giving it a setting in verse. Whenever genuine poetry is spoiled by its thoughtfulness, it is either because the form of thought is unpoetic, or because the poet lacks artistic power to give poetic thought fitting expression.

The style of these two poets appears to fit their thought closely enough, and their thought has poetic form; and yet the style of their poetry does not rank high. This is to be explained by the fact that the form of their thought is not always poetic in a high degree. There is too often a quaintness, and crookedness, and what looks like perverseness, about much of it; and giving genuine expression to it tends to prevent much of their poetry from attaining the highest degree of excellence.

But whatever may be said against the artistic quality of a portion of their work, it may be affirmed, without fear of dissent, that their poetry contains profound and vivifying thought about man and the world in which he dwells. And what can be more delightful to us in our brightest and highest moments, or more helpful in our saddest, than to find such thought in lofty and moving poetry?

On certain fundamental philosophical and religious questions Browning keeps nearer the old lines than Meredith does: the spirit of his poetry is more distinctly religious. Meredith is less influenced in his interpretation of things by current beliefs.

To both these poets there is an external and eternal power, not ourselves, which they both recognise as living and spiritual. Browning calls it God, Meredith Nature. The world means

intensely for them, and, on the whole, means good. They both see with the utmost sureness of vision that life all through is an inevitable struggle, and also that this struggle is a necessary condition of all physical and intellectual and social and spiritual progress. It is of the very essence of life to be ever striving to be: the vital force is an ever-contending force. Man must always be a fighter in his twofold life of flesh and spirit.

In their treatment of Nature a difference between these two poets is discernible—in the rank and place they assign to Nature. In Browning's poetry Nature occupies a very subordinate place: Meredith makes Nature equal, if not superior to man. It is the greater which includes the less. To Browning, Nature's phases and processes are hardly anything more, in their relation to the life of man and the development of soul, than incidents helping him forward, or checking and thwarting him. Nature is the background of his great human picture. To Meredith, Nature is an all-powerful living presence and energy, ever influencing the lives of men. Nature is in man, and man is in Nature. Nature encompasses him everywhere: in her he lives and moves and has his being. She is the potter, and he is the clay.

When we come to the details of his presentation, we find him delineating her beauty, her tenderness, her harshness, her sternness, her responsiveness, and her indifference to our human cries, her capriciousness and her law-abidingness—delineating her under all these aspects without attempting to do much to reconcile them. While giving them a poetic setting, he does not let fancy run away with him, and impose upon him things which have little or no correspondence with reality. It is of the actual, the real, he ever thinks and writes. Whether he would say with Browning, in *Fra Lippo Lippi*, that God meant artists to paint things in such a way that men seeing the pictures might learn to love the things themselves, is uncertain. He does not appear to have troubled himself about a matter of this sort. As he sees things, so he will portray them; that is all. He has no moral to point, nor tale to adorn, nor creed to support, but simply to tell us what he sees. Of one thing we soon become assured as we go on with our reading—namely, that Nature is very much more to him than a great picture gallery, or storehouse of subjects from which to select something to write about for the delectation of idle people.

His presentation of Nature is distinguished for its realism, and at the same time for its intellectuality, and its spirituality. In his poetry Nature appeals to eye and ear, to all our senses, but appeals also no less emphatically to our inward spiritual vision. She is a thing of beauty and sublimity and awe and terror; but she is also a great spiritual power shaping our inner and outer lives, and weaving our destiny. Hence it is impossible for Meredith to present

Nature as having for her chief function to play the part of supplying a background to human life; he cannot assign her a subordinate position. If we should say that Nature had to prepare for and lead up to man as her highest end, Meredith would insist that Nature has not abdicated since man appeared, but finds in him wider scope for her rule and activity. Man is, and Nature is; but Nature was first, and without her, man had not been. Men pass, but she abides; the children perish, but the mother survives. Between the two there is a continual interchange of give and take; but man ever takes so much more than he gives, and gives only what he has first received from her; and in the end it is man who has to surrender and disappear. The relationship between them is wonderfully close; more closely united are they than mother and child of human kind. The earth-mother influences and guides and controls her child throughout all his life; we children of men never pass out of her hands.

In Meredith, Nature is no mere synonym for the sum of material existences; she is a thing alive, with blood, and brain, and spirit: the source of our complex physical, and intellectual, and moral life. She is the grand reality with which we have ever to do, whatever our dreams and beliefs. She must be obeyed and followed with unswerving loyalty. To her we must betake ourselves when in need of help. But we must be prepared to find her ready to contend against us. She will wrestle with us, as the man in the dream wrestled with Jacob, provoking us to strive with her. She challenges us to combat, not sham combat, but intensely real, and gives hard blows. But we must still trust and not be afraid, fighting ever the good fight of faith. Thus shall we grow in knowledge of her true self and come to love her. Without deep and abiding confidence and sympathy we shall misjudge her and so bring confusion into our thought and life.

Though, then, Meredith's presentation of Nature is on the whole such as to win our confidence, it is plain that he does not wish to convey the impression that only smiles and winsome ways are to be looked for from her, and that the chief thing we have to do is to wait for her to drop luscious fruits into our laps. She does spread rich feasts for us and bids us eat, drink, and be merry; but when we are seated at the festive board she often suddenly scares us with the shroud which she dangles before our eyes. Then again, she compels us to take up arms against her, and puts forth all her strength as if to overpower us. If we can, she will let us wrest from her all she has it in her power to bestow: if faint-hearted or irresolute we must not expect to get much. Power, skill, shrewdness, these win her respect and secure her prizes. Weakness, ineptitude, obtuseness, she leaves to the tender mercies of fate.

But let us turn at once to some of the poems. *The Woods of Westermain* is perhaps the best to begin with. It is the first poem

in the volume of *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*. In it the poet, in the very first lines, starts with the following challenge, which is several times repeated in the course of the poem :

“ Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare.”

We are thus given fair warning at the outset, that if we enter these woods we shall have need of courage, and must, if we are to stand our ground and find enjoyment there, show no fear nor distrust. If we lose our self-control and give way to terror, then

“ Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.”

If we will, we may find pleasures of all kinds ; pleasures in abundance for the senses, and food and enjoyment in rich profusion for intellect and soul. But to make them ours we must be full of trust and sympathy ; we must look with soul as well as with eyes. It is vain to scan the mere surface of things, we must try to peer right down into the very heart of them, and read Nature's deeper meanings. If we do this steadily and resolutely we shall discover, notwithstanding some appearances to the contrary, and certain hostile whisperings, that Nature is really full of kindness and sweetness.

Before we have read far in this poem it becomes very evident that the poet is thinking of something else, as well as of these wonderful Woods of Westermain—of something in them, and something suggested by them, over and above what meets the eye and ear therein. They are delightful enough for their own sake, but more delightful, and fuller of meaning, because dear Earth shows us so much in them of herself. They yield us richer enjoyment and satisfaction when we regard them as a typical, though small, portion of a much larger whole. It were folly to pass by the outward beauty, but worse not to see how rich is the harvest to be reaped for thought and conduct.

One of the first things to which the poet calls our attention is the fact of the incessant movement and change going on everywhere in all things. Nothing remains just where it was, nor what it was. Change is ever on the wing, waving his magic wand, and transforming the shows and substances of things. The process of evolution is universal and perpetual ; all phenomena come within the scope of its operation, physical, organic, intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual.

“ The dust within the tomb
Is the inner blush above.”

“ Rose in brain from rose in blood ”

is ever budding. Brain is refined to mind, and mind modifies brain. Physical change leads up to life, and life gives birth to endless change. The law of variation is the law of progressing life, operating by means of selection.

In the case of man evolution involves contention with Nature. Nature forces us into conflict, and provokes us to revolt. Our progress and development can only be secured through conflict. Such triumph over the fleshly life as is necessary for the fuller life of the soul is only to be achieved in the life-long battle to which Nature calls us. The fleshly life is like the scaly dragon-fowl lying in wait for our blood. Got rid of he cannot be, but only held in check. Though so dangerous to our developing manhood, the fleshly life is the basis of our higher intellectual and spiritual life. And, moreover, it is itself capable of continual renovation. The crude animal that once was the whole man is becoming subordinate to our growing humanity. Brain and spirit tend towards greater predominance over the lower animal instincts and impulses that war against our higher life. The hope of the world lies in change, conflict, selection.

Here and there change ends in degeneration; but though the world's advance is so crooked, it seems none the less to be well assured, because of the persistence of human struggle.

"You have perchance observed the inebriate's track
At night, when he has quitted the one inn sign :
He plays diversions on the homeward line,
Still that way bent albeit his legs are slack :
A hedge may take him, but he turns not back,
Nor turns this burdened world of curving spine.
'Spiral,' the memorable Lady terms
Our mind's ascent : our world's advance presents
That figure on a flat—the way of worms."

The one thing that we need to do, when we go to study Nature and try to read her deeper meanings, is to take mind with us, and look at things with an eye more piercing than that of sense. Eye and ear cannot reach the profounder secrets of the world. We must take with us mind that is nourished by light.

"You must love the light so well
That no darkness will seem fell ;
Love it so you could accost
Fellowly a livid ghost."

As we stand looking and listening a great sound reaches our ears a sound, now full of harmony, now full of discord, passing soon into a sound in which there is an intermingling of mirth and woe. It is a wild song; yet is it also an ordered song. The predominant note is a long drawn-out wail, as of a sad creature gone astray, and

crying aloud to have the good threshed from the worthless in its fleshly life, even though the threshing should be severe. A few clear lamps are burning in the midst of the fatal marsh-damps to enlighten the darkness. But the fleshly life still holds its masterful sway over men, and can only be subdued and perfected by discipline and pain.

We grow perplexed and confused; doubt springs up within us, and we begin to distrust. The temptation to drown our thoughts in wine, or take some opiate draught, comes upon us forcefully. It is then that we have need of an unconquerable love of light to enable us to possess our souls in patience, while we diligently endeavour to spell out the meanings of things. But, surrender to the baser passions of the fleshly life, and flowers will begin to drop henbane and hellebore; beauty will become Nature's maniac, and hideousness will tumble and yelp in her track. Wisdom will lose her stateliness and become haggard and stumbling. Allegory run mad, will step in once more and beat her loud drums, while impiety will nibble and bite at all that is sacred. Girls will grow demon-like, and the multitudes become drenched in wallowing devilry. The last state will be worse than the first, the fleshly life predominating over brain and mind and soul, because an indomitable love of light has been wanting, when the facts of the world have been faced and a solution of its problems sought.

No one can portray more vividly than Meredith does the delight to be derived from Nature; but at the same time he most strongly insists that our life should be full of light, and be controlled by brain and spirit, not solely by the flesh; and that to find the completest satisfaction Nature can afford, mind and soul must have play no less than eyes and ears and sensuous impulses and longings. The heaven of things that is in the world about us, lies folded up within it, and has to be sought out by diligent search, and made ours by stout-hearted fighting.

Earth's wonderful history is full of suggestiveness, taking us back as it does to the time when "mind was mud," and carrying us on to the day when her great venture man was launched upon the world. From that far off time up to this present she has been the source and nourisher of our life and progress. She will perfect us, if she can have her way with us; failing that she will cast us as rubbish to the void.

The next poem to be noticed is *Earth and Man*. In this the poet's thoughts about the mutual relations of earth and man are more fully developed.

First, I will quote from Browning's *Paracelsus* some words concerning man's appearance and destiny, which read like an anticipation of the doctrine of evolution. Man is represented as

" the consummation of this scheme
 Of being, the completion of this sphere
 Of life: whose attributes had here and there
 Been scattered o'er the world before,
 Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant
 To be united in some wondrous whole,
 Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
 Suggesting some one creature yet to make,
 Some point where all those scattered rays should meet
 Convergent in the faculties of man.

All shape out dimly the superior race,
 The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false,
 And man appears at last. So far the seal
 Is put on life.
 . . . The grand result,
 explain
 Each back step in the circle."

Meredith makes man Earth's great *venture*, the outcome of which is doubtful. The conditions of human life and the complexities of human nature render it impossible to make a reliable forecast. "Man's heart involves his fate." The race in which he must run is not of his own choosing, nor the long battle in which it is so hard to win. A thousand powers and influences, more or less hostile, are arrayed against him, and nearly everything depends upon his courage. The equipment with which he starts, as well as the "plastic circumstance" in the midst of which his lot is cast, has much to do with the issue. "Earth abides the race," and the fight: whether he is to win depends upon himself.

Whatever his ancestry may have been, he is now no longer simply the lusty animal only needing to be spurred on by hunger to fight for his daily meal, as once, when his muscles were those of a giant, while his brain was like an infant's. By means of this struggle it is that he has outgrown the purely animal life: within him has been begotten the desire to comprehend somewhat of the significance of the world and his life therein; he would fain know whence he came and whither he is going. He failed in his attempt; but could not settle down content with his ignorance. Again and again he recommences the search, but without result. So he appeals to the Invisible to save him from the threatening doom. But alas! the Invisible is deaf to his cries and ravings. There were moments when Earth appeared to him prime of Powers, and heavenly; but even while he worshipped her he could not help feeling she was implacable. Growing distrust took possession of him: since it was impossible for him to comprehend how it was that, at the very feasts she herself had provided and adorned with flowers, she should strike him down as if he were nothing better than the brutes. Of his entreaties, his aspirations, his inward troubles, she took no heed.

But she cherishes those who are physically best endowed, and gives the race to the swift and the battle to the strong, even when the contest has confessedly passed out of the region of brute force, and claws and teeth, when, in a word, the battle has been transferred from ground covered with the blood of conquerors and conquered, to brain, from flesh to soul. Therefore man appeals again from Earth to the Invisible, craving for some little sign to be given of power outside Nature, and mightier than Nature. But once more the appeal is vain; no answer comes to justify his attempt to pass Nature by, and, if possible, circumvent her by turning to the Invisible; no sound, no voice is heard, no writing is to be seen on the sky, telling of comfort for his soul. Man is unfortunately so slow to discern the goodness that there is in Nature, so slow to learn the meaning of the discipline to which he is being subjected. Passion, or distrust, or greed, or terror, or suffering, obscures his vision and prevents him from seeing things as they really are. He is a poor wind-whipped, wave-tossed creature, the sport of circumstance.

But his bitter experiences bring him to see one thing at least with the utmost clearness, which he would most probably have failed to see if he could have appealed successfully from Earth to the Invisible. This one thing is, that he may, if he will, reach solid ground by obedience to law; that the purpose of the conflict of life may be seen to be the development of brain and fuller life of soul. The end aimed at he approves, but dislikes the method.

While on the one hand it is plain that man owes everything to Nature, it must also be recognised that Nature owes much to man.

“Earth was not Earth before her sons appeared,
Nor Beauty Beauty ere young Love was born.”

Man has clothed her with half her loveliness and so won her love; he has beautified the shapeless and the dun, their common foes. To him she owes the exchange of her haggard quarry features and savage wildness, for the harvest robes and the mural crown. He has established order and decency in life. And not least, it is through him that she has found audible and visible intelligible expression. And Earth is not slow to recognise the value of his work, and accord him her grateful love. She is gladdened by his wonderful achievements, but she is also saddened by his griefs, many of which spring from his inability to see and understand those things lying so near him, the understanding of which would prove his salvation. When in his grief he has cried to heaven, it was she who wrung the grievous cry from him; not meaning him to cry to heaven, but

“ to her
He would evade.”

To her the pity of it is that he would evade her if he could, and get what he wants on easier terms, by some royal road. He cannot be set free from the yoke and dominion of Earth; try as he will, he cannot evade her. To seek help against her is useless. If he desires to be strengthened against himself, it is to her he should turn to learn how to shake off foul sins. She inspires his revolt against dust and death as his sole destiny; supplies him with beautiful dreams, which, beyond doubt, with her aid he can transform into beautiful realities. In a word, through her he may come to know this life and her as spirit, though both are clothed in a material vesture.

If the senses had not so completely usurped the place of mind, he would ere now have burst out of his chrysalis-like condition. Some day he will—will wher. Earth's discipline, by means of the fiery trial he has to pass through, shall have purged him of the demon of selfishness, and driven him to the source of light to receive enlightenment as to the Real, that abides and passes not away.

Then he will re-peruse old fables and readings about the crown, the sword; about heaven, angels and devils with their hoofs and wings; and about his own hates and loves. And as he goes on with his reading, he will soon become aware, whatever his own feeling towards them may have been, that Earth has little respect for fables and legends, and casts upon them an alien look, which portends their destruction. Not on these things, but on man himself her regard is fixed: they have had their uses, but he is her chief expression, her great word of life. Yet she is in two minds about him, being uncertain whether to regard him as a tree destined still to grow and flourish, or as nothing better than a leaf whose days are numbered. Life is a genuine experiment: to make it successful rests in great part with man; much also depends upon circumstances. To no one human being can a triumphant issue be guaranteed. You cannot forecast this or that life's significance, nor foretell its end: uncertainty and mystery that cannot be dispelled hang about every human being.

Earth, too, has her own secret, which has been well kept. In her fields we may read some of her plainest pages; some things there are which bird, beast, and child can spell out, but there are others hard to understand, which can in truth be mastered at all only by a close inter-threading of Nature with human life. A knowledge of the story of the evolution of the world and humanity will furnish us with a clue for understanding in part the significance of the conjoint life of Earth and man. One thing will stand out with great clearness, namely, that there is no true and complete human life possible, save in closest fellowship with Earth, and in the practical as well as intellectual recognition of our dependence upon her, as the indirect and direct source of our physical and spiritual life.

The Invisible, to whom man often appeals, does not intervene to annul this dependence, nor set aside any of the earthly conditions of our life. Earth is everything to man: beside her there is no god, nor goddess, who can fill her place. She governs as well as reigns.

These are some of the points—perhaps they may be called leading points—to be noticed in the mutual relations of earth and man; but there are a few minor ones also which are worth glancing at here. Some of these may at first sight appear inconsistent with what has been said about the sweetness and kindliness of Earth, but it must be remembered that she has not been presented as being only kind and sweet. Take the sonnet on *The State of Age*. In this it is affirmed with brutal, though not unnecessary plainness, that Earth loves the young and strong and beautiful, and hates the old and feeble. These have had their day, and may as well cease to be with as little fuss as possible, and make room for the new favourites to dance merrily along the sunny ways of life. To what? To the same joyless state of age which Nature does not admire?

“Earth loves her young, a preference manifest;
Her gabbling grey she eyes askant.”

The old man carries a battered lamp; is like a dusty mantle hung on a loosened peg; is for this life an ancient egg, a tough bird; has a rudderless tongue, and is given to turning over dead trifles. Surely somebody is to blame for bringing man to such a pitiable ending as this? It is not pleasant reading, however true it be; not pleasant because the view it gives of Earth contrasts so unfavourably with what has been said of her spirituality. Truly, we need to look with soul to see it here! She is made a respecter of persons, indulging in favouritism, judging according to sense, not according to spirit, preferring flesh and blood, and the gaiety and beauty of youthfulness to brain and spirit and the ripe experience of age.

In Browning, too, we have a poem about age; and how different it is from this. The Rabbi affirms that age is better than youth:

“Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith, ‘A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half, trust God; see all, nor be afraid.’”

But the Rabbi looks with the soul; while Earth, for once say, appears to have fallen into the mistake which the poet warns us against, and to have judged according to sense. If, in truth, Earth so regards the old, the wonder is she should take so much trouble with us as the poet says she does. We must remember that to Earth man is her great venture, and that she could not foresee what

the issue would be, nor how she would come to regard him as he went on from childhood to old age. But it is rather hard on man to turn on him thus, unless it be all his own fault that he has become so unlovely. This can hardly be, as the laws of human growth and decay are not of his invention. The risk is, that if Earth chooses to judge us after this fashion when we get old, we may be tempted to appeal from her judgment, to our own consciousness of our integrity and worth, and disregard her estimate of us as of little account. Abstract all unsightliness and unloveliness from youth, and then, of course, you have nothing left but what is admirable. But it is hardly fair to abstract from age all that is admirable and of good report, and then turn and pour contempt upon it. The maturity of man, and his ripe experience, are surely worth something as compared with the immaturity and inexperience of youth; that is, in the estimation of any judge who judges not simply according to the outward appearance. The "hard weather" we encounter is intended to make us stronger in muscle, and to make us stronger in muscle that we may become stronger in mind. But mind does not, cannot, gain strength save from the struggle of life, in which we get wounds and scars that are unlovely to look on. And yet, though mind may thus have gained in strength, the word to the old is

"Nature, it is most sure, not thee admires."

There is, however, one little bit of consolation ;

"Hast thou in thy season set her fires,
To burn from self to spirit through the lash ?
Honoured, the sons of Earth shall hold thee high."

Earth herself doth not admire you, but men will; and most people who, like Comte, believe in human providence, will think that just as good.

Our life is meant to give us a keen edge, not to provide for us a table where we may sit to eat, drink, and be merry. Earth seeks to compel us to hold our own in the face of our many foes, and resist being driven hither and thither, the sport of circumstances, and so bring it to pass that the man may get the better of the beast within him, and brain and spirit grow with our growth in muscle. And yet for those for whom the hard weather proves too much she has no pity, no tear. And when we have grown old in fighting battles to which she has summoned us, and in strenuous endeavour to fulfil her behests, she cares but little about us; and turns with fresh pleasure to those who spend their days in amusing themselves in collecting flowers. If earth prefers the immature to the mature, the untried to the tried, there is nothing for the old to do but to disregard her preferences, and make the best of their life

that they can, and go on their way without paying overmuch heed to this unsympathetic behaviour of Nature. I suppose it only means that, when she has secured the stouter mind, she turns to the fresh production of stouter stock to secure the still stouter mind.

In Browning, the discipline and probation of the earthly life are intended to prepare us for starting well on our next journey in another world; but in Meredith, the relation of this life to another does not come into view. Man is to grow here and now under the sun, for the life to be lived under the sun, whatever may be in store for us in the future. Development of soul is the main thing on which both poets lay stress. But in his presentation of this as the great end of life, Meredith looks not beyond the bounds of the earthly life. Earth wants the good man more than heaven does. They may all be so good there that they don't need him; but he is sadly wanted here. Therefore, blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the earth, but blessed also are the spiritual, for they shall even now enter into the very heaven of things.

Dissimilar and even opposed as some of these presentations of Nature appear to be, yet it will, I think, be admitted that they correspond with the impressions Nature herself makes upon most of us. One thoroughly consistent and harmonious reading it would be impossible to give. If we read her when our blood is chilled, she appears a wheezy crone; but if young in spirit and full of hopeful life, we feel "the coming, young as aye," and can pitch our "joy in this old heart of things," and confidently await the days yet to be, without growing chill at the thought of the coming cold embrace. Quickened-eyed Love will discover the true significance of pleasure and pain, life and death, and see

". . . . in mould the rose unfold,
The soul through blood and tears."

The cold-blooded intellectual and scientific interpretation of things is to be supplemented by emotion. Heart has a right to its say as well as head, and man will do well to pay heed thereto. We must walk by faith, not by sight.

In another notable poem, entitled *A Faith on Trial*, we are shown how faith may and does triumphantly pass through the severest trials. Browning has a similar poem—*La Suisiaz*, in which he goes over again, on the occasion of the death of a dearly loved friend, the ground of his belief in a life to come. He can find no positive proof: unfaith is not to be coined to faith by proof, as Meredith has it; but he cannot give up hope. He cannot positively believe; but he can do no less than hope. In *A Faith on Trial* the speaker is face to face with the death of his wife: can his faith survive the terrible blow? To whom or what shall he turn for help? It is much more than a question of a life, or no life, to come. Arguments

in favour of another life—are insufficient; he will not trouble to go over these; he will instead go out and commune with Nature. He will go and observe, and look and listen, as patiently as he can. If discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of immortality were likely to be of much use, his study would be the place for that. But what he will do at this crisis of his life is this: he will go to see, and listen for, what Nature has to say or show. He seems to feel instinctively that this is the only thing left him to do. So he mounts the hill close to his house,

“ bearing heart
That had little of life save its weight,”

in order to observe

“The changeful visible face
Of our mother.”

He had foreseen that the dreadful sentence would soon be executed:

“The crowned Shadow poisoning dart
Hung over her: she, my own,
My good companion, mate,
Pulse of me.”

Surely and swiftly the dart sped home and laid her low. Left alone life becomes to him only a goad; like a convict he slowly drags his chain wearily along, having no longer any soul-inspiring aim. No interpretation of things can be too brutally plain and blunt. His beautiful mother, Earth, has become to him a veritable hag, a mother of aches and jests, hungry only for a meal. Hope and fear die within him; his soul is like an empty room, in which he is absolutely alone. Things about him seem without sympathy, and unable to understand him; they know nothing of a sorrow like his. He must bear it alone.

As on and on he wandered there came to him sweet memories of the past, sweet, precious memories of his wife and her home in dear France, of the things she loved, and in which they had rejoiced together. Nearing a spot where they had often stood side by side and looked on a scene of marvellous beauty, all on a sudden he finds his eyes fixed on a wonderful apparition, surpassingly white and beautiful.

“O, the pure wild cherry in bloom.”

Never had Eastern pilgrims on their march to the shrine of their faith had

“ banner so brave, so fair,
So quick with celestial sign
Of victorious rays over death; ”

nor for poet,

“For the conquest of coward despair.”

a banner

" More starlike ever did shine
To illumine the sinister field,
Where our life's old night-bird flits."

The speaker knew this pure wild cherry-tree of old ; his dead wife knew it, too ; together he and she had paid it a visit every year, and hailed it as their beacon for the coming time. But now, though so well remembered, its beauty flashed upon him as a revelation, and struck him as strangely new, but meant so much more for him than it could have meant if it had been new. Its beauty and freshness were all the more beautiful and fresh because of his present darkness ; its power over him was all the greater because of the fond and inspiring memories it awakened within him. It drew his life forward : it also chased it backward

" To youth's wild forest where sprang
For the morning of May long ago
The forest's white virgin ;—she
Seen yonder ;
She, the white wild cherry, a tree
Earth-rooted, tangibly wood,
Yet a presence throbbing alive :
Mistress of things worth pursuit
Of souls ; in our naming dreams."

She it was who used to

" Inspire to the dreaming of good
Illimitable to come."

Now as he beheld the wondrous vision again, she began to exercise the old power over him and set him dreaming afresh, dreaming

" Through the maze, the mesh and the wreck,"

although the yoke of the flesh bore on him heavier than ever before.

The old beacon which they had hailed together, he hails now alone. The life that he has to live by himself shall be as continuous with the old as may be. One thing he notes now that had not struck him before, namely :

" How a shaft of the blossoming tree
Was shot from the yew-wood's core."

Up to the time of this vision his soul had been shut fast but now unlocked and free once more. His burden slipped from him, and he hastily retraced his steps homeward, where he arrived just in

time to give the small fry of May children their usual pence. He is in tune again.

"With the hungers of his kind."

His loss had alienated him for the time from his fellows, but the pure white cherry, with the memories it stirs and the hopes it inspires, calls him back again to dream of human good and devote himself to the service of men. This will yield richer satisfaction than can be obtained from dwelling on questions of the whither and whence. From broad human sympathies

" shall rise
A fountain jet in the mind,"

that shall press back the surgent strife and bring peace to

"A heart laid open, not mailed,
To the last blank hour of the rack
When struck the dividing knife,
When the hand that never had failed
In its pressure to mine, hung back."

Warring sensations and mutinies of the heart yield place to brain and soul, if we will, but go and stand frankly and fearlessly in the presence of Nature, and let her sweet healing and bracing influences sweep over us. But we must never forget that it is utterly vain to go and crave mere medicaments at her hands; some opiate to lull the pain of the wounds we get in the battle of life. Nor must we expect her to stay and weep with us, when we give ourselves to weeping. She will flash light and beauty upon us, but she will not weep with us. If we choose to resent her want of sympathy, and to revolt at her laws we may; but our foolhardiness will not make her change her ways. Not even our prayers will cause her to stay her chariot wheels. Too

"Well knows she the cry of unfaith"

to pay any heed thereto. The woolly beast may bleat as he pleases, she will still go on with the shearing.

Is Nature, then, so hard, so cruel, so implacable as she sometimes appears? Or does she appear so because we do not understand her mind and purpose? And is there a way of learning to understand her better? The poet teaches us that there is: and that there is one way only: thus

"The road to her soul is the Real:
The root of the growth of man."

Along this road the whole man must travel, with a love that no hindrance, no scourge, can lessen or change. Only on this road can we

" . . . reach the lone heights where we scan
In the mind's rarer vision this flesh,"

and learn that the true significance of this earthly life lies in the fact that flesh is the basis of the higher life of soul and spirit. And flesh must suffer under Nature's laws; must suffer in order that man may grow. Nature's supremest law aims at the promotion of the one common weal, through the discipline of the individual.

When, then, we are plunged into grief like the speakers in this poem, and are driven to try to solve the riddle of life, and sum up the significance of things, what do we find really remains to us? This, that Earth is left us, and that beside her nothing is left; and that the road to her soul, to the understanding and knowledge of her, is the Real. The Invisible, so far as we can find, heeds us not:

"Of Earth we are stripped or crowned."

With some vision or other, like that of the pure white wild cherry, she may win us to enter and follow along this road. If she succeeds we shall rise to heights of peace and visions of beauty and strength undreamt of before. Dreams of good yet to be will come, go, and change, but keeping to the road of the Real we shall find them blossoming out into living realities which will more than match our dreams, if we are strong enough to wait. But our so sensitive flesh hungers for the present, for the passing moment, that we are in danger of parting with our best treasures, actual and potential, to make its present pleasures of sense ours; we are so anxious to build an abiding comfortable nook for ourselves here and now, in which to pass our time as pleasantly as may be. But such a nook is to be found only in the graveyard. Life is incessant change. The world's one prize—reason—can only be gained from life's ever varying experiences and conflicts. Reason is

* "Mirror of Earth, and guide,
To the Holies from sense withheld:
Our champion rightfully head."

She wrestles with the old devil of self within us; relentlessly quenches all our lies, and with her laughter puts to flight what is still left in us of the brute. By her guidance we are brought into happier relations with our fellows, and made sharers in a common joy, which drains

"The rank individual fens
Of a wound refusing to heal
While the old worm [self] slavers its root."

In the light and under the dominance of reason, brooding over self and its wounds and sorrows and wrongs, will disappear in thought for the common good. When this truth flashes upon the speaker he cries out with religious fervour and self-surrender,

"May the worm be trampled : smite,
Sacred Reality !"

Then there sprang up within him a power which, he says,

"Filled me to front it aright.
I had come of my faith's ordeal."

As soon as he frankly accepts what *is* he becomes conscious of having gained a victory. His faith had stood the test and triumphed.

And the faith—what was it ? It was the faith he had cherished all through his happy wedded life up to the time of the dread separation, faith in the goodness and rightness of things, faith in the old heart of the world. This is the faith that was shaken when death claimed her who had been the life of his life ; this is the faith that was re-established after the vision of the pure white cherry. It wakened into new life at the vision, as the tree had wakened into new life and beauty after the death-like condition of winter. But he does not say that just as the tree lives and blossoms again, so will his dear dead wife live again. It does not appear to be faith in immortality that is enkindled by the vision, but faith in things, faith in earth, in Nature. Notwithstanding the terrible loss inflicted upon him he can accept what has happened, nor flinch from Nature's blows. True, reason is at the ultimate bound of her wit, but faith comes to his aid. No logical proof of his faith is possible. But he has seen a vision, the vision of the pure white cherry, and that is enough. It was surpassingly beautiful, and infinitely suggestive, and wooed him to a calmer frame of mind, thus making it possible for him to reflect on what had happened. Reflecting with this vision before his eyes, his rebellious heart is quelled and soothed. He can now bear to be smitten of Sacred Reality.

But a victory such as this is not to be achieved standing on some watch-tower spinning theories of life, while looking on the humdrum world below, but only by those who have trodden the valley of the shadow of death. We must go right down into the midst of the world of men and things, and share the experiences which enter into the lot of mankind. Our faith must be tried so as by fire. Then our thoughts about things become deeper and truer, and more fearless. While not blind to the sin and shame of the world, but, on the contrary, seeing them stand out in all their nakedness, we shall yet not feel compelled to turn away in despair, because we shall have learnt to accept all fact and reality as the only way to attain to an understanding of the secret of earth.

Legends and impossible ideals have their day, and help to conserve morality, during the period of human immaturity. But

earth sweeps them relentlessly away when the day of the Real has dawned.

The thought that lasts like granite is that Earth is a living thing, and that it is with her and her laws we have to do every moment of our lives. In everything she must be taken into account and reckoned with. We can neither evade her nor find a substitute to fill her place. She sets no riddles for riddle-mongers to amuse themselves in guessing at; but challenges all of us to enter the lists, and fight a good fight against ignorance, and wrong, and fleshliness, and selfishness, and to live for the common good. Go astray into the sensual life, if you will, but the glory of life will depart; and Earth will open to you none of her secret nooks where may be found the wealth of the larger life of soul and spirit. Enter upon a life-long conflict with evil under the banner of

“The dream of the blossom of good,”

and you may cherish the hope of victory even the fight is hardest to maintain, and enter into the joy of Earth, to which by your victorious struggle you have helped to minister.

WILLIAM F. REVELL.

THE LEGAL PROFESSIONS.

A PLEA FOR AMALGAMATION.

THOSE who require the services of lawyers in this country must often wonder why the latter are divided into two distinct professions. Their wonder must be the greater if they have had dealings with the members of other callings. The sick man consults the physician of his choice direct. He who wants the plan of an intended house prepared, or a portrait painted, goes at once to such architect or artist as he thinks fit, makes his arrangements, and gets what he requires. No matter how distinguished the physician, artist, or architect may be, he is directly accessible to any member of the public. And thus it is in all other than the legal professions. There, matters are on quite another footing. The man who found such direct access to the physician, &c., finds that if he wants the advice of a well-known lawyer, or that the latter shall conduct a case in court, he must get at such lawyer through an intermediary. That the separation of lawyers into two professions is not a necessity, is shown by the fact that such separation does not exist in the United States and in many of our colonies. It is clearly opposed to our modern opinion that the middleman is at best a necessary evil, and we may therefore well ask whether it is more beneficial to the public and lawyers themselves than a system which would enable the former to employ direct such lawyers, for such legal work as it might think fit. Our present system constitutes an anomaly, and its supporters ought to prove that the reasons for prevail over those against its continuance. It will therefore be convenient to state first the alleged reasons for the maintenance of that system.

These can now hardly be based upon the fact that the legal attainments possessed by the members of the higher profession are superior to those of their brethren of the lower. Time was, when solicitors underwent no examinations, prepared none but the most ordinary documents, and gave advice in none but the simplest matters without seeking the aid of counsel. In those days, any proposal to fuse the two professions into one would have been absurd. But the members of the lower branch no longer stand in such a relation of inferiority to those of the higher. The examinations passed by intending solicitors are, if anything, more difficult than those

passed by intending barristers. Recourse to counsel by solicitors, except where the present system makes that recourse a *sine qua non*, is becoming more and more rare, and, if it were not for some large firms in London, who assimilate their business as much as possible to that of a law stationer, chamber counsel would have comparatively little to do. That there is no such difference between the qualifications respectively possessed by the members of the two professions as to form an indelible barrier between them, has been practically admitted, by according permission to solicitors to become called to the Bar at once on fulfilling certain easy conditions.

The separation being necessary neither in itself, nor through any difference in the attainments of the respective professions, the question becomes one of justice and expediency, and the advantages alleged to be connected with the present system shall now be set forth. One of these, to which great importance is attached by defenders of that system, is—that advocate and litigant are now kept apart, so that the former can form a more impartial opinion of the latter's case, and is less likely to be unduly influenced by sympathy for him than would be the fact, if advocate and litigant came into direct contact with one another. Something may be gained by this separation; but such gain is only found in exceptional cases, where the advocate is young and over sympathetic, has not learnt by experience to do his work in a calm and judicial spirit, or is too closely connected by blood, friendship, or interest with the litigant to bring "dry light" to bear on the case. These contingencies are comparatively rare, so that the benefit gained by keeping advocate and litigant apart is by no means the rule, whilst that gained by bringing them together would be general. Admitting, however, for argument's sake, that the present system is preferable as regards advocacy, it may well be asked, "What possible gain is there in preventing the general public from getting advice direct from any lawyer it pleases?" The reply will be, "So it can." Doubtless, but as such advice, if favourable, is generally intended to be followed by legal proceedings (which can only be conducted by a solicitor, unless the litigant see fit to do so in person), little, if anything, would be gained *under the present system* by going direct to counsel for advice. Moreover, a counsel known to be in the habit of seeing the public direct would offend solicitors, through whom alone the bulk of his work could come.

Another advantage attendant on the present system is said to be, that under it great lawyers are produced, and a high standard of excellence attained, neither of which would be the case if amalgamation took place. These are questionable assertions, especially in the face of what we find in America, where, as my readers doubtless know, the legal profession is not divided into two branches

as it is here. Mr. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, p. 6, c. 19, speaks of the average American practitioner as follows :

"As every American lawyer has the right of advocacy in the highest courts, and is accustomed to advise clients himself instead of sending a case for opinion to a counsel of eminence, the level of legal knowledge—that is to say, knowledge of the principles and substance of the law, and not merely of the rules of practice—is somewhat higher than among English solicitors, while the familiarity with details of practice is more certain to be found than among English barristers."

I need scarcely remind my readers, that America has produced some of the greatest scientific lawyers of modern times, having in this respect certainly surpassed our own country. We find, therefore, under a system of a single profession, on the one hand a higher general average of attainments, and on the other no lack of instances of conspicuous excellence. That our own system certainly offers very great encouragement to members of the lower branch to rest satisfied with the most moderate standard of legal attainments which will pass muster will be shown further on in this article.

It is sometimes said that, as at present constituted, our bar attracts men of very high ability, who, if the professions were amalgamated, would be lost to it, owing to their disinclination to submit to the drudgery which is undergone by members of the lower branch. Whether any man, however able, would be the loser by having to acquaint himself with the details of practice is doubtful ; at any rate, some of our judges, who have been most eminent for general as well as legal learning, have testified to the benefits which they gained in their professional career, from having spent more or less time in a solicitor's office. A distaste for drudgery is no unequivocal proof of ability ; but, even if amalgamation took place, it would be quite open for any practitioner to refuse to take work direct from the public, and to trust to his professional brethren to recognise his transcendent abilities.

But, after all, young men entering on life will always have to content themselves with such roads to success as are open to them, and if the practice of the law led, as it would still do, to wealth and honours, the legal profession would never lack its full share of the talent of the community.

I have stated above, I hope fairly, all that, so far as is known to me, has been urged in favour of the existing system. It remains to state the advantages which are claimed for amalgamation.

Perhaps the most weighty of these, in the eye of the public, would be—saving of expense. There are many small cases and matters which must be attended to by counsel under the present system, because solicitors cannot appear in them. In these, two sets of fees have to be paid, instead of one, as would be the case if there were not two legal professions. For the same reason, there would clearly

be a saving of expense in going to the advocate direct, in important cases.

Another, and a very weighty advantage, would consist in the fact that an advocate who got up his case in direct communication with the litigant and that litigant's witnesses, would acquire a greater grasp and a fresher knowledge of that case than is possible where, as now, the facts are learnt through a middleman. It is a commonplace that knowledge gained at first hand is far more valuable and reliable than that obtained through an intermediary. *Les choses valent toujours mieux dans leur source.* Why on earth should not this truth apply to the knowledge of a legal case? Surely the advantage which an advocate gains by getting his facts from the original sources infinitely surpasses any which may be gained by keeping him and the litigant apart. Whilst dealing with this point, I cannot lay too much stress on one very serious danger which the present system opposes to litigants. It is this—that *there is now no sort of guarantee till a case is tried in court (when it is too late to mend matters) that the advocate knows the facts or the nature of it.* Litigants can make sure that their solicitor knows these, and can trust him to put them fairly before counsel in the latter's brief. Whether the counsel will take the trouble of studying that brief, is another question. It would be interesting to know how many good causes are thrown away every year through counsel of eminence neglecting their duty in this respect. Certainly a solicitor cannot have seen much practice, who has not had more than once the disagreeable experience of finding much pains on his part sacrificed through counsel's negligence in this respect. The supporters of the present system will doubtless say, "And pray what guarantee would the litigant obtain, under the system you recommend, that his advocate properly understood his case?" My answer is, "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the client would be communicating directly with his advocate all along, and, if he found that the latter could not be got to understand the case, he would seek assistance elsewhere, and this long before the time of trial." It is noteworthy that so eminent a lawyer as the late Mr. J. P. Benjamin, Q.C., who had had direct practical experience of the American system as well as of our own, having practised there for many years before circumstances brought him to England, distinctly preferred the former, one of his strongest reasons for such preference being that the American system brought advocate and litigant into direct contact.

I contend also that amalgamation would in time raise the standard of legal knowledge throughout the greater bulk of practitioners. There is no doubt that the greater number of actual practitioners is found amongst solicitors. It has been said above that the present system tends to discourage the latter from attaining any high level of legal knowledge, and the reasons for this are not far to seek.

How can any man who knows from the start that, no matter how skilled he may become, he can never rise beyond a fixed and comparatively low level, be expected to devote much energy to the study of his profession? This is exactly the case with solicitors. They have passed, before entering their profession, harder legal examinations than members of the other branch, and when they have entered it they find that no public office of importance is to be attained to through its practice. Naturally, most of them abandon all legal study after passing their examinations, and content themselves with the absolutely necessary minimum of legal knowledge. The present system tends to keep down the average level of legal attainments possessed by solicitors in another way also. Let us suppose a solicitor to be consulted on a difficult legal point. What will he do? If he has not advised on the point before, he can do one of two things—either look up and consider the law himself, or refer the matter to counsel. The former course will entail upon him the expenditure of considerable time and thought and the incurring of a great deal of responsibility. For all this, he can demand of his client a fee of some few shillings. If he adopt the latter course, he will be able to charge the client more for preparing the case for counsel's opinion than he could have charged for all his work and responsibility in advising by himself, and he will escape much responsibility. Naturally, under such circumstances, there will be a strong temptation to refer to counsel. Not only this, but a more than usually competent solicitor is really punished for his superiority. The man who has made it his business to obtain a considerable knowledge of law, so that he can advise on all but cases which only a specialist can be expected to answer, obtains, by advising himself, a few shillings, whilst his incompetent neighbour who scraped through his examinations and never (except when obliged) opened a law-book since, can obtain a considerably larger amount by taking counsel's opinion. What is this but a direct premium on ignorance? Now, if there were only one legal profession, although for some time, doubtless, those solicitors who now resort to counsel in every difficulty, would still resort to their more skilled brethren for advice, yet in time, as this class died out, the public would get to expect practitioners to give advice on their own responsibility, and those of them who referred for opinions to others would come to be regarded as inefficient. Thus every man who meant to practise in earnest would have the strongest inducements to attain a high standard of legal knowledge. That this is the case in America, is shown by Mr. Bryce's remarks quoted above.

Amalgamation would also give much greater chances to men of merit but with no influence to attain success, than does the present system. Inasmuch, therefore, as the great mass of the community consists of men of little or no influence, this consideration should

have much weight with most of my readers. How often do we see in this country men of great industry and ability (of which their school and university career has perhaps given unquestionable proofs) absolutely without a start or business at the Bar? I cannot help quoting Mr. Bryce's remarks on this point also.¹ He says:

"Whatever disadvantages this system of one undivided legal profession has, it has one conspicuous merit, on which any one who is accustomed to watch the career of the swarm of young men who annually press into the Temple or Lincoln's Inn full of bright hopes, may be pardoned for dwelling. It affords a far better prospect of speedy employment and an active professional life, than the beginner who is not 'strongly backed' can look forward to in England. Private friends can do much more to help a young man, since he gets business direct from the client instead of from a solicitor; and he may pick up little bits of work which his prosperous seniors do not care to have, may thereby learn those details of practice of which in England a barrister often remains ignorant, may gain experience and confidence in his own powers, may teach himself how to speak and how to deal with men, may gradually form a connection among those for whom he has managed trifling matters, may commend himself to the good opinion of older lawyers who will be glad to retain him as their junior when they have a brief to give away. So far he is better off than the young barrister in England. He is also in another way more favourably placed than the young English solicitor. He is not taught to rely in cases of legal difficulty upon the opinion of another person. He is not compelled to seek his acquaintances among the less cultivated members of the profession, to the majority of whom law is not much of an art and nothing of a science. He does not see the path of an honourable ambition, the opportunities of forensic oratory, the access to the judicial bench, irrevocably closed against him, but has the fullest freedom to choose whatever line his talents fit him for."

It is true that Mr. Bryce cannot bring himself to recommend the fusion of the legal professions in England. His only objection to the change, so far as I can see, is that we should thereby lose our "historic bar." With the greatest respect to Mr. Bryce, I cannot help saying that this is a purely sentimental objection. That it will have any weight with the public, I can hardly suppose.

It must not be imagined that amalgamation would compel every lawyer to do all kinds of legal work. It would, however, bring about this immense boon—that each man could do the work for which he was best suited, and the public could employ whomsoever it liked without being hampered by all manner of antiquated and absurd restrictions.

The existing system is an anachronism and an anomaly, is inconvenient, expensive, and dangerous to the community; and unjust to the members of the legal professions themselves. It is to be hoped that the public will, at no distant date, insist on its abolition, and, if this article contributes anything to that most desirable result, its writer will be more than satisfied.

G. W. K.

¹ *American Commonwealth*, pt. vi. c. 98.

MUSICAL CRITICISM AND CRITICS.

WHEN men of eminence in the musical world, like Sir George Grove, Sir Walter Parratt, Dr. Villiers Stanford, and others, conjointly send a protest to a public paper (as was recently the case to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) against a special criticism on a performance given by the Bach Choir, without entering into the particular questions therein raised, such a protest, not unnaturally, promotes the general questions: firstly, of musical criticism, and, secondly, by whom, and in what manner, such labour is exercised; so that it may be of interest to the readers of this journal to devote some space to consideration of the matter.

Man, from his inborn nature, finds himself, at once, in the position of passing judgment (a qualification that he is so pleased to put into practice) upon the doings and sayings of his fellow-men in all things, and Art does not escape the overhauling, and the calling forth of opinions anent creative or executive ability, and it is well that this should be so, with certain reservations. If we go back no further than the eighteenth century, when C. P. Emmanuel Bach lived, we find that excellent and capable musician speaking of musical critics as follows: "How seldom we meet with a proper amount of sympathy and knowledge, honesty and courage in a critic, four qualities which they ought, at all events to a certain extent, to possess. It is therefore very sad for the realm of music that criticism, in many respects so useful, should often be the occupation of heads by no means gifted with these qualities."

What was said in the eighteenth will certainly hold good in the nineteenth century, for it is a lamentable fact that musical criticism is, on the whole, unsatisfactory. That there are those amongst us who possess the four qualities mentioned above, and rightly use them, cannot be denied; but it can be denied that the whole race of those who set themselves up as judges of others, and publicly give vent to their expressions, are alike the fortunate possessors of these estimable qualifications.

Now, we understand that a critic is a person *capable* of judging, so therefore, by the power of reasoning, *every* one who is capable of judging is a critic; but it nevertheless seems strange that we are satisfied to rest our faith upon those who not only are unknown (so long as they preserve their *incognito*), but without first giving any

evidence that they are fit and *capable* persons to deal with the various subjects undertaken by them. To criticise is to pass judgment, and whilst in matters of law we all know who the particular judge is who gives his decision, in other matters "an unknown" has the same duty to perform, not so much concerning life and property certainly, though it does very often affect individuals. Again, in law an adverse decision can be appealed against, but we have, in Art, no higher authority than the unknown individual, unless it be "Time," the great ruler of all things; so, until this comes about, conflicting opinions, frequently as far apart as the Antipodes, reign supreme. It is well known that great musicians, in the true sense of the word, have been in times past spoken disparagingly against, and their works have been condemned, though such works have lived only to show the shallowness of the criticisms at the time of their production. To refer to a few of these: on the first appearance of Weber's opera *Der Freischütz*, the judges of the Press then declared that this music could be compared to "noise produced by whistling in the barrel of a key," and that the opera was only saved by the Huntsmen's Chorus! This is what we, of the present day, have to reflect upon as being the opinion of our ancestors of the operatic masterpiece of Weber!

Composers and their works have ever been the object of attack, and hasty conclusions have been arrived at, to be afterwards (sometimes) withdrawn. No less a genius than the giant Bach came in for a share at the hands of that worthy historian (though not always reliable as an authority) Dr. Burney, of whose organ works he said, that Bach "was constantly in search of what was new and difficult, without the least attention to nature and facility," and, further (speaking both of Bach and his son Emmanuel), that, "had they been fortunately employed to compose for the stage, and public of great capitals, and for performers of the first class, *they would doubtless have simplified their style more to the level of their judges.*" Such criticism, read at the present day, provokes a smile. It is due to Dr. Burney to record that he afterwards retracted this opinion, but, by making the unfortunate admission, that such erroneous conclusions were founded "on an imperfect knowledge of Bach's works!" It is feared, too, that many of the other disparaging remarks made by the worthy doctor upon compositions, notably of the English school, were also prompted upon an indifferent knowledge of works, the object of his remarks, to wit those respecting the compositions of Dr. Greene, most of which were levelled at the lesser known works, whilst more important compositions of that cathedral writer were passed over without comment. It is also known how Dr. Burney spoke of Pelham Humphreys, that early and excellent writer of the English school, whose works certainly did not merit the remarks made about them. Mendelssohn, too, upon his first

appearance in Paris, came in for severe handling by would-be musical judges. Gluck received severe handling also, and examples might be multiplied wherein standard works have been condemned, and authors, whom we now revere, have been highly censured; and it might be asked, who has not been the subject of attack? So that, at all times and in all places, and with all sorts and conditions of men, musical authors and their works have been the targets at which the "critics'" shots have been fired, but which have in time rebounded with little harm done; they have proved to have been "bullet-proof," like the cuirass recently occupying the attention of the public. The injury and the harm, however, is *at the time*, and it seems that salvation only comes when reaction sets in and fashions change. There is one consolation, however, in the fact that these judgments are the outcome of the self-appointed judges. There are critics and critics; those of the present public order seem to be inevitable, impossible to exterminate, difficult, it may be, to improve upon. However, the object of these remarks (doubtless themselves forming prey for the critic) is to endeavour to improve criticism generally, that the best may be obtainable, so that the world may not have to wait a new generation to see an adequate opinion expressed of an author's works. Surely, in his lifetime, an author should have the best available opinion concerning his works submitted to the public. To rest, as we do now, upon the verdict of a few gentlemen, designated by themselves for the important posts they assume, often armed with stock phrases (which, by the bye, might in many instances be kept ready written with blanks for the circumstances of particular cases), with all the arrogance the little circle can assume, is, surely, ridiculously absurd, if we desire to know the merits and demerits of musical authors and their compositions.

True, criticism of the day is ephemeral, and time alone stamps the author as wise or otherwise; but carefully considered opinions by well qualified persons at the time of production must be preferable to hastily formed remarks, which, as we have seen, often receive a retraction at the (conscientious) writer's hands. Music, more than either of the other arts, offers a field for criticism, and nearly every one with a slight knowledge of the art of music (or no knowledge at all, for the matter of that) poses as a critic (save the mark!); this being so, there is more reason why acknowledged men of position and ability in the musical world should discharge such functions, and be publicly recognised as able to speak with authority. It will, of course, be understood that these remarks are applicable to our London critics. Local or provincial criticism, so called, upon the whole, at the present day, is no criticism at all; frequently but a collection of ridiculous and absurd phrases, setting forth utter nonsense, so is altogether outside the pale of these observations, and can be dismissed as worthless in nine cases out of ten.

The subject of anonymity in journalism is one that has occupied some attention of late, and the remarks of M. Zola, when on a visit to this country recently, will be in the recollection of readers. Much diversity of opinion has been expressed upon the question of anonymity, but undoubtedly M. Zola's views upon the subject have much to recommend them, especially upon the bearing of musical criticism. The French author said that "he could not imagine an impersonal anonymous critic sitting in judgment upon original and living production," and he submitted, that "every literary article, every contribution to which the personality of the writer is brought into play, ought to be signed," further, that "he did not like to see any man who can wield a pen converted into a mere writing machine at the beck and call of a superior." Surely, these are telling words in favour of signed articles, and their application to musical criticisms are manifest. Several papers—*Standard*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Chronicle*—in recording M. Zola's lecture, were partly in favour, the latter paper remarking that such change in our system would come best gradually. That signed articles are coming to the fore can be witnessed. There is one point in favour of the writer's name being attached that does not seem to have occurred to many—*i.e.*, the value of *signed* articles in the past. If we refer to a past history, be it an account biographically or critically written, more interest will attach to it in reading, if we know by whom such and such an article or criticism were penned. Suppose we read the criticisms of the past; if we are unable to recognise the writer we attach little importance to them, notwithstanding they may have appeared in a leading paper or journal; but suppose we are aware that such were written by eminent literary men, say, of the stamp of the late H. F. Chorley or J. W. Davison, they at once command respect and attention; or take the before-mentioned criticisms of Dr. Burney; his name being subscribed, the date is not only fixed, but we can estimate the opinions expressed, for we know the man; were it otherwise they would lose their force and character, and so it is with those of the present day. Musical criticisms become more valuable when we know their origin, and good articles or criticisms can be separated from the bad, the tares can be eliminated from the wheat, and we give to those who come after us the same opportunities if they care to refer back for musical opinion. The name of the author stamps the article with individuality, and we know with whom we are conversing. Surely a recorded speech on the phonograph would have no interest to us if the name from whom it originally emanated were a secret. To divulge the writer or speaker is therefore no more nor less than to give the matter weight and authority. It is strange that anonymity should have held such sway so long, seeing that it is to such that recourse is often had by the unprincipled in their libellous and calumnious

statements so strongly and rightly condemned by Englishmen. Anonymity is only commendable in the case of beneficent donors, though, even in such cases, the public would prefer to know the doer of good services. Anonymous criticism is objectionable in two ways, either, if the remarks are deprecatory, for here is the opportunity of striking a blow from behind, or, if laudatory, for here is the opportunity of a "pat on the back," which would not be done if the writer's name appeared on the surface. If a man has anything to say he ought not to be ashamed to put his name to it.

Sympathy, knowledge, honesty, courage, the four attributes of a critic, as set forth in the early days of Emmanuel Bach, may be said to form the armament of the musical critic and his chief credentials upon entering the arena. Of *sympathy* (not personal, for this displays partiality, and Gounod has rightly said that "preference has nothing to do with that homage of admiration, that equity of analysis, which constitutes the value of criticism") it would be well to ask the one who judges of a musical composition to largely sympathise with creative talent, and give the author credit for doing his best and in accordance with his convictions, not also to despise native talent, for though art knows no nationality, yet it must be remembered there is such a thing as patriotism in art. Of *knowledge*, alas! how few possess much, either theoretically or practically were it put to the test, to acquit them of the charge of criticising without knowing. The more musical knowledge possessed by the writer of critical notices the better, and, whilst it might be going a little too far to say that no one should criticise the efforts of another without being able to do better themselves, it certainly must be conceded that no one has a right to express an emphatic opinion without proving his capabilities as a musician; and it is doubtful if any one critic can be said to possess the requisite knowledge to pass judgment upon all branches of executive and creative work alike, yet we witness day by day men of such professed, herculean strength, without even claiming for themselves the title of musician!

Honesty and *courage* in the critic may be coupled, because to be honest is to be courageous. The trite expression, however, "he has the courage of his opinions," should be a guarded one, for it may not always be honest to express one's opinions, unless founded upon sufficient data; we have already seen the dishonesty of an opinion given upon a superficial knowledge, as in the case of Dr. Burney criticising the works of the Leipsic Cantor; further, there is very little "courage" surely in suppressing one's name!—the "light hidden under the bushel" is not courage.

Now, how far, in the present day, compliance is found with the foregoing is very doubtful; and as to the past, a perusal of, say, Dr. Hueffer's book, *Half-a-Century of Music in England*, will not

satisfy the reader that criticism has been what it ought to have been during that period, for the book shows what conflicting opinions have been given from time to time. Take, for example, that excellent all-round critic, the late Mr. Davison, and see how even *his* personal sympathy with Mendelssohn led him to condemn and speak harshly of Wagner, and seldom in the best of terms. Dr. Hueffer says that in this case calm criticism was a matter of extreme difficulty, almost of impossibility! Surely a poor apology.

That the critic is not infallible must be readily admitted, and he would be a brave man who could point out the model critic. There are, however, certain excrescences that should be removed, such as bias, jealousy, spite, blind prejudice, partiality, and the like. Really the post of a brave and honest critic is a difficult one.

There is a rage for examinations in the present day, why not therefore institute one for the professional musical critic? Especially should this be the aim of the coming generation, with lofty aspirations to wield the pen of a monarch, sitting in judgment upon his elevated throne! "Registration" might also, perhaps, step in one day to advantage. The public critic should be in a position to present credentials that would give weight to his words. As it is, he is a self-constituted authority, arrogating to himself the right of praising or-condemning his fellow-creature as the spirit moves, or outward influence dictates, all the while preserving his secret being; and this unknown quantity and its work is accepted by the million as being for the public good! and the newspapers are content to place musical matters in the hands of such, who, shielding themselves behind the editorial "we," let fly their arrows, often wounding the unknown, whilst generally lauding the already praised.

It is amusing to note how "critics" invariably speak of themselves as the "poor persecuted lot," yet they hold tenaciously to their own constructed office notwithstanding; and by no means do they give up their work as a bad job, a remedy easily accessible to them. The public is the true critic after all; but if we are to have a section set apart to perform the function and to record their work in print they must be properly equipped for their unpleasant (?) duty.

In summing up the foregoing remarks, it must be admitted that great difficulty arises in suggesting a remedy for the present unsatisfactory work of musical criticism. That we must have some criticism to read in our dailies, weeklies, and monthlies appears to be a foregone conclusion; but until, by some means, a consensus of opinion is obtainable, the readers of conflicting and contradictory statements must form their own conclusions; and to the subject of a critic's remarks is offered the advice of taking little notice of either laudatory or disparaging words.

Let composers and executive artists do their best for their art without fear of would-be wreckers and breakers ahead; and let

so-called professional critics go on their way rejoicing. One word more of advice : take no notice of critical effusions ; silence preserved is the best remedy. Both Berlioz and Wagner, when in this country, suffered from "rushing into print." Readers of musical history will also need not to be reminded of the feuds—Handel and Bononcini in England, and Glück and Piccini in France—caused by party spirit. One can hardly take up, in the present day, a paper without finding one musical critic bickering against another, and this must continue to be the case so long as personality is the chief factor in their so-called arguments.

It ought not to be an impossibility to form an unprejudiced jury of musicians, who could be banded together to give opinions upon musical works, and of the efforts of executive artists upon which the public could rely ; but for the present it would seem that a realisation of such a dream lies in the far off future.

The much-needed reform would seem to suggest somewhat of the following requirements :

1. The name of the writer of a critical notice to be appended (to give weight and authority).

2. Reasonable time to elapse before the appearance of remarks upon the production of an important musical work (to guard against hastily formed opinions).

3. Opinions to be given after a perusal of the score of a work, and not solely after auricular effects (the latter not being always under the best conditions), and on no account should attempt be made to criticise an author's instrumentation from an arranged accompaniment for the pianoforte (without access to the full score, the critic had better remain quiet).

4. The formation of a Council of Critics, from whom a consensus of opinion would be obtainable (men of standing and of acknowledged reputation, whose judgment could be relied upon).

JACOB BRADFORD, Mus.D. Oxon.

A DOMINANT NOTE OF SOME RECENT FICTION.

A NEW and emphatic note has more or less—perhaps we ought to say more rather than less—been dominant in the pages of a recent phase of fiction which, during the last few months, seems to have attained an exceptionally wide circulation. That this circulation has been for the most part among that class of readers who are ever ready to welcome whatever may be refreshing to a jaded and not over-sensitive literary palate may be inferred from the circumstance that when the changes have been rung once or twice upon the same theme, an absence, in most instances, of higher artistic presentment reveals distinctly how much the interest hitherto excited depended upon the exceptional nature of the subject treated. That there has always been among those who read chiefly for amusement a strong undercurrent of admiration for stories which possess a sensational impulse as their leading fascination is no new discovery; and if, apart from the peculiarly thrilling interest, treatment and purpose are of a normally healthy character, there is, perhaps, not much harm to be apprehended for ordinarily well-balanced minds. Those, indeed, who regard with longing the days of the popular art of the Middle Ages, and have little sympathy with the form that this art takes when it expresses itself in such specimens of the novel as we are now being surfeited with, may take courage from the thought that this gratification of the art instinct is not its ultimate phase. For if fiction, in truth, be, as some allege, the art of a period of repression, we may look forward to an era of reaction when, as in the time of Elizabeth, weighty and stirring events as well as noble individualities shall again fill the stage of the world with a vividness of reality in striking contrast to the present pallor of unnatural romanticism.

But, meanwhile, we are concerned with this new expression of the art-instinct of humanity as regards our present literature. When some fifteen or twenty years ago it was apparent that even the strong meat of Miss Braddon's early style, or the dainty, fantastic, cloying extravagance of Ouida's romantic pages was not sufficiently gratifying for the sated taste, something new and more highly seasoned was soon forthcoming. As one result there sprang into

fashion a class of story, with the central pivot of its interest bound up with the passion of two young, ardent, attractive beings, in the chain of whose rapturous intercourse one indispensable link was, however, wanting to render it fair and honourable. It was not that adultery or illicit intercourse between men and women was any new feature in fiction; but the exceptionally attractive manner in which these were draped gave to this new presentation a subtly insidious character. It should in justice be explained that this description of story had little affinity to that higher class of fiction—although the incidents upon which the interest centres may be of a similar kind—of which *The Wages of Sin* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* stand out as the most notable examples. These works, whatever may be the opinion regarding the nature of their subject, possess a noble breadth of treatment as well as a lofty aim at the heart of their interest. But the ordinary class of stories, where illicit passion is prominent, is unredeemed by those sovereign touches which reveal the hollow, disappointing nature of the fruit, the least baneful result of whose luscious taste is satiety. One other indication, although in a very different direction, of the eager, unhealthy desire for a new stimulus for the novel reader's palate is afforded us by the popularity of that feature of romance which turns to the human mind in its throes and perplexities of religious aspiration and doubt as a fitting subject for artistic treatment, and which interweaves with incidents and characters the germinating ideas of earnest and devout spirits. This tendency may be said to have culminated in one of the most finished and successful stories of recent date—*Robert Elsmere*. With this passing reference to a description of novel in which the interest is of a highly intellectual character, and which, in the case of the story mentioned, evinces considerable artistic ability as well as varied knowledge, culture, and insight into character, we come to that phase with which we are now more particularly concerned.

It is a peculiar note of the time that subjects have recently been introduced not only into the novel but on the stage which not so long ago would have been regarded as quite inadmissible in either case. The circumstance of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *A Woman of No Importance* being quietly accepted as popular theatrical attractions, and novels like *The Heavenly Twins*, *A Yellow Aster*, and *Esther Waters*, the favoured reading of young and old, and forming a natural part of ordinary drawing-room conversation, at least marks the significant alteration which has taken place in the conventional attitude towards what subjects are regarded as proper and what not proper for mental enlightenment. It is not such a great while since the publication of *Adam Bede*; and many will recollect how that novel, at the time of its appearance in 1859, was regarded with averted countenances by innumerable worthy and by

no means strait-laced individuals. But when we pass to the fierce light of what is now permissible we are, to say the least, astonished at the daring nature of the subjects treated as well as the unrestrained freedom and sharp distinctness of representation in the stories attracting so much notice.

In the first place, the particular subject which has attained such paramount consideration at the present time, so that it forms a main source of the interest in several recent works is one that, as we shall see presently, seems to have been suggested by the dramas of Björnson and Ibsen. For our part, we are inclined to regard the treatment in romance of what may be called scientific subjects as a reprehensible sign of that spirit of impatience abroad in the world with regard to many existing evils, and which through want of adequate control manifests itself now and again like the half-articulate cries of one in pain. We have numberless examples of the repressed feeling of the age breaking bounds in a manner that suggests how limited our powers of foresight and control are growing. The surface of modern life incessantly vibrates with the effort to stifle its keenest emotions. In literature, as in art and music, we constantly encounter evidences of the writhing perplexities of our day. When we come to that phase of literature which includes the novel, the manifestation, if more distinct, is less elevating. It is true that an advanced critic can see nothing more distasteful in Zola's treatment of nature than a "pathetic belief in a formula." But when these pathetic beliefs are carried into art in such a manner as to infect the conception with a tendency distinctly unpleasant, it is time to protest in the name of cleanliness, if not of godliness; and to insist upon things being at least spoken of by their right names. For this reason, by whatever term others may think fit to distinguish this new spasmodic school of English fiction, we, at all events, will endeavour to call a spade a spade; and the gentlest epithet which to our mind characterises this recent school of realistic fancies is unwholesome. We are fully aware that similar subjects, in a manner which would require an even stronger term to characterise, are elaborated in French fiction with more unlovely distinctness; and that Zola's latest novel, *Dr. Pascal, or Life and Heredity*, is a direct treatment of a theme in its issue of the gravest importance to humanity. But we are chiefly concerned now with the manifestation of this tendency as it affects our own literature; and in order to fully appreciate the essential gist of this new phase of interest, which deals with the moral equality of the sexes, must refer for a moment to the source where it has been most originally treated.

The recent effusion of enthusiasm as to woman's position and her claim for the same moral integrity in the man she loves as he requires from her, we shall not be far wrong if we trace to the virile

teaching which dominates the works of two of the most significant writers of Northern Europe—Björnson and Ibsen. Before illustrating this conception, it is only fair to state that the Norwegian genius who in 1888 first gave form and impulse in imaginative literature to this view by his play, *The Gauntlet*, was consciously or unconsciously acted upon by the wide range of English and other thinkers whom he studied profoundly during a period of some years after he had reached the age of forty (1872). This "Spiritual Ironside," as he has been termed, was no hasty innovator; his conclusions were the result of wide and earnest mental inquiry and struggle, which, acting and reacting upon his creative genius, took form in the suggestive work, the ideas of which have been so exuberantly fruitful. The year following the production of *The Gauntlet* saw the appearance of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, which critics seem to regard as less remarkable as a play than on account of its distinctive contribution to the question of the moral equality of the sexes. Ibsen's treatment in *The Wild Duck* would lead us to conclude, from his instance of the father of George Werle, that a marriage when there is an ugly past may be safely entered upon, if there has been a full and open confession on the man's part. Björnson's treatment, however, is more thorough; more on the side of an ideal aspiration towards purity and stainless conduct as essential and final. Indeed, the dramatist of *The Gauntlet* dismisses the notion of marriage being utilised as an ennobling influence to make men purer with the now familiar passage—put into the mouth of the heroine when, upon hearing the truth about the past life of her betrothed, she refuses to marry him—of not being able to regard marriage as "a higher sort of laundry, where the men may enter at their pleasure and wash themselves clean from the taint of years of licentious self-indulgence." Here, at least, the sympathy of the reader is enlisted on the side of a woman of a sensitive nature who feels an abhorrence towards the vicious past of the man she is called upon to marry, in spite of the fact of her affection being sincere and profound. Whether the solution of this difficulty suggested by the dramas of Björnson and Ibsen is satisfactory may well be questioned; and it will be thought that the daring of the writers in thus starting momentous subjects involves their works in a gloom which the rays of their aspirations are powerless to penetrate. His firm belief in the importance of the moral purity of man no less than woman was more than an artistic conception with Björnson; and the poet became a lecturer in his enthusiasm to spread his view. His one leading idea among many—beautiful, stirring, and suggestive—was that to the Anglo-Saxon women in England and America belongs the power to inspire and enforce in man this new moral conception.

It is towards the attainment of a similar ideal that the succession of popular stories, recently published in this country, dealing with

the same subject, so determinedly, if not always wisely, aim. Among the authoresses of these works are women of undoubted and incisive talent; in two instances even of distinct genius. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to add that in the latter category we refer to the gifted writer of *The Heavenly Twins*, and to Olive Schreiner, in whose work, *The Story of an African Farm*, was first clearly sounded the note of this revolt, as it has been called, against the old and hitherto sanctioned ideas regarding the closest and most exacting tie between man and woman.

Without adverting to the now general question of woman's position and disability, so frequently referred to in Olive Schreiner's story, we will give an extract which more particularly bears upon the frequency of loveless marriages and what these usually of necessity involve. "Marriage for love," Olive Schreiner makes the heroine of her story assert, "is the beautifullest eternal symbol of the union of souls;" and then Lyndall is allowed to add, with a sweeping force and exaggeration painful to read when we feel that the authoress shares the same belief, "Marriage without it is the uncleanest traffic that defiles the world." Let us trust that a lovelier and wiser vision of the future of a life thus sacrificed came to mind when a little later the touching and inspiring thoughts in the following sentences were penned: "The souls of little children are marvellously delicate and tender things, and keep for ever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is a mother's, or at least a woman's." Again: "The meanest girl who dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face and ask her questions." These reflections at least suggest a saving thought to the strangely exaggerated note of the previous passage, and contain the germ of a more ennobling conception than its concluding words would foreshadow.

But to pass to an even more defiant position taken up by these writers. After reading *The Heavenly Twins* we have the contradictory feeling that what is true in it has been forced into a mould of an utterly impracticable design. While we reverence the feeling that impels the writer to require purity as an essential of man's conduct in relation to the other sex, we deplore her method of trying to strengthen what she would enforce by selecting unlovely episodes haphazard from life, and seeking from the lesson of these to establish a reform. Earnestness, no doubt, is a very noble quality in discussions of this kind; but taste and discretion also would not be amiss, and, in face of the momentous character of the problem with which the authoress of this work attempts to deal, it is to be regretted that her manner of illustration should be deficient in tact. This necessarily weakens the significance of her position, as also does the sermonic tedium of more than one episode. "If we seek in fight to conquer," Sophocles reminds us, "we must still conquer through

the gods." So, as we take it, to effect any salient and abiding reform in the direction to which the principal purpose of this work tends, can only be done by seeking to do so in harmony with divine law. In other words, by trying to inculcate a principle which will strike the evil at its root. This, instead of selecting out of the thousands of instances in life, a victim here and a victim there, as expiatory examples, should proceed upon a profound, regenerating principle. But it will be objected that *The Heavenly Twins* is only a novel, and not to be regarded as we might a scientific treatise. This brings us at once to a definite position; and the answer is—that it is impossible to regard *The Heavenly Twins* as simply a novel when so much of it is taken up with ethical considerations. The same may be said with regard to some of the other stories which belong to the same tendency—stories in which the artistic treatment is less happy and the moral position more apparent. In two of these—*The Story of the Modern Woman* and *Keynotes*—the treatment indeed is not nearly so just or effective; and in the latter work the moral perspective is flagrantly distorted. The ideal of this novel, logically followed out, would establish love as paramount over every social consideration; and although, as the heroine herself asserts, "perfect love makes marriage sacred," it does not therefore, as we are half-invited to agree, sanctify lawless intercourse or justify the license referred to in the story. This aspect of the question would seem to regard as superfluous, not only a sacred ordinance as a vital and paramount safeguard for woman's position, but the necessity of divine love sanctifying the human love in its relations between heart and heart. In *Keynotes*, moreover, the woman's heart laid bare is repellent because nothing, not even love, sanctifies its natural instincts; and the redeeming feature of the book lies in its negative quality of suggesting the remedy for its very drawbacks.

In other recent works of fiction written to impress the fact of "how hardly our social laws press upon women, how, in fact, it is too often the woman who is made, as it were, the moral scapegoat and is sent into the wilderness to expiate the sins of man," the same tendency to illustrate the position without any regard to the higher spiritual guidance which should be a lamp to the feet of those struggling in the confused twilight of these questions, is also conspicuously distinguished by its absence. This brings us face to face with a characteristic feature of these and similar stories—an entire want of faith in Higher Wisdom shaping our rough-hewn purposes to a nobler end beyond the scope of our material vision. How intently limited to mere human agency are the results of these obstinate questionings cannot be better evidenced than by one short reference. In *The Story of a Modern Woman*, Miss Hepworth Dixon tells us that "Mary, jilted by her lover at a time when her chances of marriage are over, is condemned to a long, loveless life and a solitary battle

with the world." Pathetically sad as is the fate of a woman thus hardly treated, quick and true the indignation we feel in sympathy with her position, there is nevertheless something inadequate and disappointing in the novelist's conclusion. A woman deprived of a loving hope for her future is not necessarily condemned to a "long, loveless life," and only in very rare instances to a solitary battle with the world. Such a conception eliminates entirely other consoling and sustaining relations of life, banishes the distressed mind to the limits of its own disappointment, and narrows its energies without allowing it the rays of a deeper hope to assist it to triumph over its desolation. There are other interests and attractions in life capable of employing a truly healthy nature and in time animating it to noblest effort. The art critic tells us that, "Rembrandt told all that a golden ray falling through a darkened room awakens in a visionary brain." It would be well if these writers would interpret in a similar manner all that the golden ray of hope is able to awaken in the darkened mind of anguished humanity. The only ideal that will help to solve the problem, or at least determiné the lines upon which the attempt may be made with any hope of success, is the old but ever new and pressing necessity of strenuously subduing instinct to law, by which the spiritual regeneration of each individual, whether male or female, will, as the years deepen, be most definitely assured. The gravest drawback, defect indeed, in the literature that has sprung up about the subject is that it is too personal for the end in view; its inspiration is too local; it has nothing of the privilege of science, of being cosmopolitan in its treatment, and hence the bizarre, confused, and disappointing nature of the manner in which the difficulty is approached. There is too much delineation of passion, too much lingering over unattractive episodes; a too great fondness for delusive sentiment without arriving at any definite principle; and, as we have said, an absence of faith in a Higher Wisdom.

Before concluding, and having in recollection several other stories treating of the same problem in a similar vein, we are impelled to ask, Is this tendency in our modern novel to be taken as a sign that English fiction has entered upon a stage of decadence, and that this period of its history is to be similar to that which marked the French novel, during the middle of the century, when the "literature of despair," as it has been termed, was succeeded by a "literature of decadence"? Romanticism, it will be remembered, had in France been at war with Classicism, which ended in the movement we now know as Realism. To express the same changes in other words, the impulse in fiction which originated with Rousseau, passed through Chateaubriand, Hugo, and Sand, by way of Balzac and Flaubert to Zola—Zola, of whose particular style it has been said that it is his to degrade literature to the "photography of the moment." Shall we, too, have a school of "physio-

logical novelists" or "scientific realists" with the purification of man's celibate state as its predominant feature?

In view of this impending change it might not be amiss, we thought, to indulge in a little old-fashioned retrospect; and by way of contrasting the present with the past we opened one of Miss Edgeworth's "*Tales of Fashionable Life*." The volume chanced to be *Vivian*, one of the edition published in 1812. More significant as to the position of a lady writer at the present date and her position formerly than any part of the story, was a short note prefacing the volume to the effect that as certain books had been published under the name of Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Edgeworth, and Marie Edgeworth, "some of which have not that moral tendency that can alone justify a female for appearing as an author; her father thinks it due to his daughter, and to the rest of his family," to warn the public that the genuine Edgeworths are only to be had of a certain publisher. This "note" is duly signed "Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown, Feb. 6, 1812"; and, as we said, is so far significant and interesting as to an authoress's position in the past. During the threescore years and twelve which have intervened between the penning of that warning and the present day a change has indeed taken place, far easier to illustrate than describe. Imagine some successful work of the talented authoress of *Keynotes*, or some realistic sketch by the writer of *Joanna Traill*, requiring for the guidance and protection of her readers a husband's or a father's tutelary watchfulness! And imagine further what would be the nature of the language inserted in place of that employed by the sedate father of the faithful and vigorous portrayer of Irish life when referring to certain books which have not that moral tendency that alone can justify a female for appearing as an author!

We have no space now to enter upon the question of the ultimate effect for good or evil of this description of story; but one wise remark of Ruskin comes to mind in connection with the subject generally, which it may be well to lay to heart, and that is that "whether novels or poetry or history be read, they should be chosen not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good." That there is much good to be found in the works we have referred to may be frankly admitted, but how far their teaching will tend to promote the noble reform at which they aim may be open to question. One conclusion, however, is at least irresistible—that only through the subtle and inspiring influence of woman can the stainless integrity of man be assured. It is this glorious, all-pervading, exalting influence that the world now more than ever stands in need of, and to which humanity will owe the secret of its future amelioration. "If we women were united," says Miss Hepworth Dixon in *The Story of a Modern Woman*, "we could lead the world;" or, as Mr. Ruskin has more eloquently and fancifully

elaborated the same truth : " Whether consciously or not you must be in many hearts enthroned ; there is no putting by that crown ; queens you must always be ; queens to your lovers ; queens to your husbands and sons, queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will for ever bow before the stainless sceptre of womanhood." As a fitting conclusion to these remarks, and as illustrating the same lofty conception, we may further quote Coventry Patmore's beautiful lines, of which the distinguished critic to whom we have just referred has expressed the wish that they were learned by all youthful ladies of England :

" Ah wasteful woman ! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing we cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd Paradise !
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which spent with due respective thrift
Had made brutes men—and man divine !"

THOMAS BRADFIELD.

AN AUSTRALIAN WATERING-PLACE AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

Nor in the ordinary acceptation of the term. We have here no fashionable esplanade, no excruciating German band, no brilliantly-attired dames with more or less natural complexions, no befrocked, beribboned children, whose pails and sand-castles are the despair of precise mother and nurse. Itinerant music is represented by the inevitable Salvationist at his knee-drill in the mud. What children one sees are supremely happy, paddling along, barefooted and grubby; the most elegant saunterers are the satin-skinned cows which form Kiama's wealth and pride. In short, all "kill-times" are conspicuous by their absence, and the ordinary pleasure-seeker would here yawn away the item he is pleased to call his mind.

A watering-place in the true sense of the word. A quiet nook with an old-world air of peace and plenty, where jaded nerve and brain are soothed by Nature's cooling balm, and invigorated by her tempestuous moods. Kiama, on the south coast of New South Wales, has, so far, only won a reputation for butter and blue metal, a combination scarcely suggestive of romance. But lying here, in the shade of a huge Australian verandah, the sleepy little harbour in front, and the broad rollers of the Pacific dashing up foam waterfalls on grass-covered cliffs, the unexpected romance of the situation steals upon you. Waters of Lethe submerge all the city; fret and worry that harassed your small soul, and the Spirit of Rock and Sea, the spirit not yet displaced by the cultivator, has commune with you.

That spirit is holding high revel close at hand on an almost insulated promontory, whose green slope is crowned by the peaceful lighthouse. When you stand up yonder, revelling in seascape and foaming wave, you may, an' it please you, step down into the irregular bed of an ancient crater. While you gaze curiously at the black rocks, striving to read the earth-legend writ thereon, a sudden boom bursts on your ear, and from the crater's mouth leaps up a column of rushing water, a veritable geyser, which falls back in fleecy, snowflake spray. Again and again, at regular intervals, the roar greets you, and the spirit of the waters, romping in its cavern, flings aloft the spray column and catches the flakes as they

fall back. Never did finer display gladden your eyes ; the *grandes eaux* at Versailles were a joke beside this sport of Nature, which bears the euphonious name of the "Blowhole," one of Australia's celebrated sights. If you want to investigate further, step gingerly over the uneven surface of the crater, its black trap-rock half hidden by greensward, and creep to the edge of the high cliff. There, as you lie at full length and peer down the sheer depth, the angry, struggling waves laugh sneeringly at you, and with a thundering roar toss up great flakes of foam as large as your hand. What monsters they would be to fall amongst, gleaming masses of liquid force, wildly mingling their white manes, splashing, snarling, growling in their tangled fray, parting suddenly to reveal undertones of opaline blue, set in frame of purple seaweed, while tiny cascades, rainbow-tinted, ripple down the stern basalt cliff. No need to ask the wild waves what they are saying, their story is shouted aloud to earth and sky, a story of old, old days, when the Australian Thor stretched out his huge limbs and smote out these magnificent basalt columns which guard and support a grim, well rounded archway, the entrance to a gaping cavern. It was here that, in antediluvian hours, the Spirit of the Waters and the Spirit of the Fire fought their maddest battle ; here they struggled for supremacy, while calm old Thor gazed down, smiling, at his coveted handiwork. The struggle lasted for years, perchance for æons ; but one day the Spirit of the Waters was declared victor, and wildly drove his furious white-maned horses through the archway into the black cavern, where they made game of the Fire Spirit's home, and pranced and champed with a mighty noise, and flung foam up far beyond the mouth of the worn-out crater. And ever since, with sound of rushing water and much turmoil, the ocean spirit haunts the archway and cries aloud the triumph of Sea over Earth and Fire.

Yet the earth owes its beauty to the fire-king who ruled it in days of yore. As we look away from the cliff, dazed with colour and drunk with ozone, the eye rests gratefully on a placid, undulating landscape spread out in varied tints of green. Sleek horses are rolling on verdant slopes that kiss the blue waves ; dark "coral" trees, spreading like cedars, crown the heights here and there ; while gleaming villas and cottages, clustered amid luxuriant foliage, indefinitely suggest a Normandy village. Down in the hollow lies the little town proper, trim, white, about the size of a tablecloth. Yet the miniature place has pretensions of its own, and justifies them by supporting three doctors, seven dentists, half-a-dozen well appointed hotels, and an imposing post office which is an attempt at Italian architecture — all tangible consequences of those "great expectations" which Kiama and its railway have so far failed to realise. That railway was to have made the fortune of the Kiamese. As soon as its advent was announced, they looked with profound

disdain on the tiny harbour and diminutive steamers which had hitherto brought them in contact with the outer world; they proposed to cut a dash, become fashionable, and excite the envy of adjoining townships by their commercial prosperity. Hitherto the prosperity had been of the quietly picturesque order: fat farmers, jog-trotting down the hillsides on sleek nags, and leading other horses, pannier-laden, deposited pats of sweet butter and snowy eggs on the Sydney steamer, and then, feeling that life, with a bi-weekly packet to rejoice over, was full of zest, gathered in groups to interview stray arrivals, and discuss city news—greatly to the advantage of the obsequious publican. But the railway was to change all this; the railway was to make Kiama its terminus, to shower daily papers and gay visitors on the little town, and turn Sleepy Hollow into a scene of bustling activity. As it happened, the railway did nothing of the kind; it shot ahead to its present terminus, Nowra, utterly ignoring the rival claims of Sleepy Hollow. The farmers ceased to amble down with their market baskets, but the visitors came not, nor the bustle, and the day is far distant when the Sydney paterfamilias shall bring his olive branches, with their spades and pitchers, to the sore discomfort of the dreamy idler. Meanwhile Kiama makes the most of its weekly auction, where horses and buggies are sold at the foot of the lighthouse hill, and of its one yearly dissipation, the Agricultural Show held on the heights behind the town.

But the best agricultural show may be seen daily by driving outside, and watching the sleek, plump cattle at their pasture. As you rattle along in a well-worn buggy, behind a horse too fat for capers, you note that the main street has but one side to it, a side where so-called stores sell a little of everything in the approved old village-shop fashion; also, that there is a frantic attempt at the picturesque in the form of gables and quaint verandahs. Opposite the stores lies the forlorn public pleasure ground which, so far, must be taken on trust. Beyond the shops come cottages, set about luxuriantly with flowers; queerest among them is that tumble-down habitation perched on a cliff, and only approachable by a bridge crossing the road. Next, a large blue metal quarry, where the straight basalt columns stand up in ridges like hewn pillars, and, right opposite, an unkempt, tattered looking house which has evidently seen better days. The window panes are dirty and broken; the doors hang uneasy on their hinges; the whilom garden is a wilderness, and, seated on the stone steps which once lent dignity to the place, is a faded woman, tattered and hopeless like the house. Further on stands an equally depressing row of workmen's cottages, in which a master of the hounds would not herd his dogs, squalid boxes wherein children apparently spring up and ripen like so many mushrooms, with none to give a thought to

the young lives full of animal potentialities for good and evil. Such things are, even in this so-called workman's paradise, and our criminal courts record the results. Now we see the trim, well watered gardens of the heathen Chinese, who indefatigably supplies Australia with vegetables, and gets cursed for his pains. Then, a daintily appointed cottage set about with honeysuckle and roses, which was the scene of a domestic tragedy but a few weeks back: a father and mother went out boating in the morning, on an annual picnic. In the evening, with the expectant little children waiting at the creeper-covered gate, two corpses were brought home. . . .

And now we suddenly leap into the land we had come out to see. "O-o-o-h!" exclaims an enthusiastic little English girl with us. "I did not know there was such scenery in Australia." In very sooth the scenery has no right to call itself Australian at all. For all your eyes tell you to the contrary, you might be in a well-kept, undulating English park; greensward of varying tint, smooth as well-cropped turf, the foliage characteristic of a moist and temperate clime; a general air of calm, sleepy restfulness, suggesting the prosperity of generations. Only troops of wild deer are lacking to complete the illusion; or even with the late British craze for things Australian, a few kangaroos and wallabies would not be amiss. Personally, we prefer the marsupials; their heavy thud-thud and eccentric leaps are more exciting, especially if you happen to be in their way. Instead, however, we have the placid kine which send gallons of milk daily to the Sydney market, not by any means the kind of cattle that Mary "called hame"; these prosperous gentry of the grass would never think of anything so desperate as luring a young maid to destruction. They have not dreamed of evil in their lives, nor of evil days either, and the vision of the knacker's yard lies not within their contented range; their lot is but to eat, drink, and be merry, to saunter up to the milking pails night and morning, and crop the juicy herbage in the meadows where mushrooms (vegetables this time) grow by hundreds, or on shady slopes golden with dandelions. Sometimes the cows are replaced by sturdy bullocks; here and there you come upon a pair yoked together by the head and patiently awaiting their next round of duty; but everywhere the same scene is repeated, and the world seems suddenly to have lost its workaday aspect and grown prosperous without flurry. Peaceful homesteads are scattered about with large milking yards, troops of cocks and hens, and superlatively fat pigs who remind us that Kiama bacon is as celebrated as that of Dunmow. We pass a milk factory set about with broad-leaved coral trees, but the bustle of the day is over there also, the sole visible sign of activity is supplied by a couple of men on horseback herding a drove of cattle, an occupation by no means to be despised by gentry who love their freedom. Little rills ripple beneath masses of bracken, or listen to

the sigh of the overhanging weeping willow, and only a stray cabbage palm here and there reminds you with a start that you are under a southern sky. For this region was occupied long ago by the earliest settlers who in no wise resembled the go-ahead Australian of to-day. They were steady, quiet folk, with old-world memories which they wished to hand on to their descendants; so they planted familiar trees by the brook and familiar flowers in the garden and died in peace, feeling themselves scarcely exiled. Look at this large substantial house, a typical English manor, save for the surrounding, glass-enclosed verandah. It stands back from the roadside, shadowed by creepers and pines; across the road is a veritable tangle of weeping willows, not a sign of life anywhere. The romance of a moated grange may be wrought into those silent walls, the memories of generations intertwine with the garden blossoms. But the willows whisper no tales and the story of the brook is inaudible.

Yet all along the road we have company which most people would envy us, little feathered companions who know not fear and who flit hither and thither, chattering aloud in their happiness and almost brushing us with their wings. In and out amongst the ferns or the bright blossoms that, even on this autumn day, line the roadside, scarlet salvias, mauve baronias, purple larkspur, yellow masses on high green bush, orange-tinted fruit looking like innocent raspberries but poisonous if meddled with, and the crimson seeds of the castor-oil plant standing out in feathery spikes against the broad green leaves. Past leaf and flower flash tiny forms, often small as humming-birds and well-nigh as brilliant; the diamond sparrow with red tail and head; his yellow "speckled" relative, spruce as a canary; the minute blue, with black velvet cap, wagtail, jerking his saucy appendage on the fence rail, while his sober little wife, a veritable grey wren, gazes admiringly from the fern below; wheat-eats or their first cousins busy among the kine; garrulous magpies overhead; while down there in the dust of the road dances and flirts the very "cheekiest" of all the feathered tribe, pert "willy-willy-wagtail," who stops every other minute within a yard of your horse's hoofs to execute a curtsy, a pirouette, and then with a flip of his tail and a mellow note flits two yards further on just in time to avoid destruction. But even "willy" has to go at last. Cocks and hens with an occasional turkey are replacing him, and we are in the irregular rustic street which represents the village—I beg its pardon—the township of Jamberoo, a saintly spot with but two stores and one "pub" to three churches. It is noteworthy that most Australian townships, if they boast a church at all, boast three (without reckoning Salvation halls) to satisfy the sensitive feelings of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists or Wesleyans. Roman Catholic churches are rare save in large towns. In Jamberoo the English church, ivy-clad, is the prettier of the three, and beyond it a pictur-

esque schoolhouse, and a still more picturesque rectory almost hidden in foliage and flowers suggest an appreciative congregation. On Sundays you meet lads in their best and lasses in riding-habit cantering to service, and the little churchyard is full of bustle, buggies, and tethered horses.

If you continue on the straight road you will come to the diminutive but lively township of Albion Park, with its station and its market day, and some miles further on lies the quiet, old-fashioned watering-place of Shell Harbour, whence you may find your way back to Kiama by the river, a lovely drive only marred by the inevitable attentions of mosquitoes. But to-day something more alluring tempts us; the mountains are there, not grim and forbidding, but rich with verdure and beckoning us on to inviting recesses. So we turn off the main road into that which leads over the Jamberoo Pass, and if only we choose to persevere, without pity for our nag, we may cross the mountain spur and find ourselves at Moss Vale, among the cool pasture lands of the heights. The vegetation grows richer, darker, more characteristic, clumps of cabbage palms tell us that we are passing out of typical English scenery into typical Australian, trees of various tint and foliage massed together on ever-rising slopes suggest watercourses. Cultivation is behind, a growing sense of solitude lies ahead, and at last, as the horse flounders and the buggy jolts in the deep ruts of a steep ascent you recognise that you are penetrating the mountain mysteries.

After all, the mysteries are very tender and lull with a soothing sense of Nature's mighty motherhood. As we gradually rise by the sharp ascents of the winding road a lovely panorama unfolds slowly; the blue waters of Lake Illawara gleam in the sunlight, Kiamba, Jamberoo, and many another township with soft native name nestle amid green pastures. Wollongong is to be seen in the far distance guarded by its outlying rocks, and a quivering white line marks the sharp promontories and sandy bays of the indented coast. Then the view narrows, the vegetation closes around us and changes in hue and character; we are in the district of the mountain farms—farms by courtesy, for there are few signs of cultivation. A clearing here and there, with a more or less deserted appearance, a battered cottage, little more than a hut, in some peculiarly picturesque situation, a few lonely cows who gaze at you with meek-eyed curiosity, these are almost all the evidences of man's possession. Sometimes the hut is uninhabitable, or has disappeared, only a few plants of English origin but now running wild testify to the fact that a tiny homestead once flourished where man's hand planted them. Sometimes the hut is patched and carefully locked as though now and again some occupant came up to the wilds to ruralise. These are the farms where the cows are sent to recruit

in the "dry" season. But now and again a cottage with a more inhabited air attests that there are still a few romantically disposed beings who try dairy farming on the mountain side and carry their produce down to the valley.

The air rarifies. The rich red earth is losing its tone, there is a dense underscrub on either hand, we are coming to the region of the "everlasting gum." Suddenly there is a break; down the mountain side, which rises sheer on our left, two little cascades are leaping beneath sheltering tree-ferns; on the other side of the road the tree-ferns line a steep gully and the glance falls once more on a panorama of lake, valley, and sea. Then come reminiscences of childish days: wild raspberries, tasteless and juicy, blackberries in abundance, scarlet rowan berries, while the shadow of the eucalypt steals across the path. Higher, higher still, and lo, amid the Australian vegetation a blaze of Australian beauty bursts upon us, the lovely pink epacris, the heath of these lands, flinging out from the roadside its masses of waxen bells, those bells which the fairies used to ring ere civilisation came to drive romance away. Your average Australian child is a trying and prosaic little personage, with an utter disbelief in fairies or anything else that has no practical value. But in days of yore, before the Australian precocity was invented, there were legends and poems abroad in the land and the fays took cognisance of them all. How many tales and myths have been rung out by these waxen bells which have pealed the march out of the black man and the march in of the white. How many ancient traditions which we deemed sacred to our older civilisation have not the elves whispered into the golden-pink recesses, to be chimed in the ear of the black man who carefully guarded them as holy lore. We of the West, insane on our pride of race and culture, get occasional glimpses that lower our vanity and make us bow to the general brotherhood of humanity.

Passing this floral glory, like a permanent flush caught from the dawn, we emerge from blossoming cliff and tangled dell on the bare and beaten mountain track; we have scaled the heights, the straight road to Moss Vale is ahead, framed in gaunt, puny eucalyptus and scraggy underscrub. Beauty and romance are over for the nonce, the air blows keen and bitter and there is nothing to tempt to further wandering; so with a sympathetic glance at our steaming nag we turn his head homewards. But an unexpected companion arrests our attention. On the bleak mountain summit stand the ruins of a deserted hut, one side and a shaky roof are all that remain; but in the open, on the melancholy fragments of a brick hearth, a wayfarer has built up a cheery fire and is warming himself at its glow. A roll of canvas on the ground shows what he is, the typical Australian sundowner "on the wallaby track," tramping ahead for work or change. He may be an idler or a philosopher,

possibly both; anyway he is perfectly content with his lot, asks for no pity, and would scornfully reject alms unless they took the shape of a friendly drink from your pocket pistol. He has tramped from Robertson, the next township, meeting no one by the way; to-morrow he will start afresh and so keep on, day by day, till he finds the work he seeks. Sorry for himself? Not in the least. He is in luck to-night, with this lean-to which breaks the cutting wind and no rain to put his fire out. His tin billy is there, ready to boil his tea, and as soon as we are gone he will probably bring out a handful of flour and bake a damper in the embers. Possibly he is so far townified as to have a loaf of baker's bread stowed away in his "swag" instead of the time-honoured damper flour; it has even been hinted that some degenerate sundowners have so far forgotten their dignity as to display sardine and salmon tins; but our friend here looks as if he had too much of the old grit to favour such modern sybaritism.

With a shiver we turn our faces toward the warmth and comforts of the valley and leave him on his mountain top amongst the eucalypt and the epacris, dreaming of the future beside his glowing embers. It is philosophers of his mettle who have converted Australians into a "coming race."

II.

There are several causes which combine to make New South Wales one of the finest dairying countries in the world. Nature has been unusually lavish to the colony; she has conferred without stint the soil and the climate, and all that is wanted for the development of the industry is population and capital. There are enormous areas of grazing land distributed along nearly the whole of the coastal districts; in fact, it is only when we come upon the Hawkesbury sandstone formation which surrounds Port Jackson that we find the soil worthless and unfit for grazing purposes. But except for this little strip of barren scrub-covered rock, which extends only for some thirty miles or so along the coast line, the country will grow almost anything. The underlying trap rock is a sure indication of the richness of the surface; and where the land is still untouched, the thickness of the dense scrub, the height and number of the palms tell the farmer of the wealth which is awaiting him if he will choose to take it from the ground. All round Kiama, wherever the slope of the coast range is sufficiently gentle to allow of paddocks being formed and grass grown, there are dairy farms, or rather pastures for the good old-fashioned term, dairy, will now have to be abandoned. In place of the cosy, whitewashed homestead, with its outbuilding made of rough slabs, and its cool dairy, half under ground and half above, we have the modern pretentious factory, a structure wherein

the ugly galvanised iron, so universal in Australia, plays a prominent part, and where, instead of the noiseless movements of the quiet-handed dairymaid, we hear the panting of the steam engine and the ceaseless whirl of the separators. Often there are half a dozen of these machines in a row, and they do their work effectually, separating with astonishing precision the milk from the cream, the one trickling slowly from a small pipe, the other rushing out rapidly in a constant stream. It is to the separator, in fact, that we owe the butter factory; the little machine is the heart and soul of the whole system, and were it not for this invention the country would still be stagnating, the farmers producing, by primitive methods, just enough to pay the rent and put food in the children's mouths.

There is no doubt the introduction of the butter factory system has had important results, both social and industrial. The establishments, which are invariably set up on the co-operative plan, are always placed in the midst of a thickly settled district, and form the nucleus round which centre dozens of farms, each one of which relies solely upon the factory for the conversion of its only raw product, milk, into butter. Not only does the factory make the butter; it also acts as middleman for its sale and conveyance to market. All the farmer has to do is to milk his cows, and cart the milk in the early morning to the factory. There it is duly weighed and tested, and the farmer credited with his share of the money realised by the sale of the butter, in proportion to the amount of milk which he sends in. Every milk supplier must be a shareholder. This is one of the essential features of the system; and as there are no dividends to pay, while the working expenses are very slight, the farmer finds it much more profitable to take his milk to the factory than to make his butter at home.

The change has had a marked effect on the life of the farmer, for under the altered conditions he makes more money and does less work. When each farm had its dairy, and butter was made by hand in hundreds of small centres, the work was never ending; from morning till night the wife and family were busy, now scalding the milk, now skimming it, and finally churning it with a little hand-machine. To-day all this is ended, the task is finished with the milking of the cows, and consequently there is abundance of time to attend to the other important phases of agriculture. The children learn to milk as soon as they learn to read, and in this district at any rate a large family is a positive advantage to the farmer. If he has children enough to attend to his cows he need employ no hired labour, and in Australia this is one of the great elements of farming success. The rate of wages is so high that, unless operations are conducted on a very large scale, it will not pay to engage assistance; everything must be done by the members of the family or not at all. Thus, amongst the small settlers or tenant farmers, it is only the

men with large families who get on well, and the agricultural labourer, to use the English term, is a being almost unknown in Australia. The rouseabout, or ordinary station hand, employed on the great pastoral properties, does not in any way come under this designation; he is a nomadic and independent being, who has no idea of grinding out his life in a state little removed from actual destitution, living in a miserable two-roomed cottage, with a wife and large family depending upon him. He earns wages which, though they seem small, enable him to save a good deal of money. True, he gets only from fifteen to twenty shillings a week, but he is found in all the necessities of life except clothing. Thus, if he be of a saving disposition, though this is rarely the case, he can put by sufficient to enable him to take up a selection, and becomes in his turn a working farmer. But he does not develop into an employer of labour; on the contrary, he generally goes out shearing himself on one of the neighbouring stations, and thus it happens that we have practically no agricultural labouring class in Australia. There is no surplus population on which to call in harvest time, and the consequence is that crops which require much attention for their growing or garnering cannot be raised with profit in New South Wales. The farmer, in fact, will touch nothing which is troublesome; he tells you at once that it will not pay him. Hops, which would thrive admirably here, are left ungrown because of the difficulty in securing cheap labour to pick them; whilst tobacco, which requires even more delicate handling, has, like market-gardening, become a monopoly of the Chinaman.

It is for these reasons that the dairying industry, conducted under modern conditions, is so admirably suited to the colony. Cows require little or no attention. Granted the requisite amount of succulent pasture they thrive and breed almost of their own accord, and only ask to have their milk taken from them at proper intervals. The factory does the rest, and the farmer has but to draw his monthly cheque and make himself happy therewith. Let us look at one of these factories while work is going on. About nine o'clock in the morning the carts laden with the regulation ten-gallon milk cans drive up and take their stand under a kind of porch. The cans are drawn up into the receiving-room overhead and the milk is at once emptied into a large tank, where it is weighed. It should also be tested at the same time, but often this precaution is neglected, and fraud is the inevitable result. A few years ago, before anything was known of the Babcock tester, and when milk was taken pretty well on its merits, it was found that even the farmer was not to be trusted, and that the milk which he sent in was apt to vary surprisingly in quality. It was hardly fair to attribute these sudden changes to the cow, and the only alternative was to assume that the milk had been tampered with by human beings. Not that the proverbial

milkman's pump had been used: this plan is far too primitive for modern times, and even in the earliest days of factories the lactometer, as a testing machine, was in use. The lactometer will readily detect the presence of water in milk, but unfortunately it will detect nothing else; it has no ideas about butter-fat, and is unable to say what the actual yield of any sample of milk will be. What the factory manager wants to know, however, is not what proportion of water the milk contains, but what it will yield in butter as shown by the percentage of fatty matter. This end is attained by the testing machines now in use, which will tell you within a pound of the actual quantity of butter which any quantity of milk will yield. On this basis the supplier is paid, and consequently he gains nothing by tampering with his milk. In the old days, before this simple but reliable process was known, a favourite form of adulteration used to be the addition of a large proportion of separated milk to the fresh supply of the day. As the separated milk could be obtained from the factories for nothing, and as the lactometer was impotent to detect the fraud, it was practised with impunity, the dishonest members of the co-operative association profiting at the expense of the more honest. A strict system of testing, however, soon put a stop to all this, and to-day each member of the company is virtuous from necessity, fraud being certain of detection. The supplier gets credited with the exact amount of butter produced by his milk, its value, of course, fluctuating in accordance with the vagaries of the local market. As a general rule, however, the price paid amounts to about threepence per gallon—a very fair return when it is remembered that in addition the farmer receives back as much separated milk as he requires for his own use. This fluid, though all the fat has been taken from it, still contains the phosphates and other more valuable food-constituents of the milk. Therefore it is excellent for fattening pigs, and it may also be used for household purposes. Bread made with separated milk instead of water is delicious, and, if there are children in the family, porridge and other nourishing dishes may be prepared with it.

There is no need here to describe the process of butter-making on a large scale. It is the same all the world over, and most people are familiar with the system employed. The separators used are identical with those to be found in the Danish and Swedish dairies, and there is nothing novel about the big box churns, simple but practical machines, which Australia has now learned to make for herself. The butter is churned on what is known as the concussion principle; that is to say, the churn, by revolving rapidly on its axis, throws the cream violently from side to side of the square box, thus separating the particles and converting it into butter in a very few minutes. The method of packing employed down here is still exceedingly primitive, there are no refrigerating rooms, and no attempt is made to prepare the butter for export. It is simply put

into tubs, and sent away to Sydney by rail or steamer, its condition on arrival depending largely on the weather. In Victoria they do things differently, and the New South Wales dairymen are just beginning to realise that, if they wish to obtain a share of the great London trade, they must adopt modern methods and not, as at present, send home an inferior article, expecting it to take rank with the carefully prepared and graded produce of Victorian factories.

Certainly as good butter has been made and can be made to-day in New South Wales as in Victoria. The article manufactured in the refrigerating rooms of the large Sydney dairying companies is equal to anything the world has yet produced; but then this "creamery" butter, as it is called, is all consumed locally. The people of Sydney have not been slow to recognise the advantage of getting first class butter at a moderate price all the year round, and, consequently, the demand is an ever growing one. Thus nothing but the inferior factory butter is left for export, and if it will fetch eightpence or ninepence a pound in London the shippers are quite content, for the local value of the article is hardly more than sixpence. In the old days, before there were factories and refrigerating rooms in the land, prices used to fluctuate enormously from season to season; in summer butter would be merely a drug in the market, whilst in winter the housewife had often to pay as much as three shillings a pound. The levelling tendencies of modern commerce have been at work here as everywhere else, and in spite of the agents' efforts to keep up prices by exporting the surplus, in spite of the increasing shipments to London, the supply is now well ahead of the demand. Recently there has been a marked desire to win for New South Wales the position she should always have held in the London market, and a strong organisation has taken the matter in hand. The intention is to establish creameries in all the chief dairying centres, and to make, as in Victoria, an article which can be packed and shipped direct to London, without passing through the hands of the Sydney agents at all. The creameries, being within reach of Sydney by rail, will simply separate the milk from the cream, sending the latter direct to the manufactory in the metropolis. Here, in a cool room, the butter will be churned, boxed, and placed in the refrigerator, which it will only leave for the hold of the mail-steamer with its specified low temperature. Thus, during the whole process, the butter will neither be touched by human hand nor subjected to thermometrical variation, and, as we know from Victorian experience, it is only by such treatment that the highest results can be attained. It is too soon to speak of the success of this movement, but its prospects seem hopeful. It is backed by ample capital, and, if the scheme attains the dimensions we have been led to expect, the present system of manufacture will soon be as obsolete as the old-fashioned, though picturesque, dairying. A. J. ROSE-SOLEY. .

TENNYSON'S TURNCOAT.

THE thin, familiar, green-bound volume that came to us a year last December with such pathetic significance bore abundant evidence that, almost until the eve of his peaceful passing away, the eye of the artist was not dimmed nor his natural force abated. There was the old charm of matchless music, the old enthusiasm for noble ideals, the old swinging blows against unchivalry and shams, ringing like battle-axe on armour of steel; the old "dreams of vague desire" and penetrative vision into the philosophy of his age; the old love of Nature for her own dear sake; the old

"Thoughts that lift the souls of men";

and the old, yet undying

"Faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven;
And a fancy, as summer new,
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather."

But one poem, *The Churchwarden and the Curate*, stands out from this mellowed blending of beauties, bold and solitary. Rugged and racy of his native soil it is lit up with flashes of humour almost Shakespearean in their insight and vigorous fidelity to nature. Nothing could be more simple and appropriate than the setting of this poem, in which the uncouth Lincolnshire dialect is moulded into melody. The farmer, who is also churchwarden, is at work in the field, when the village curate accosts him with a hearty "Good day." The farmer looks up with dignified deliberation, half-resenting that anything—saving always himself—in the universe should be declared "good," least of all, the weather, to flatter which was a sign of an unobservant or weak mind. It was a notion to be scorned any day or night between New Year's Eve and Christmas. So he meets the unfortunate greeting with a full-flavoured grunt,

"Eh? Good daäy! Good daäy! thaw it bean't mooch of a daäy;
Nasty, casselty weather! an' meä haäfe down wi' my haäy!"

The curate repents him hastily, and kindly inquires how the farm is getting on. The bare hint of so palpable an absurdity as agricultural prosperity is indicative of such a depth of ignorance in matters practical as to be pitiable indeed, and it is therefore the merest justice

that it should be promptly rejected with curt and categorical contempt,

"How be the farm gittin' on? No'ways. Gittin' on i'deeä! .
Why, tonups was haäfe on 'em fingers an' toäs, an' the mare
brokken-kneeä, .
An' pigs didn't sell at fall, an' wa lost wer Haldeney cow."

Thus is the worthy farmer introduced. To avoid further irritating questions he proceeds to discourse on the most interesting of all subjects—namely, himself. The garrulous and lively monologue affords an unique instance of the complacent self-revelation of a bucolic turncoat.

And here we may remark that it would be difficult, in the range of English literature, to discover more perfect delineations of the egotist than in Tennyson's three Lincolnshire farmers. "The old" and "new-style" farmers have for upwards of half a century been familiar to students of the late laureate's works. They are not flattering portraits. The first is a bluff old heathen, whose manners had been inherited unimpaired from some Viking; a man who bowed the knee to one deity, and one only, the squire; a man who grumbled hard but worked harder,

"For he tooiled and mooiled hissen deeä."

Though the new-style farmer possesses the virtues of fidelity to the same power, and is no less devoted to work than his "feyther," his character is more modern and more complex. He is innocent of any redeeming generous motive. He is dogged, mean, and money-grubbing. The third character in this remarkable group is probably contemporaneous with the first. He has the same devotion to "quolity," the same bluntness to all beneath the dignity of the squire, the same virtue of hard work. But he is an unblushing time-server. He has great difficulty in concealing his own merits. In his conversation with the curate he reveals his golden rule of life, by following which he has

"'coom' to the top o' the tree.

If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeeps thysen to thysen,
But niver not speak plain out, if tha wants to get forrads a bit,
But creeep along the hedge-bottoms, an' tha'll be a bishop yit."

But the 'dear old churchwarden had his reservations. He knew that worldly prudence had its limits. These limits, however, were not prescribed so much by the exigencies of religion or morality, as by a sense of security. Plain speaking was a Christian duty. True. But there was a duty transcending any mere sentimental principles—the duty to one's self. The whole duty of man was to "git 'igher," to advance his own interests. If the ways of the

world, and the precepts of the Gospel didn't exactly square, so much the worse for the Gospel. "Be humble, cotton down, creeep, crawl, to your betters," that was the cardinal principle of success. Was he not himself an illustrious example of the infallibility of his doctrine of conduct?

"Fur if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me I kep mysen meeäk as a lamb."

and then he confesses to his patient auditor, with a glow of conscious pride,

"An' now by the Graice o' the Lord, Mr. Harry, I ham wot I ham."

What more convincing proof of his utility of humility could the edified curate need? Yet there were times and seasons when the rule might be relaxed. It was not in human nature, least of all in an honest fen-farmer's nature, "to hopple the tongue" always. A man must relieve his feelings by giving somebody "a bit of his mind." The crucial point, according to the curate's officious mentor, was to be careful who the "somebody" was, who was especially adapted to be a safe receptacle for one's pent-up and explosive conscientious candour. "Kick the man that's down" was a good general rule, that commended itself to the chivalrous nature of the churchwarden. The Dissenters were a poor and despised sect. Weak in numbers; absolutely powerless to retaliate; an insult and menace to the church as by the law established (of which he was a godly pillar); it was perfectly safe to pour out the over-charged vials of wrath upon them. Yes, he would strongly commend the Baptists to his kindly consideration as a sure safety-valve for any plain speaking he might feel constrained to indulge in during the continuance of his ministry. Not only would his conscience thereby be relieved, but he (the churchwarden) would be gratified. He would accept such vicarious censure as a personal favour. Moreover, it would be a sure passport to the goodwill both of squire and bishop. He need not therefore be afraid to lash with spiritual whips, to anathematise, even to worry out of the village, the pestilent schismatics. The relief of conscientious scruples, and the high road to preferment, pointed the way he had indicated. Therein safety and piety met together. More than this, these odious people were burning with eagerness to rob the church of ~~his~~ dues. They'd like to see the parsons as poor and miserable as *they* were. They deserved to be suppressed.

"Naäy, but the *mun* speeäk hout to the Baptises here i' the town
Fur moäst on 'em talks ageän tithe, an' I'd like tha to preäch 'em
down,
Fur *they've* bin a-preeächin' *mea* down, they hev, an' I haätes
'em now."

His hatred was clearly as genuine as their contempt. They regarded him as lost. He was to them as one who had sinned against light and leading. Once he had been in the ranks of the redeemed, and, for a mess of pottage he had, as they judged, fallen away from grace. Now, they had reason to regard him as their bitterest enemy. Yet, he informed the curate :

“ I wur a Baptis wonst, an’ ageiin the toithe an’ the raiite,”

though now he was only too anxious to exact from his former confederates the uttermost farthing of the church-rate and tithe. We can picture the sanctimonious smile on the old hypocrite’s face as he explains the reason of his conversion to the church :

“ I fun that it warn’t not the gaitinist waily to the narra Gaitte.”

He is unconscious of any inconsistency. His religious convictions probably never penetrated deeper than his material interests. His malignity he doubtless believed to be justifiable. The success of his defection was to him sufficient demonstration of his rectitude. In his own eyes, he was a hero, and he evidently considered “ Quolity ” regarded him in an equally favourable light. It was a tribute to his superior merit that the “ squire and his relations ” responded so generously to the offertory, and thus, directly, he was a channel of mercy through which charity flowed to the poor and needy.

“ For Quolity’s hall, my friends, an’ they maikes me a help
to the poor,
When I gits the plaite fuller o’ Soondays nor ony Chuch-
warden afoor.”

He realised his own ideal of sanctity, and there is little reason to doubt that he believed that of such as he was the Kingdom of Heaven.

To understand aright the full significance of the poem, the reason for the churchwarden’s defection, and the cause of his promotion, a glance at the position of Dissenters in Lincolnshire parishes during Tennyson’s youth is necessary. Dissenters, in remote villages, were on the losing side. As a rule, they were regarded with suspicion and disfavour. They were few in number. For the most part, the congregations that met, either in a barn, or in some humble meeting-house, comprised farm-labourers and poor cottars struggling against fate in the silent decadence of their order through the gradual absorption of small holdings by the more prosperous farmers. No Dissenter could hope to bask in the sunshine of squirely favour. To be one of the despised community was to proclaim one’s self a soldier in the rabble army of discontents. It was a protest against the existing order of things—to the rural potentates the more irritating because of the immovable basis of conscience upon which it was founded.

It is easy to see that these Dissenters had chosen a thorny path-way to the "Narra Gäste." To ignore the ministrations of the Church was in itself a heinous offence. Indifference might have been condoned, as arising from the exceptional leavening of original sin in the fenman's nature. But hostility was a different matter. To set up a conventicle of their own; to presume to usurp the functions transmitted to their appointed spiritual guides by unbroken apostolic succession; to pray and preach in a manner not sanctioned by venerable ecclesiastical usage—was indeed daring. It was to throw the gauntlet in the face of Providence. It was to set in array against them the power of the potentates of their little world. To be a Dissenter in those days was, therefore, to risk all.

But these men had counted the cost. Having put their hand to the plough, they were not the men to turn back. Secure in the protection of the king of kings, they held the approval of the mighty ones of the earth as lighter than the dust of the balance in comparison. They were inured to endurance. Day by day they bore the coarse jests of village revellers; the unfeeling taunts of the unbelieving; the freely expressed displeasure of the squire; perchance the petty persecution of their employers, who, however, were lenient to piety if work were well done; and the sorrowful arguments and pleadings of the pastor, who honestly believed heresy to be the unpardonable sin. But force or reason were equally unavailing. Their religion was to them dearer than life. It was the pearl of great price, and they were resolved neither to part with it, nor to allow its lustre to be tarnished. And so they held on in the way they had chosen, and maintained the wearying fight, looking forward with hope to the assurance that in the end, they would be more than conquerors over all

"That tyranny or fortune could inflict."

Notwithstanding their unpropitious environment, there were men in these humble congregations conspicuous for that rare personal nobility which is the outcome of piety combined with courage and virtue; men possessed of that spiritual force which makes reformations possible, and revolutions a terrible fact. But they were not of the world's elect. Their very zeal made them stern and unbending. They were in deadly earnest. To them, this brief allotted span was a battle-field between the powers of light and darkness. It was no place for frivolities, lip-service, and shams. They eschewed the nameless graces which brighten social intercourse. Ferently as they longed for the conversion of others, they would not truckle to employ even for this great end the arts of vanity fair. Overpowered with the continual sense of their own and their neighbour's sins, they were absorbed in the task of working out their own

salvation with fear and trembling. Hence they fell into the pardonable but fatal error of identifying piety with sourness and austeriety. Thus they repelled, where they would have attracted, and, like many wiser men, failed in their hope to regenerate mankind by doses of spiritual vinegar. Yet they were not dismayed. Failure became a spur to perseverance, and, confident in the righteousness of their cause, and the justice of their methods, they would have gone forth, filled with the missionary spirit which is inseparable from intense conviction, and proclaimed in the village inn, or at the corners of the streets, the glad tidings that had turned the current of their thoughts to higher things.

But prudence forbade. Their security of tenure was too precarious to admit of apostolic enterprise. To be turned adrift was to become a pauper, for who would employ a fiery and pestilent schismatic? Their zeal therefore was perforce concentrated within narrow bounds. And it is, perhaps, the intensity born of the narrowness of these early Dissenters' views, that has kept afire the zeal which has developed into that social force whose manifestations are even now becoming notable and historic. The miserable condition of the rural population necessarily made those who had the misfortune to entertain intense political or religious convictions, prudent. Their life appeared a dull round of almost unredeemed hopelessness. Wages were barely sufficient to stave off starvation. Many of their homes, amid the most unsanitary surroundings, were, however picturesque to the casual visitor, little better than rough thatched hovels. Accommodation was meagre in the extreme. By a perverse provision of British nature, poverty and prolific families were inseparable. The hopeless and half-starved Lincolnshire labourer generally contrived to be blessed with an army of children. For sleeping-room, they were straitened to the tensest strain of poor morality's frail tenterhooks. Education was undreamed of. As soon as a boy could walk, he was set to help maintain himself. He was born to ignorance and toil, as the sparks fly upward.

Even with unremitting labour and diligence, they had always the dread of dismissal. For them, there was no Court of Appeal from a sentence that was little worse than death. For, in Tennyson's youth, the tide of rural migration had not set in, and few men wandered beyond the confines of their own village from birth to death. Yet these men, of a stubborn and unyielding stock, were ready to undergo the severest privations rather than condescend to accept charity. For with the receipt of relief in the too-often recurring hard times, the stronghold of manhood was broken down. Poverty was no longer honourable. It was no longer honest and endured with pride. It became degradation and indigence. The strong band, which, in the midst of awful sufferings, had enabled them to maintain their dignity and self-respect, was snapped.

Dependence was disgrace. They lost caste. They rapidly deteriorated in life and morals. They became paupers.

Anything was preferable to this. If one man endured privation, so did another. Suffering was the badge of all their tribe. But servility, never. Independence was life's brightest treasure, and through toil, and hunger and misery, they would not bate one jot of effort to preserve it intact. It might often prove poor compensation for an empty stomach. Many a time they were sorely tried. But they made no whine of discontent. They drew no comparisons. Hardship was to them part of the eternal course of things. Why complain of fate, any more than complain of the sun that brought light and warmth to all, or of the winter that brought cold, and pains, and aching fogs? Parliament had not discovered either them or the farmer. They were catalogued in the frequent Royal Commission Reports, in company with, though of somewhat less importance than, sheep, pigs, cattle, and crops. Their griefs and joys, their lives and death, were then outside the range of Political Economy. Nothing could be darker than their lot. No alleviation could be hoped for. The labourers' grandest hope was that "meeüster" would let them work on, that they might preserve their independence till the end.

Yet, if material consolation were denied them, all were not without hope. In the disused barn, or in some poor meeting-house a few kindred spirits would assemble together, and worship God in their own fashion. These early Methodists and Baptists were no ordinary men. True, in secular knowledge they were ignorant. But they were bound together in one communion and fellowship, in their endeavour to seek the Lord, and to serve Him aright always. They needed no human intermediary to interpret to them the lively oracles of God. Though few in number, they were fervent in spirit. They brought their cares and fears to Him, who was to them, in a real sense, the Saviour of the world, shedding the beams of His Light over the darkness of their life. The doctrines taught by the local preacher might not agree with those of the catechism, or the Thirty-nine Articles. But they were full of homely illustrations drawn from the never-failing store of their common experience, or from the "Grand Owd Book." Smitten with the conviction of sin, and touched with the hallowed fire of truth, they spake out of the fulness of their hearts. If their utterance was wanting in the graces of culture, or if it lacked the finicking niceties of grammatical correctness, these deficiencies were more than atoned for by their fiery earnestness aglow with the love of God and man that sought only to minister comfort to fellow-travellers on the same weary road that led to the "Home not made with hands eternal in the Heavens." The little company of rude unlettered men held their faith unshaken. They believed they were entered into com-

munion with One who understood their inmost needs; with One who, Himself a man of sorrow, and like them, acquainted with grief, was touched with the feeling of their infirmities. And, with a fervour the deeper by contrast with their habitual stolidity, they poured forth in prayer their hopes, their struggles, their backslidings, their longings for forgiveness, and for that peace which the world cannot give. They pleaded with tears for their fellow-labourers, wrestling with the spirit in prayer if so be that they might be plucked like brands from the burning, and become of the number of the elect. The beatific vision filled their waking thoughts. To them,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stood decked in living green."

And well for them, it was to live in the hope of a happier life beyond the miserable hand-to-mouth struggle for a scanty dole of daily bread.

It was evident that there was little chance of material advancement or worldly success to be gained from membership with Dissenters. A conventicle of poor and despised labouring men would not yield any great social influence. To be identified with the sect was to bar the road to one's own success. Fellowship with them would not promote the prosperity either of farmer or labourer. Promotion did not lie through the meeting-house. Considerations of this solid and sensible nature, rather than spiritual misgivings as to the sin of schism, would probably induce the churchwarden to shake off the dust of his feet against the humble Nonconformists. His adherence to the Baptists might have been genuine. But it is more reasonable to suppose, judging by his egotistical confessions, that his allegiance was rather from the hope of financial relief, than from any desire for spiritual gain. In the wave of discontent that overspread the country prior to the passing of the first Reform Bill, it seemed to many, and to this Lincolnshire farmer among the number, that the old institutions were tottering to their fall. He thought "Church an' State" were doomed, and that the Radicals and Dissenters would be the rulers in the new millennium, when "toithe an' raite" would be no more. But the dream faded. The Reformers were not revolutionists. The Bill became law, and men breathed still the air of freedom. The old institutions stood intact. "Church an' State" were more firmly rooted for the storm. He had miscalculated. He believed in the gospel of "gittin' on." He must "git 'igher." His thoughts turned with yearning towards the Church. Why not "goo wheer munny wor?" Why not go "the gaäinst waäy to the narra gaäte?"—the "narra gaäte" and advancement in his opinion being identical. He would go round about Zion; and mark well her bulwarks; not to admire her

beauty, but to estimate her material stability, and to assure himself that he was throwing in his lot with the stronger side. He was not a man to do things by halves. Turncoats never do. They are either self-seeking egotists or saints. The churchwarden was scarcely of the latter class. Probably he had beforetime spoken against the greed of the Church with malignant fury, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Converts are always the irreconcilables. Their determination is proof of the sincerity of their conversion. Their love for the new opinion is demonstrated by the intensity of their hatred for the old. There can be little doubt that the new-fledged churchwarden was somewhat of a vague terror to "parson an' Squire" at times. His hatred for schismatics must have put their more reasonable and restrained opposition to Nonconformity to the blush, and made them suspect that their toleration was a cowardly lack of zeal. But the "churchwarden" had sailed through the tempest of his financial doubts into a calm and prosperous haven. And it may safely be presumed the curate penetrated the old hypocrite's motive, remaining smilingly unmoved under his egotistic discourse; and that, under his spiritual ministrations, Churchmen and "Baptises" lived together in the quiet Lincolnshire village in peace and good Christian fellowship.

JOSEPH J. DAVIES.

THE STAGE AS AN EDUCATOR.

EXAMPLE is better than precept: so we have been told from childhood, and like most things that we were told in childhood, we have accepted it as truth without questioning it or even troubling ourselves to think if it be fact or fiction. However, in accepting this adage as truth, perhaps mankind has shown itself less credulous than in accepting many other aphorisms inculcated in early years. Example is better than precept, and this being acknowledged, it becomes a curious subject for inquiry, How it is that the world for ages past has permitted itself to be deluged with precept, while poor example has been to a large extent left out in the cold? Men have been educated in tens of thousands, nay, in hundreds of thousands, in each succeeding generation, to enforce precepts on the people; but how few have been trained in the far higher school of example. Surely it were wiser to adopt the better rather than the worse; yet while admitting example to be the better, we have been content for ages past to bear with precept, which we admit to be the worse. Probably this has arisen from precept being easy to the preceptor, while example demands an amount of self-denial that few are capable of sustaining. We have a College of Preceptors; shall we ever have a College of Exemplars? Yet, in another aspect, it is far easier to teach by example than by precept; for example will often carry conviction to the mind in a moment when precept would labour for hours. What would be said of a school of practical science, a medical school, for instance, which should endeavour to teach by precept only; yet in the important science of morality, the science of duty one to another, we rely upon precept alone, and leave example to be picked up and followed as best it may. Let the fact be once grasped that, especially in ethics, an ounce of example is worth a ton of precept, and we shall at least have made a start upon the road to the moral improvement of our race. What better proof of the futility of mere precept need be adduced than the failure of the 50,000 sermons that are weekly poured forth from the pulpits of the nation to appreciably influence the minds or actions of men. From the day when St. Augustine first preached in Britain, some 1300 years ago, the people have been inundated with moral precepts; with what result the immorality to-day of hundreds of thousands of men and women only too clearly proves. Is it not time, then, since precept has so

signally failed, to try example, personal example as far as possible, by all means ; but not personal example alone : some larger system, more extended and appealing to a greater number, is required—example that shall touch the feelings, sink into the heart, and arouse the latent good that, after all, exists in the heart of every human being. Where is this example to be found so readily to the hand, so easily to be utilised, as in the drama ? Since the pulpit has failed let us try the stage as a teacher ; let us have the stage set clearly before the people, the everlasting truth that right will follow right, and wrong bring naught but wrong ; let it teach by example to do unto others as you would have them do unto you ; let this be thrust into their minds and hearts by living exponents, and I venture to think more good will be worked in one generation than preaching has accomplished in a thousand years. It requires but little thought to become aware that a lesson conveyed through two senses must impress the mind with greater force than when one sense only is called into play. A sermon or lecture will quickly tire, but let the lecture be illustrated by experiments or even by pictures, as the magic lantern, the attention is aroused, the faculties stimulated, and ears and eyes combined, carry the ideas to the brain with a vividness impossible when hearing is almost solely the medium. No words are so concise as sight. In dramatic representations, not only are the ears and eyes employed, but the feelings, the sentiments, and even the passions are brought into activity, the result being that ideas are impressed with much greater force upon the mind than when words alone are employed.

The education of the sentiments receives too little attention in these matter-of-fact days ; teachers appear to be oblivious, or, at any rate, to forget that, besides intellect and muscle, human beings are endowed with sentiments ; they train the intellect, and of late years considerable attention is bestowed upon the development of muscle, but the sentiments are for the most part left to train themselves, with the frequent result that a youth is turned into the world keen of brain and strong in body, but too often callous and indifferent to all except himself. Education of this kind has become almost general within the past twenty years. Religion is believed to be the highest form of sentiment ; but if this highest form of sentiment no longer restrains mankind, if it is too high, if the transcendentalism of the churches no longer suffices to control the semi-educated masses, if it no longer touches their hearts, or moulds their consciences, is it not time to find some other mode, even though it be less high, of conveying to them lessons of benevolence, some other means to awaken in their dreamy, visionary brains some touch of human sympathy and love ? If here again the pulpit has failed, let us try the stage ; let us try what it can do to teach the selfish self-abnegation, and to turn the gloomy conspirator into the

laughing philosopher. Men are often led to brood over fancied social or political wrongs simply from the monotony of their existence and the cheerlessness of their lives; give them amusement, give them distraction, and their fancied wrongs will disappear; give them good plays, and plots will cease to haunt their minds. Men need amusement and recreation, as they need food and rest. Would it not then be wise to supply it, truly benevolent to furnish it of such a nature that it may elevate and improve while it entertains and diverts. English literature contains the finest dramatic writings in the world; why should it be left to private speculation alone to produce the English drama to the English people?

In the year 1892 nearly a million and a half of money was left by will for various religious and charitable purposes in the United Kingdom. But it seems never to have occurred to one of these generous testators that it would be equally benevolent to help to brighten the life of the masses, that their noble bounty would be equally well bestowed in aiding to dispel the dulness that enshrouds the existence of the poor, and that to furnish recreation whereby the mind and body may be assisted to be maintained in health is as beneficent as to endow hospitals and dispensaries to cure them when diseased.

Many persons object to theatres; not perhaps to the theatres *per se*, but to their sometimes objectionable surroundings. Let these undesirable surroundings be removed, and their objections would vanish. The theatre of to-day is far purer than in the past, and the moral tone of all connected with it much improved; indeed, it is not at all too much to hope that the blemishes that have hitherto sullied it will disappear entirely, and the English actor be recognised not as an entertainer only, but also as an educator.

Such a theatre should be free to all, at least upon some evenings, and if upon others a charge for admission were made in order to assist the necessary expenditure, it should be upon the clear understanding that the plays upon the free nights be in all respects the same as upon those nights when a charge is made. Of course we might hear an outcry of unfair competition from those interested in theatrical business; but what would that amount to, when the object was to raise the morals of the masses? In a short time the cry would come to nothing, any more than we hear an outcry from medical men against the gratuitous treatment of the poor in hospitals; both would continue to exist out of the paying portion of the public. Another view of the matter which in the opinion of temperance advocates would highly recommend it, is that a free theatre would undoubtedly tend to draw the people from the public-houses. Men go to public-houses to seek entertainment and distraction from the cares of life. Give them entertainment and distraction of an intenser kind, and they will soon abandon the former for the latter. Ask any publican in

a provincial town, and he will tell you that a visit from a travelling theatrical company or circus does more harm to his trade than total abstinence lectures and all the churches and chapels of the place put together.

I trust the foregoing words may find their way to the heart and mind of some wealthy person who is casting about him to find a way in which his riches may best be of service to his fellow-men. To him I would say, try the effect of endowing a free theatre carried out under some such conditions as I have ventured to suggest. No very large sum would be needed, as such a theatre would probably only be open for short periods; indeed, it might be well if the endowment were made to benefit a group of towns within a given area, say the towns of an entire county, a company of players going from town to town, say for a period of six months, giving performances in the public-halls or assembly rooms with which nearly every, if not all, towns are provided. The scheme should not, at any rate at first, be set on foot in any large city like London or Glasgow, where, there would be great difficulty in ascertaining its effect, and where, moreover, it would have to compete with the more meretricious attractions of other theatres or music-halls, but rather in some moderate sized, or even small provincial towns where the experiment could be watched, and its results observed. In the selection of plays much care would have to be exercised; mere goody-goodyness must be avoided; the people don't want a revival of the moralities of the Middle Ages, but good strong vigorous plays, teaching lessons of real life, supplying noble, gentle thoughts that may help to lift their lives towards purity and truth.

J. P. WALTON.

October, 1894.

A NATIONAL CONTRAST. .

AMONG the many changes in English life and habits of thought that have taken place during the last twenty years, perhaps none is more striking than the increase in our reading of foreign literature. Probably very few people who enjoy the artistic qualities of fiction would now be contented to limit themselves to English fiction: it is even hard to imagine the confinement of literary interest to purely domestic topics that was the portion of our immediate ancestors, of the generation of Thackeray and Dickens. It is a singular mood of unrest that has come over us, a symptom not wholly to be accounted for by the accidents of personality. Were Dickens himself alive to-day, one cannot doubt that many of us would still be craving for the stronger ment of M. Paul Bourget, or the tang of novelty offered by the Norwegian or the Dutch. Even when we content ourselves with literature of native growth, it seems almost as though we had come to need some element of the exotic or the unfamiliar to stimulate a somewhat jaded curiosity.

The most interesting books are necessarily those which are interesting by virtue of their style. But just now there appears to be a singular divorce between the higher qualities of style and the familiar interest of English life which certainly was allied with them once in the great tradition of English fiction in Thackeray and Fielding. For the moment our literary artists seem little disposed to concern themselves with themes of British domesticity; and the tendency to avoid such subjects, to escape from them to the hills or the Pacific islands, or to the eighteenth century, seems to have gone on curiously hand in hand with the tendency to read books which are foreign both in subject and language.

A great part of the truth no doubt is that our age is too civilised either to offer much material to the writer of romance, or to dispense with the distraction that romance should afford us. "The diffusion of scientific habits of thought" drives us towards realism: the life of settled habits and dull security that accompanies it makes realism necessarily unsatisfying. The popularisation of science by no means extinguishes the natural human craving for romance; on the contrary it would seem to enhance it. "To hold a mirror up to Nature" is generally accepted as a very satisfactory description of the functions of art; but how many of us would be really pleased

by an art which took us at our word and offered us nothing but the reflection of our diurnal platitude? What a wonderful self-complacency it would imply, after all, if it were otherwise. .

We want both realism and romance, and at bottom these two things are essentially contrary to each other. But in England, of course, our national moderation, our perpetual spirit of compromise, comes to the rescue in this dilemma as in others. We have recently seen a great deal of literary work which reminds one a little of the English Prayer Book, with its prudent juxtaposition of formulas culled alternately from Rome and Geneva; even in literature we escape from the difficulties of choice by asking for "a little of both." The work of Mr. Besant—perhaps the most essentially English of quite modern writers—presents itself at once as an instance of the success to be achieved by this species of compromise: no one has been more successful than he in interweaving a certain strain of romance with something not unlike the realities of South Croydon or Twickenham. A critic who was disposed to be quarrelsome might object to this method of alternate doses, might insist that literature must choose between the ideal and the actual—certainly he could fairly assert that its finer interest springs from a fidelity to artistic principle. But we English in general care little about artistic principles; we are sufficiently pleased with an *à peu près*. A French critic would very probably light on that phrase as a convenient formula for the description, or the dismissal, of many of our most generally accepted efforts in the direction of art—and no student of both literatures could fairly cry out against his national prejudice. For if things are not done better in France, they are, at all events, more sharply defined there; in French literature one does undoubtedly feel the throb of contending forces, the clashing of fundamental principles; and if, even in artistic matters, compromise gives place there to something like fanaticism, it is at least an advantage that the tendencies at work beneath the so often adumbrated surface of our literary epoch are more distinctly visible in the clearer air beyond the Channel.

It is in France, too, that the sense of contrast between life and art is most distinct, that the want of accord between the temper of the man of letters and the conventional mode of accepting existence, the temper of the *bourgeoisie*, proclaims itself without disguise. In England the man of letters regards the middle classes for the most part with an amicable amusement; in France he generally seems to observe them with a positive hostility. Paradox as it seems, French literature has occasionally drawn its inspiration from the very fact that the writer regarded the life of the *bourgeoisie*, his natural subject, with impatience and distaste. Perhaps no French writer of the present century possessed more of the artistic temperament than Flaubert; and *Madame Bovary* remains as the monument of a vast

literary skill devoted to the description, or the exposure, of the pettiness and crassness of the *vie de province*. If indignation can make verse, it would appear that *ennui* can inspire prose. Perhaps that is only the case on the other side of the Channel. It is recorded, indeed, that Flaubert used to keep a note-book which he filled with the conventional phrases, the usual turns of sentiment, which were too ordinary to be literature—too popular, or, in a certain sense, too realistic to be anything but intolerable—a strange collection that was at once a dictionary of middle class ideas and an “index expurgatorius.” Yet, in *Madame Bovary*, Flaubert was perhaps as much of a realist as it is possible to be.

The tendencies of Flaubert's mind were in truth very inadequately represented in *Madame Bovary*. The most notable feature of his talent is, perhaps, to be found in the contrast which his second great book, *Salammbô*, presents to his more purely realistic work. The *bourgeois* atmosphere of the small Norman town is exchanged for the gorgeous paganism of ancient Carthage, the insipidity of the North for the lurid colouring of Africa, the frock-coated senators and prefects delivering their orations at the agricultural show for the priests of Baal and the savage mysticism of their cult. *Salammbô* is ferocious, blood-stained, oppressive to the spirit, but it is grandiose and almost terribly alive; the revolt of the mercenaries—an event which, viewed in the positive modern way, was probably not unlike a strike culminating in unusual bloodshed—becomes in Flaubert's hands a drama instinct with the rage for life and the perpetual moan of humanity, full of strange colour and lurid sunlight, certainly with nothing tame or petty in its colossal portrayal of the animal desires and fierce superstitions of a period before respectability came into power. If *Madame Bovary* represented Flaubert's distaste for commonplace civilisation—*Salammbô* represents his escape from it. The two books have nothing in common except the writer's mastery of phrase, and perhaps, too, a certain hardness and dryness that seem to have been inherent in his personality; yet in a certain sense the inspiring nature is the same in both—each embodies the artist's protest against the platitude of the actual. Perhaps there was never a more disconcerting example of the nostalgia of genius.

But interesting as Flaubert is in himself, he is still more interesting as the founder of a new school in fiction; as a landmark between the literature which is perfectly modern, and the literature which has so suddenly grown ancient. Since Flaubert there have been many French novelists distinguished by a really amazing talent and mastery over literary technique, like him pre-eminently artists in words, who seem also to follow the tradition he set in its least sympathetic aspects, and to oscillate between a rather malevolent observation of the banality of the actual and the sometimes desperate

effort to escape from it into the region of the exotic and the bizarre. What a gulf there is between the epoch of Georges Sand and the epoch of the de Goncourts! What a cessation of the sense of human enjoyment of a healthful appreciation of commonplace existence. Yet one could hardly select a contrast more distinctly typical.

From this point of view no French writer of the present day is more remarkable, or, one might say, more phenomenal, than M. Huysmanns. As far as a foreigner can venture to form an opinion on such a subject one would say that no living Frenchman possesses a more incisive or more vividly coloured style than he, that no one can use that wonderfully delicate instrument of literature, the French language, with a surer tact or a less fettered control of its manifold resources. He is a veritable master of epithet: his words bite and ring, they inevitably call up the actual sensation of colours or perfumes, or the subtler harmonies that exist between odour and colour and sound; and—what is not very frequently the case—his words, inevitable as they seem in their individual use, fall precisely into a cadence that has the rhythmical quality of balance, or even of music. And with all that M. Huysmanns has devoted himself to the literature of disillusionment and anæmia, to the task of demonstrating that nothing is worth writing about! Perhaps his most striking work is the strange book called *A Rebours*—the most morbid book, one would imagine, ever written, yet one which is singularly fascinating. To use a medical phrase, which is not wholly out of place, *A Rebours* is curiously symptomatic.

It is merely a biographical fragment, the story of one of the disillusioned, who retires from the world to concentrate himself in solitude on the pursuit of pleasures too exotic to be shared. Des Esseintes rises at nightfall to avoid the crudities of sunlight; without moving from his exquisitely bizarre residence, he trains himself to experience the sensations of travel by glancing at the advertisements of steamships. In the artificial, he thought, lay the only escape from vulgarity. His house is filled with artificial flowers, “jetant un défi au rêve—tientes en vert empereur—suant le vin bleu et le sang;” among his pleasures is the subtilised emotion to be derived from certain violet-coloured pastils containing “une goutte d’essence féminine”; the fatal refinement of his desires goes beyond the satiety of the Later Empire. The whole book is taken up with the sensations of this singular hero—virtually no other person appears on the scene at all—the fantastic pictures, the exotic literature he feeds upon are described with the most luminous of touches: his reveries on life, on his former mistresses, on religion—for Des Esseintes, of course, was a Catholic by taste—rise up before one in the many-tinted atmosphere created by M. Huysmanns’ inexhaustible epithets, till one is almost forced to believe with him

that the reflection is indeed vastly more interesting than the reality. Des Esseintes, of course, exhausts his internal resources in the end : he cannot believe, he cannot digest ; even the artificial fails him at last, and the culminating disaster is reached when a physician peremptorily orders him back into society. What, indeed, could society do for him ?

Bizarre and pessimistic as *A Rebours* certainly is, it is also undeniably impressive : the singular thing is that a subject, which in bare outline seems impossible or ridiculous, should have attracted to itself a literary talent potent enough to render it fascinating. In one respect *A Rebours* is merely a study in morbid pathology, but it is also a parable—the parable of decadence—it is this strain of significance in the book which renders it hard for anyone, who can read it at all, to forget it. It would perhaps be unnecessary to disturb oneself about this singular piece of morbidity, if it were not that M. Huysmanns' work seems to embody in a symbolic picture the tendencies that lie everywhere beneath the surface of current literature, disguised, perhaps, by less introspective writers, or wrapped up in a form of more external charm, or of a more sympathetic vitality. "Anywhere out of the world," is the motto that the hero of *A Rebours* keeps before his eyes, delicately illuminated on the altar-like mantelpiece of his strange orange-tinted salon ; it is to him simply a counsel of perfection in taste. And "anywhere out of the world" might seem also to be the motto of a vastly more interesting person, of that master of exquisite writing and delicate perception who is known to the world as Pierre Loti. Among the many elements that contribute to Pierre Loti's charm nothing perhaps is more essential than his remoteness from anything that is *bourgeois* or metropolitan. To escape from it all, to re-discover the primitive life, the charm of things at once exotic and fresh, is his perpetual craving and, in a sense, his source of inspiration : the haunted cocoa-nut groves of Tahiti with the thickness of the globe between oneself and Europe ; the plains of Morocco, blue as the sea, with no road except a bridle-path trodden among rustling flowers, with no touch of our mechanical civilisation to intrude among the crumbling, sun-steeped walls of the city of Islam—it is in countries like that that Pierre Loti feels the intenser charm of existence. To praise his style is almost an impertinence, but the tendencies of thought that seem to underlie it are all the more worthy of remark. For there is a simplicity which is subtle, and a criticism of life may express itself very convincingly in the form of a series of pictures.

Perhaps no one lays himself more open to misconception than the avowed lover of the concrete. Pierre Loti has recently been described by a very eminent critic, Mr. Henry James, as one of those writers who, possessing an exquisite faculty for the perception

of the visible, are condemned to pay for that rare privilege by a certain absence of perception for the moral. Audacious as it seems to question the judgment of one who himself possesses so fine an insight into the obscurer things of the human spirit, one cannot help saying that on this point the American writer displays an almost too great austerity of judgment, a shade, perhaps, too much of the temperament of New England. Moral, Pierre Loti certainly is not, in the Puritan or even in the Catholic acceptation of the term, but that is hardly a reason for talking of him as though he were another Théophile Gautier, an artist solely preoccupied with the coloured surfaces of things. Delightful as are his descriptions of the look of things, Pierre Loti's simplicity is certainly a great deal subtler than that: he appeals very keenly to a certain kind of spiritual interest—to the interest one might venture to call human as distinguished from the moral. And it is just where the human needs to be distinguished from—one does not necessarily mean opposed to—the moral, that criticism has need of its most delicate tact; it is also unhappily the point where critics mostly think it right to run headlong, and of all the qualities of the stern goddess seem most disposed to imitate her blindness. Of course the impression Pierre Loti leaves on one is singularly apart from the moral conceptions of the good citizen; for a *fin de siècle* writer he has curiously little to do with either cynicism or sociology.

In most of Pierre Loti's works there is a singular blending of two contrary tempers—the temper of precise and almost scientific observation, and the temper of romance. The great romancers of last century were content to leave the background of their dramas nebulous or almost a blank. In *Manon Lescaut*, for example, the action passes from France to an American colony without the least insistence on any vivid detail of impression. Local colour was hardly discovered in those days: by force of contrast one might imagine that Pierre Loti is concerned with nothing but local colour and the sensations of travel. But the sensuous element in literature, and perhaps in things themselves, is after all the element most easily misapprehended. It is really the especial temper of the nineteenth century that Pierre Loti represents, that strange mood of the soul in which a clearer, more urgent perception of the realities of experience goes hand in hand with a finer and more insatiable desire for satisfactions which experience fails to supply. It is the craving for the indefinable that he embodies, a craving always followed by disillusionment, yet perpetually surviving it. How much of Pierre Loti's charm really issues from melancholy?—and this note of sadness is the more remarkable because from the merely literary point of view his work is so largely a new departure. Love, Pierre Loti seems to say, only reaches its passionate height in the child-like self-abandonment that European women have forgotten; it is

the decay of the primitive conditions among ourselves, the vulgarising influences of a mechanical civilisation that send him wandering to seek a momentary satisfaction, "un petit coin de bonheur," in regions where the touch of disillusionment has not yet come. And certainly, if one considers M. Paul Bourget, there seems to be something in his idea.

But whatever value such an idea may possess as a serious comment upon life, it is at least exquisitely worked out in love stories like *Aziyadé* and *Le Mariage de Loti*, stories that are more touching, in the merely human sense, just because a normal European development of them is impossible. There is a certain penalty to be paid for escape from the crassness of civilisation, from the neighbourhood of the omnibus. For the deeper elements in these books is always the impossibility of escape—sooner or later the modern world reclaims its refugee, and the inevitable moment arrives when the land fades beneath the horizon of grey sea as the ship catches the ocean breeze, and nightfall comes with the whisper of an inevitable regret. And what makes the tragedy poignant is the constant suggestion that in all that the human will counts for nothing against fatality, that the essential pathos of such stories is only part of the impersonal order of the universe. Perhaps that is why so many excellent persons dislike Pierre Loti so much. To expect that the poetry of a scientific age should be healthy and cheerful is certainly to expect much. But in a story like *Aziyadé* there is really nothing of the mere escapade; the vein of sentiment is no more that of "l'homme sensuel moyen" than it is the sentiment of Tom Bowling—and it is a criticism of quite a different order to say that it implies a non-acceptance of the actual and the possible, a quarrel with existence more perilous than lightness. But to make criticisms of that sort is perhaps to quarrel with the Zeit Geist itself.

Pierre Loti has written little of France, but one can easily enough from his passing phrases see what kind of impression his native civilisation makes on him. Some of his more recent and perhaps most charming work does indeed deal with Brittany; but the desolate Breton peninsula is a long way from Paris, and very possibly these naïve romances of a people, half Catholic still, and half primitive always, come to the Parisian reader with as foreign an accent as a narrative whose scene is laid in Tahiti itself. And the Breton stories, too, have the fascination of the unknown and the remote; with all its natural charm, *Pêcheur d'Islande* came into existence to satisfy the craving of a somewhat jaded and over-civilised society for a return to the perfectly simple elements from which all societies have sprung. For it seems, indeed, that the highest culture brings with it the wistfulness which glances back at primitive conditions with a curiously reflective envy, that as more modern developments of thought and feeling leave our much hoping generations with an

accumulating sense of weariness and void, the hereditary strain wakes afresh in our jaded brain-cells, and a longing after the unconscious affinities to forest or sea, that our forefathers, perhaps, so carelessly enjoyed, comes back upon us with a kind of nostalgia. It has been the supreme good fortune of Pierre Loti to strike this vein of emotion at a moment when other veins have lost much of their literary significance, or at least of their freshness. His style itself is full of a certain primitive simplicity: it has in it a vigour and *naïveté* of sensation that seems to belong to a period before the uncomfortable invention of metaphysics. The short concrete words that compose it have something of the freshness of natural sounds themselves: they are wholly free from that dreary machinery of logic, the heaviness of abstraction, with which modern print is so sadly familiar. The groundwork of Pierre Loti, so to speak, is virtually primitive, old as the granite churches of Brittany themselves; one might call it a style dictated by hereditary sympathies. The only real element of experience he seems to touch on is precisely that new mode of craving, or else of disillusionment—it is as though the human spirit had gone the round of its development, and returned now to a nature charged, indeed, with new significance, yet only to realise its loneliness there and the futility of too much hope.

The weariness engendered by civilised life is, of course, not an experience peculiar to French men of letters. It is not, indeed, the fashion in England to write novels exposing the banality of our social life, or even novels in which the note of disillusionment or *ennui* is made specially poignant. It is probable, indeed, that the subscribers to Mudie's would be quite dissatisfied with fiction of that kind. We English, with our national moderation and good sense, are not much inclined to confess ourselves disillusioned with life; we are only apt to be a little bored. Some of us, alas! are bored even with the harmless Anglo-Saxon love story. But instead of the bitterness of discontent, our national temperament prefers what we ourselves would call a healthier, and what other people would call a less speculative kind of distraction. And thus it comes about that, while the French response to the peculiar stimulus of the time embodies itself in Pierre Loti, the English response to that stimulus is to be found in the books of Mr. Stevenson. The comparison may seem paradoxical: it is perhaps merely one of the innumerable paradoxes of fact. Working along the essential lines of English feeling and literary tradition, Mr. Stevenson has in truth performed for English letters very much the same service that Pierre Loti has performed for France: each of these writers has persuaded literature to travel at a period when it seemed likely to sink into a decline at home. In some ways there is a very curious resemblance between them. Each, for instance, is notably an artist, possesses, that is,

a mastery over language at once scrupulous, delicate, and measured; each has peculiarly the air of an almost scientific exactitude of dealing with facts as they are in actual experience. It is the same instinctive tendency that seems to have inspired both, the tendency which one may describe as the craving of the nineteenth century to escape from itself. Yet one hardly knows if the parallel between them is so striking as the contrast. It is singular that, while France has an admirable prose-poet as her exponent of that tendency, of that desire for escape, we English on our side should have a wonderfully skilled writer of books of adventure.

"Books of Adventure" sounds, perhaps, a somewhat impertinent description to apply to some of the finest work in recent literature; still, all discerning persons are aware by this time that the phrase is consistent with, or perhaps even essential to, the most heartfelt admiration. In truth, Mr. Stevenson's books are in many respects a genus by themselves. As far as their subject matter goes, they very largely resemble the more or less piratical narratives that delighted our earlier years, they are simply stories of adventure; the difference, however, is that here the adventures are narrated by a master of the literary art, with a style of exquisite finish and an insight into the obscurer places of human nature, that probably have never before been devoted to subjects of so naive and boyish an interest. It is singular, no doubt, that one who is probably the finest stylist of his generation should have taken precisely that course. And yet one cannot help thinking that here very probably lies the secret of the charm that Mr. Stevenson exercises; it is because so many of us feel ourselves civilised and cultivated to excess, that we find the keenest satisfaction that literature can offer us in that tonic element of manliness that pervades his books, and the scent of the sea that reigns there. It would be interesting to know how many Englishmen at heart prefer the writer of *Treasure Island* to Thackeray or George Eliot; or who, at least, while recognising the value of certain intellectual elements in the great masters of social observation, yet do so rather grudgingly, and can be brought to confess below their breath that it is the creator of Long John Silver and Alan Breech who has given them what they really wanted.

In truth, there is a great deal of barbarism still latent in us. Men who can recognise the beauty of literary style, and have the scholar's keenness of appreciation for the right word in the right place, may live outwardly a decorous and highly civilised existence when confined to barrister's chambers, or to the class-room, but their heart is not really given to the technicalities of the law or the perpetual elucidation of the *Aeneid*, and the indoor monotony of civilisation is a prison to their most real and spontaneous instincts. Civilisation affords a terribly small outlet to their physical forces;

they long secretly for the freshness of open air in lonely places and the thrill of bodily danger; they really count the stirring of the primitive emotions worth all the social observation in the world. How, indeed, could it be otherwise when civilisation is after all so recent; when the blood of our tribal ancestors runs still almost fresh in our veins, and the instincts they bequeathed to us lie so near beneath the surface of our being? If we do not really desire shipwreck and combat against desperate odds as good things in themselves, there is at least an element of the barbarous quasi-piratical spirit that feels itself recalled to life—to a life half real, half refined away to literary appreciation—by the skilful narrative of such incidents in a book. For the power of literature has its source, not of course in the information it conveys, nor in any tendency to moral edification, but simply in the efficacy it has to rekindle the sense of life, to make our existence in some direction or other more vivid and full-blooded. Our barbaric instincts have been handed down to us in a state of admirable preservation, and therefore, at a moment when civilised literature seems a trifle anæmic and unsatisfying, the literature of adventure appeals to the underlying strata of our consciousness with the revivifying effect we are all aware of. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the most typical Englishman of the present day is the man who combines a thirst for adventure with a sense of scholarship.

We English are not much accustomed to praise and we hear little of the virtue which forms the reverse of our perhaps undeniable barbarism, of the really astonishing power we have of preserving our youth. We have always a force of juvenility in us that men of other nationalities seem to lose early in life, or perhaps never really possess at all. The typical Englishman retains his pre-adolescent cravings through life; Thackeray at his best is a boy. Nothing is more characteristic, and few things more touching, in him than the notes of regret he allows to escape here and there at some glimpse of the boyhood of his characters. "There ain't no sense to this grown-up business," remarks one of Mr. Stevenson's characters, in a phrase that hits the very bull's eye of English sentiment. To speak quite seriously, it is probably on account of this strain of youthfulness among us, and the adventurous extension of empire it has led to, that we have so sound and instinctively honest a literature to fall back on just now: that, for example, we have Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his strenuous barbarism in place of M. Huysmanns. It is probably the influence of our great public schools, with their intense corporate life and the indelible sentiments they foster, that induces this peculiar boyishness among us, that brings us to recognise the degeneracy implied in growing up. And so our best literature possesses moral health and animal spirits in abundance: it is vigorous and charming and cer-

tainly innocuous; yet, in a world where everything must be paid for, one cannot fail to see that the attainment of these qualities demands a very considerable sacrifice. For the refuge such literature affords us does seem to lie chiefly in the revival of the interests of boyhood, and of the primitive man within us—to enjoy it one has largely to ignore that more complex and more tormented existence that the years have so unkindly added to our naïve beginnings.

Until quite a recent period, Mr. Stevenson's books have kept curiously aloof from the once inevitable element of the love story—a singular abstention, when one thinks how large a part the love of men and women has hitherto borne in romance. No doubt the omission of that ancient theme was perfectly in the spirit of the literature of adventure: it was part of the game, to speak profanely; and, considering with what consummate skill Mr. Stevenson plays the game, there is really nothing to be said. But the omission remains, for all that, a *tour de force*, and it is a noteworthy symptom of our age that it should have succeeded so admirably. It implies almost a too strict limitation of romance to the eternal interests of boyhood. One could not for a moment call the author of *Treasure Island* *blasé*, but the circle that most appreciates him is perhaps *blasé* with the greater concerns of literature, a little wearied of the deeper things of the spirit, and, quite in our English way, prefers the freshness of sea breezes and the crack of pistol shots to any further reiteration of the "infinite yearning." Of course the contrast of Mr. Stevenson's work with Pierre Loti's is at this point absolute; one can hardly imagine a French equivalent to *Treasure Island*. And in view of the fact that the harmless Anglo-Saxon love story really appears to have had its day, it cannot be contested that we English have a certain advantage on this head. Only when one remembers that it is the finest literature of our day that is in question, it is a little surprising to find how restricted is the range of emotion that it covers. One wonders what Scott could have felt about a romance in which the assistance of a heroine was dispensed with.

The mere fact that love plays no part in Mr. Stevenson's romances may of course be in a sense accidental. We owe him so much that there is a certain ingratitude in suggesting the possibility of defect. It does not matter much where one escapes to with Mr. Stevenson: whether it be the eighteenth century or the Southern Pacific, one realises the ambition of M. Huysmanns' anæmic hero, who desired to travel without moving from his armchair. How one shares the sensations of a landsman pitchforked into the terrors of the unknown, hearing down in the hold "a roaring of water as of a huge mill-dam, the thrashing of heavy sprays!" Or when the ship is nearing rocks—"away on the lee bow a thing like a fountain rose out of the moonlit sea, and immediately after we heard a low sound of

roaring"—the sensation conveyed by phrases like that is all but the thing itself. One actually sees with the eyes of the kidnapped David Balfour; and, wrapped up as he naturally is in his physical, and generally unpleasant, experiences, we become wrapped up in them too. But the effect stops short for the most part with sensations: in Mr. Stevenson's books one feels the sea indeed, but feels it as a physical thing. To turn once more to Pierre Loti, what a very different impression is left on the mind by the description of the tempest in *Pêcheur d'Islande*, that driving of the water in formless heaps beneath the watery atmosphere, and then the overmastering sense behind it all of the blind hostility latent in physical events, the ruthlessness of Nature in her sport with man. Englishmen, perhaps, would prefer to dwell on the saving resources of good seamanship. A nation so practically successful as ours loses something, no doubt, of the rewards of inaction: possessed as we are of the sense of things to be done, we are apt to make poor lookers-on at the universal spectacle; we sail triumphantly round the globe, and no sense of the universal passion, of man's loneliness in the cosmos, finds an echo in our literature. We forget the pathos of things in the chances of adventure, the chance of sport. We must take ourselves by our best side, and remember that we are very practically successful, and, at our best, gloriously boyish. But if one had been strictly confined to the English literature of, say, the last ten years, how unsatisfied one would have been, or else how naïve!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THE fact that the publishing season has not yet arrived must be the explanation of the dearth of books which would provide the reviewer with material for this section of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. As it is, our library table is all but bare, and only three theological books of slight importance lie before us at this moment. Two of the volumes treat of questions of considerable gravity, but the manner in which these subjects is dealt with is scarcely commensurate with the significance of the topics selected by their respective authors. The first is by a writer of no less reputation than Professor F. W. Newman, and his subject is *Christianity, before and after Paul of Tarsus*,¹ with the tales accepted as sacred in the Anglican Church, 1894. The argument of the book is in part a repetition and in part a continuation of the theory broached by the author in a previous work, *The Gospel of Paul of Tarsus* noticed in these columns a year ago. Every student of the New Testament knows that the theology of Paul is altogether another thing from that of the Synoptic gospels, and many attempts have been made to explain the extraordinary difference. Professor Newman believes he detects a missing and hitherto unnoticed link in the peculiar and, as he thinks, unique estimation in which Jesus was held by Stephen. Stephen, he maintains, had departed from the simple humanitarian view of Jesus held by the Apostles, and was not only the first martyr, but the first heretic. This opinion is based upon the alleged fact that Stephen was the only one of the first Christians who was stoned by the Jews, and this was because, in his elevation of Jesus above a human level, he infringed the law, and came perilously near to incurring the guilt of idolatry. It seems to us, however, that proof is wanting that Stephen differed materially from the Apostles in magnifying the office of Jesus. For in the same section of the Book of the Acts, we are told that the Council were minded to slay Peter and the Apostles, and were only restrained by the interposition of Gamaliel. It is curious, too, that Professor Newman attaches so much importance to the story of Stephen

¹ *Christianity, before and after Paul of Tarsus.* By F. W. Newman. Nottingham : Stevenson, Bailey & Smith. 1894.

when, in other connections, he throws discredit upon the Book of the Acts. There remains the fact, however, that Paul in his Epistles set forth a gospel of his own which had only a psychological origin. But even Paul, as Professor Newman, we think justly, maintains, remained a monotheist, and always preserved an ineffaceable distinction between the Lord Jesus and the One God of his Hebrew faith. Professor Newman's brief work is sketchy and disconnected, but it contains many valuable suggestions, some of which are worth following up. The writer holds with some other Theists that Jesus was really a political agitator, and that the two thieves who were crucified at the same time with him were *guerilla* followers of his whom he had led into insurrectionary conduct of some kind. In conclusion, he maintains that the spread of unbelief is due to the teaching of the Church on hell, the devil and miracles, and still more by sacerdotalism which the humbler classes have the sense to see is condemned by Jesus in the gospels.

The writer of the next book before us holds one opinion at least in common with Professor Newman, and that is with regard to hell. Mr. W. Stewart Ross has chosen for his title one that is at least calculated to arrest the attention. *The Bottomless Pit*,¹ a discursive treatise on Eternal Torment, affords scope for vigorous writing and promises exciting reading; but somehow it fails to excite us. We may be wrong, but the doctrine of eternal torment has long since seemed to us to have lost its interest to mankind in general, though Mr. Ross appears to imagine he is the first to denounce it in set terms. This is one of the chief faults of the book; a tone of egotism, a pioneering sort of bravado, as though the author was daring what none had dared before, runs through his pages, joined with a display of conscious martyrdom, which we fancy must be rather assumed than real. In referring to the "Atonement," which doctrinally is closely connected with future punishment, and which, in the crude and coarse form denounced by Mr. Ross, is rejected by nearly all intelligent Christians, he says: "Against the evangel of ten thousand Bethels there is this solitary and neglected pen. Against the transepts and the chancels and the aisles, the groaning organs and the heaven-threatening spires, there is a little study of a few feet square and the shadow of the bailiff for ever on the floor." Mr. Ross, no doubt, knows what pleases his readers, but we imagine that he knows better than to take himself seriously. He must know that there are multitudes of Christians, cleric and lay, who abhor the Calvinistic doctrine of the Atonement as heartily as he does, and who denounce it as earnestly though perhaps not in quite such strong language; "the solitary and neglected pen," however, makes a good point, and the "shadow of the bailiff" is really fine. The implication is that the writer is ostracised and impecunious

¹ *The Bottomless Pit*. By W. Stewart Ross. London: W. Stewart & Co.

because of his avowed enmity to orthodoxy. But many good Christians, as his own book tells us, have suffered much worse martyrdoms without complaining, and many a decent curate and dissenting parson find it difficult to keep out of debt. Nor do we altogether admire Mr. Ross's style—he can and often does write clearly, forcibly and picturesquely, though sometimes with a little too much pathos which appears to us got up for effect; but he also at times descends to a kind of coarseness, the use of slang, and phrases of questionable taste—"profane," the pious might call it, but as we have as little sympathy with orthodoxy as Mr. Ross we are not tempted to use the word. Having said so much in the way of what may appear to be disparagement of the book, but is not intended to be, we must express our cordial sympathy with its main purpose. Mr. Ross does not confine himself to an exposure of the doctrine of eternal torment, but combines with it an account and condemnation of some of the cruelties which have so often and deplorably accompanied it. The believers in future torture seem often to have had their feelings so distorted by their creed as to have found a positive delight in inflicting torture. Or else it is that people who were naturally cruel delighted in a barbarous theology. The decline of cruelty and disbelief in hell have at any rate developed simultaneously, and though "eternal torment" may still appear in a certain class of religious books and be heard from the lips of a few preachers, it has lost all reality. Yet as long as it lingers, even as a bloodless ghost, it may be worth a few honest blows, and we trust that Mr. Ross's diatribe will not be altogether in vain.

Psalms-Mosaics,¹ by the Rev. A. S. Dyer, is a work of a totally different class from the preceding ones. It is simple, and we may say common-place in the extreme, and can be of interest only to those good people whose souls are untroubled by any critical questions or religious doubts. It contains a notice of each Psalm, upon which the opinion of Spurgeon and Perowne is generally quoted, supplemented by some remarks on the use of the psalm in the services of the churches of the East and West. The writer is not very precise as to the origin of particular psalms; some, he thinks, may have been composed by David, others he recognises are of much later date. The biographical and historical commentary does not treat, as we should have expected, of the supposed authors and historical connection of the various psalms, but consists of anecdotes of more or less celebrated persons who have quoted the Psalms under striking circumstances. Dr. Burnet, we are told, for instance, was discharged from preaching the Thursday lecture at St. Clement's for a sermon on the words (Psalm xxii.), "*Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn.*" There was an

¹ *Psalms-Mosaics: a Biographical and Historical Commentary on the Psalms.* By Rev. A. Saunders Dyer, M.A., F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

implication of disloyalty in this as the lion and the unicorn supported the royal arms! We also learn that one of the passages which was most strongly relied upon by the Church in its opposition to Galileo was the fifth verse of Psalm civ.: "*He laid the foundations of the earth, that it never should move at any time.*"

A large proportion of the stories, as is usual in books of the kind, relate to the quoting of Scripture by people who were dying, or by soldiers before a battle or after a victory. We suppose these sort of compilations serve some purpose, and probably make the composition of a sermon easy to preachers who find a difficulty in filling up the twenty minutes or so allotted to the sermon, but for study or general reading we should prefer something more erudite or connected. Of course there is a good deal of illustrative verse, some of which is of a high class, but much very poor. As a short example of the author's style and critical powers we conclude with the following on the twelfth verse of Psalm lxxiv.

"Sternhold and Hopkins, though their version is harsh, and some of their expressions quaint almost to ridicule, yet they have hit the true meaning which our prose translators have missed :

•

" 'Why dost Thou draw Thy hand aback,
And hide it in Thy lap?
Oh pluck it out, and be not slack
To give Thy foes a rap!'"

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE sub-title of Miss Simcox's *magnum opus*, *Primitive Civilisations*,¹ naturally suggests a monograph upon the comparative law of ownership in property amongst various ancient communities. Such a work would have been on a larger scale very similar to M. Letourneau's *Origin and Development of Property*. But, undeterred by the greatness of such a work, Miss Simcox has attempted an even more laborious task. In some 1100 pages of rather close type, Miss Simcox has given us the social history of several of the most ancient empires. The first volume is devoted to Egypt, ancient Babylonia, and those ancient societies which occupied the region between Massilia and Malabar. China, and a number of extremely valuable appendices, together with a very full index, furnish the second volume. Under the title of "Ownership in Egypt," Miss Simcox gives a description of the monarchy and its officials; of agriculture and its administration through stewards, with the part played by slavery; of commerce and industry; of caste and descent; of the military; of the national religion and the priesthood; of civil law and custom, and of domestic relations and family law. Miss Simcox justifies this course by declaring that the "history of civilisation is, in great measure, the history of the progressive appropriation by mankind of the various resources of the natural world."

Aristotle defined possession as an instrument for maintaining life, therefore, says Miss Simcox, "the history of ownership is, in fact, a history of the way in which people live, or of the things wherewithal they sustain their lives." But "ownership and possession" are terms which are in general use, with a strictly technical meaning, and it is a pity that Miss Simcox should have gone out of her way to use them in such a loose manner, merely because "the character of religious beliefs, the state of art and science, and the course of political and social development are all reflected in proprietary institutions."

We must not, however, be understood to be attempting to depreciate the book. The work is undoubtedly a great one, and is evidence of stupendous labour, strenuous perseverance, and breadth of mind. We merely consider the alternative title unfortunate. The practical result is that Miss Simcox presents us with a picture of Egyptian society as a whole which leaves little to be desired. The other communities are treated in much the same way. Whether these various accounts are absolutely correct we must leave respective

¹ *Primitive Civilisations; or, Outlines of the History of Ownership in Archaic Communities.* By E. J. Simcox. In two volumes. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

specialists to decide. Of all problems, perhaps the ethnological are the most puzzling. Miss Simcox adopts the hypothesis that Egypt and China had a common origin. She is careful, however, to point out that this is a mere hypothesis; but the numerous analogies between the two civilisations scattered throughout the work, although not absolutely convincing, are yet sufficiently striking to render the theory something more than a mere presumption.

Miss Simcox is to be congratulated upon the production of a work which will take its place amongst the foremost literary achievements of the day.

*Civilisation during the Middle Ages*¹ is a book which may be usefully read as a supplement to the ~~work~~ just noticed. It is something more than a mere description of mediæval society. To the popular mind the mediæval period is barren and uninteresting, in which chaos ruled supreme. Professor Adams' object, however, is to show the hollowness of this view. The Middle Ages are the connecting links between ancient civilisation and modern society. By treating civilisation as one long development the true bearing of the mediæval period will be found, and since "its opening conditions cannot be understood without considerable knowledge of the results of ancient history, and its closing age carries us far into the current of modern history," a study of this period is of vital importance. It is a transition age. Progress there was; but progress was not its characteristic. It was an age of assimilation.

We are glad to note that Professor Adams refuses to admit Draper's analogy between the life of an individual and that of a race. "History," he says, "gives us no clear case of any nation perishing from old age," and he considers that if Rome had been left to herself, she might have recovered her creative power. We have always thought that the land question, with its attendant accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, was at the root of the fall of Roman civilisation, and it is open to serious question whether the Roman mind could have succeeded in breaking through the doctrine of exclusive individual ownership.

However this may be, the Teuton set himself to assimilate, consciously or unconsciously, the civilisation of Rome: its manners, customs, and institutions; and the process occupied rather more a thousand years.

At first, almost all that ancient civilisation had gained seemed lost. But it was only so in appearance. "Almost, if not quite," says Professor Adams, "every achievement of the Greeks and the Romans in thought, in science, in law, in the practical arts, is now a part of our civilisation." The effect of those four great forces of

¹ *Civilisation during the Middle Ages, especially in relation to Modern Civilisation.* By George Barton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University. London: David Nutt. 1894.

Greek and Roman civilisation, of Christianity, and of the Teutonic race, is clearly traced; but we think that some reference to the effect of Celtic civilisation should not have been entirely omitted. For, as Professor Adams is careful to point out, the age was not so much a preparation in institutions, discoveries, and ideas, as a preparation of men. It culminated in individualism, the independence of the individual man. In creating the "new spirit," Celtic imagination can scarcely have failed to contribute something. The book is not merely interesting, it is fascinating and full of suggestion.*

Mr. Hobson's earlier work, *Problems of Poverty*, led us to anticipate a valuable addition to economic thought in *The Evolution of Modern Capitalism*,¹ and we have not been disappointed. Mr. Hobson's object is "to express and illustrate some of the laws of the structural changes in modern industry," and to show that such changes are the result of orderly progression, which itself is part of that larger development of natural forces. A history of industrial evolution, however, is a vast undertaking, and by his sub-title, *A Study of Machine Production*, Mr. Hobson indicates that the work is limited to the investigation of the operation and effect of modern machinery, although its relation to the larger question is not lost sight of. The earlier chapters are devoted to an account of the structure and organisation of industry previous to the introduction of machinery; to the displacement of domestic industry by the factory system; to the introduction of steam-power to machinery and its consequent effects upon the development of industry. Then follows a description of the structure of modern industry; the growing size of the business unit, its increased complexity; the expansion of market areas and the effect of machinery in expanding such areas; the national and local specialisation in industry. We are now arrived at that period when the large business becomes a joint-stock concern, and the joint-stock companies are converted into the syndicate. Mr. Hobson's treatment of the syndicate and the trust is of special value. The later chapters will certainly be of more interest to the general reader. In these Mr. Hobson considers the relations of machinery to the present industrial depression, and arrives at the conclusion that under-consumption is the root-evil. 'This under-consumption means over-production, and over-production is largely the result of "savings." Over-capitalisation of particular trades is due to individual ignorance and individual interests. To remedy this evil greater collective control is required. In discussing the comparative merits of the economy of low wages and of high wages, Mr. Hobson considers that the latter is dependent upon consumption. If those in receipt of high wages do not consume in

¹ *The Evolution of Modern Capitalism. A Study of Machine Production.* By John A. Hobson, M.A. London: Walter Scott. 1894.

proportion to production—if, for instance, they save—high wages cannot be maintained. “A parsimonious people,” says Mr. Hobson, “are never progressive.” If economy is so practised as to prevent a corresponding advance in civilisation of the working classes with the other classes, it is morally inequitable and industrially bad policy. But Mr. Hobson believes that there is a growing tendency in the workers to employ their higher wages in progressive consumption.

It is the last chapter, however, which is the most intensely interesting. In this Mr. Hobson discusses industrial development in relation to civilisation. “What,” asks Mr. Hobson, “are the chief lines of economic changes required to bring about a readjustment between modern methods of production and social welfare?” Neither complete publicity of trade secrets nor complete freedom of trades are of themselves specifics. Industries are of two kinds—viz., those where the size and structure of the “business” is such that the protection afforded by competition to the consuming public and to the workers has disappeared or is in frequent abeyance, and those where the waste and damage of excessive competition outweighs the loss of private enterprise caused by a removal or restriction of the incentive of individual gain. Neither the trade union movement nor the various growths of industrial partnerships furnish remedies against the chief forms of economic monopoly and economic waste. Since modern industry is becoming essentially more collective in character it requires a fuller collective control. The case against this socialistic tendency has been summed up by Dr. Pearson in his *National Life and Character*, and Mr. Hobson, in our opinion, completely answers his pessimist objections. We shall be safe in saying that Mr. Hobson has contributed one of the most valuable and instructive works on economics that has appeared of recent years. The book is full of original and suggestive thought, and Mr. Hobson is thoroughly scientific in his treatment of the subject.

Whether a good system of sewerage or a good water supply is more important to health we do not venture to decide. The author of *The Water Supply of Towns and the Construction of Waterworks*,¹ at any rate, considers that “the terribly high death-rate, which . . . existed during the Middle Ages, as well as the terrible epidemics that decimated, and much more than decimated, the populations of whole towns, and even countries, were in great part due to an insufficient supply of water.” And indeed, as long as people continue to congregate in vast cities, so long must these two problems be faced. In the old days, when houses were more or less isolated, it was possible for each householder to have his own

¹ *The Water Supply of Towns and the Construction of Waterworks*. A Practical Treatise for the use of Engineers and Students of Engineering. By W. K. Burton, Assoc. Memb. Inst. C.E. With a paper on *The Effects of Earthquakes on Waterworks*, by Professor John Milne, F.R.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

cesspool and his own well; but when houses began to be built one on the top of the other, this system became a source of peril, since the water is either impure or insufficient in quantity, or both.

Whilst acknowledging the obligations of society to "private enterprise," Mr. Burton considers that the supply of water should be undertaken by the municipal authorities, since "a matter of such vast importance to the public health is not one which should be left in private hands;" and further, even the municipality, much less individuals, should not be allowed to make a profit out of the public necessities.*

Mr. Burton further considers that the question for the public ought not to be, "How cheaply can we get a supply of water?" but "What is the very best supply of water that we can get at any price that is practicable for us to pay?" Another point, not generally taken into consideration in estimating the cost of a water supply, is, says Mr. Burton, that of insurance against loss by fire. This is so considerable that frequently "the expense of the construction of water-works will actually be repaid within a few years by the saving in the destruction of property by fire." With these expressions of opinion we heartily concur. To compare this work with others on the same subject requires a technical knowledge of this particular branch of engineering that we do not possess; but we feel no hesitation in saying that the arrangement of this work is so scientific, and the language so clear and simple, that any layman may read it with ease and profit. We strongly recommend the municipal authorities of Leicester, and others in a similar position, to possess themselves of this work, from which they may learn, not only the best methods of obtaining water, but also of storing it when they have got it. There are numerous plates, diagrams, and other illustrations, explanatory of the text.

*Among the Tibetans*¹ is the title of a little work by that well-known lady traveller, Mrs. Bishop, giving an account of her adventurous journey to Tibet. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a description of the religious customs and observances of the natives, and this is interesting enough; but a rather larger portion is taken up with the doings of the various Christian missions planted in the country; and since the book is published by the Religious Tract Society we are inclined to suspect that its object is rather to stir up proselytising zeal than interest in a little known country. Much as we admire and respect the men who sacrifice themselves in trying to inculcate their religious views in Eastern races, we must enter our protest against such proselytising. The results are usually disastrous, and in the case of the Tibetans even Mrs. Bishop is obliged to admit that they have been unsuccessful. Mrs. Bishop tells us that the

¹ *Among the Tibetans.* By Isabella L. Bishop, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Tibetans are sober, industrious, and, according to their customs, highly moral. Why not, then, let them alone? If people must missionarise, there is ample opportunity nearer home. Mrs. Bishop is evidently a lady with very considerable powers of observation and of ability to describe in pleasing language what she has seen, and it therefore seems a pity that she has not thought fit to give us instead fuller details of the social and economic habits and customs of the people. For instance, beyond mentioning the fact that a certain individual was a *thakur*, or feudal proprietor, of Lahul, Mrs. Bishop has nothing to tell us of the system of land tenure in that district. We suppose Mrs. Bishop must be allowed the usual traveller's license, but she must be a lady of unusual nerve to sit unmoved a half-trained *yak* which executes "familiar movements on the ledges of precipices, rushes madly down mountain-sides, leaping from boulder to boulder," till it landed her in the valley below amongst its fellows. With these reservations, however, the book is fairly interesting, and if Mrs. Bishop has not added much to her reputation as a writer, she undoubtedly has as a traveller, and her pluck and endurance are beyond all praise. We regret exceedingly to hear of her serious accident near Moukden in Corea, and we trust she will recover from its effects as rapidly as she did from those of the broken rib and the ducking experienced in crossing the Shayok.

BELLES LETTRES.

RARELY has the love of a son for his mother been expressed with such tenderness and devotion as in the biographical sketch prefixed to the volume which contains the Songs and Poems of the late Lady Dufferin.¹ It is, indeed, refreshing to find, in this practical age, that a man can have filled the position of Indian Viceroy and devoted his attention to the most difficult political problems without losing any of that natural affection which is often foolishly supposed to be peculiar to children and to the weaker sex." We cannot read Lord Dufferin's memoir of his mother without a sympathetic thrill of emotion. No doubt there may be a touch of unconscious exaggeration here and there; but a son's partiality is certainly pardonable. That Lady Dufferin was a most charming woman and one of the noblest beings that ever lived cannot be denied. Loving and lovable, she won all hearts, and no wonder that her memory should be embalmed in tears.

The Sheridan family, to which she belonged, had once possessed extensive Irish estates in the county of Cavan, but in Queen Elizabeth's time their property was escheated. The result was that for about two hundred years they had to fight the battle of life under very trying conditions. It is unnecessary to enumerate here all the notable members of the family. Suffice it to say that one of Lady Dufferin's ancestors was Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the friend of Swift, and that the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan was her grandfather. Her two sisters, both women of remarkable beauty, were the Duchess of Somerset and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, afterwards Lady Stirling-Maxwell. Of Lady Dufferin it has been said that, though her features were less regular than those of her two sisters, she was equally, if not more, attractive. She sang delightfully, and her best lyrics possess that rare spontaneity which we find in the poetry of Burns. She and Mrs. Norton received one hundred pounds from a publisher for a collection of songs written by them before either of them had reached the age of twenty-one.

Lady Dufferin was married before she was out of her teens. Her husband, whose family name was Blackwood, was a naval officer, and, being a younger son, was not at the time blest with a superfluity of this world's goods. His relatives disapproved of the match, and for this reason he brought his young wife, after their marriage, to live in Italy. They resided at Florence and Siena for a couple of years, and then returned to England, where they took up their abode in a small cottage at Thames Ditton, which they chose on account of its

¹ *Songs, Poems, and Verses.* By Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). Edited, with a Memoir, by her son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray.

proximity to Hampton Court, where, through the Royal favour, Lady Dufferin's mother occupied apartments. The high reputation gained by Mrs. Norton as a poetess enabled her to introduce her sister, Mrs. Blackwood, to some of the most distinguished persons in the literary world, including Sir Henry Taylor, Lord Brougham, Lockhart, Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook, and Disraeli. -

We may readily accept Lord Dufferin's references to the personal magnetism of his mother's character as only a reflex of the truth. The words of Keats may well be applied to a lovely and gracious woman—she is “a joy for ever.” In the case of Lady Dufferin, stainless virtue was superadded ~~to~~ physical and intellectual charms.

The appointment of her husband to the command of a frigate led to a temporary parting, which was to both of them a source of poignant grief. For nearly four years he was absent from England, and in the interval his young wife lived alternately with her mother at Hampton Court or at Clandeboyne in the north of Ireland with her uncle James, Lord Dufferin. Soon after his return from sea Captain Blackwood took a pretty cottage, called Bookham Lodge, in the parish of Stoke, halfway between Cobham and Leatherhead, where he and his wife and child lived a life of comparative solitude, varied by occasional visits to London, to Ireland, or to English country-houses. In 1839 his father died, and he became Lord Dufferin. Owing, however, to his wife's delicate health he was unable to take up his residence on his Irish property, and had, under medical advice, to bring her out to Italy. In the summer of 1841 business called him back to Ireland, and he left Lady Dufferin at Castellamare under the care of two friends. Not long afterwards he died, apparently from an overdose of medicine. The intelligence was, of course, a terrible shock to his young widow. For the rest of her life she devoted herself to the task of educating her son and promoting his happiness. A more devoted mother never existed. She possessed an instinctive benevolence which led her to see the good side of everything and to shut her eyes to what was base or cruel. Her son informs us that another characteristic of hers was an intense love of Nature. She derived an exquisite pleasure from flowers, sunshine, the blue sky, and the songs of birds. Above all, she had a heart burning with affection, and this was the greatest charm of her personality.

Her marriage to Lord Gifford on his death-bed, to gratify his last wish, is one of the most touching and romantic episodes ever found in real life.

On the 18th of June, 1867, she died of cancer. In a journal kept by her before her death she addressed some parting words to her son, conveying her feelings as to her approaching end, and expressing a fond belief in some sort of spiritual relationship with those she loved after she had passed away from earth.

"Thus," writes her son and biographer, "there went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her perfection, and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women."

Cold criticism may pronounce such language overstrained, but it certainly does credit to Lord Dufferin's heart and appeals to our human sympathies.

Of the songs and verses which have been collected in the volume it must be confessed that few of them rise above respectable mediocrity. "The Irish Lament" is her best song, and is full of true feeling. "Sweet Kilkenny Town" is intensely Irish, and might fittingly be sung by any of the obscure thousands from Erin who toil for bare existence in the great Republic of the West. In many of her other lyrics we find an echo of Moore, but she lacks his perfection of form and exquisite imagery. It is when she writes in the vernacular that she is in her happiest vein. She sympathised with the peasantry of the land in which she was born, and the great charm of her nature lay, not in the gift of genius—for that she did not possess—but in her sweet and loving Irish heart. That she was endowed with some dramatic power is shown by her comedy, entitled *Finesse; or, a Busy Day in Messina*. She cannot take rank in literature beside her gifted sister, Mrs. Norton, but her womanhood was richer and more perfect than that of many members of her sex to whom was given "the vision and the faculty divine." It is right that the world should know something of one of the womanliest women that ever breathed, and for this reason Lord Dufferin's biography and the verses which accompany it will be treasured in many homes.

To present the age of Pope in vivid and at the same time unexaggerated colours before the "mind's eye" of the student of English literature is by no means an easy task; and Mr. John Dennis must be congratulated on having successfully accomplished it. His handbook¹ dealing with this interesting epoch in our literature is full of valuable information. Without allowing his judgment to be warped, he appreciates all that was best in the genius of Pope. He rightly assigns to the author of *The Dunciad* "a first place in the second rank of poets." It might be plausibly urged that, from the purely poetic point of view, Pope is nothing better than a polished rhymers who possessed considerable wit and power of expression. But, as Mr. Dennis observes, "the critic must take a contracted view of the poet's art who questions his right to the title." But we should like to know why the title of poet should be

¹ *Handbooks of English Literature. The Age of Pope.* By John Dennis. London: George Bell & Son.

denied to Swift. His power of versification was quite equal to that of Pope, and he shared with that poet the qualities which characterised the artificial school of eighteenth century verse-makers. We see no more of the poetic spirit, in Wordsworth's sense, in *The Dunciad* than in *Cadenus and Vanessa*. Indeed, apart from its literary interest, Pope's elaborate production has less real poetry than the verses of Swift just mentioned. It appears to us, too, rather arbitrary to exclude Addison from the ranks of poets. It is not improbable that the criticism of the future will refuse to acknowledge that Pope was a true poet at all ; but it is scarcely logical to exclude Addison and Swift from the company in which Pope takes the leading place.

The biographical portion of Mr. Dennis's book is really admirable. The accuracy of the details and the knowledge exhibited by the author of the social and political life of the period show how thoroughly he has mastered his subject.

The name of Isocrates is not very familiar even to classical students. The works¹ of this Attic orator have been rendered into good and vigorous English by Mr. J. H. Freese, formerly a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Isocrates was born five years before the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. He studied under the most famous sophists, such as Protagoras of Abdera, Prodicus of Ceos, Tisias of Syracuse, and Gorgias of Leontini. Subsequently he became a teacher of rhetoric himself at Athens, and amongst his pupils were many who afterwards became celebrated historians, tragedians, and orators. Isocrates amassed considerable wealth by his profession, and was raised to a responsible public position in the service of Athens. He lacked the physical powers required by a public speaker, but as an adviser and a composer of oratorical discourses he gained a high reputation. He lived to a ripe old age, and the immediate cause of his death appears to have been the shock which he received on learning that the Athenians had been defeated at the battle of Chæronea.

His great merit was his style. His prose is rhythmical and polished, and it is said that Demosthenes, though not one of his pupils, took him as a model. If we may form any idea of the logical and philosophical value of his compositions from this English version of them, we cannot speak very highly of him.

The *Panegyricus* certainly displays considerable patriotic feeling, but the encomium on Helen is one of the silliest tissues of false sentiment and bad morality in all literature. According to Isocrates, the Trojan war was a glorious tribute to Helen's beauty, and the stain upon her character as a woman is lost sight of altogether. "She had the greatest share of beauty," says this

¹ *The Orations of Isocrates*. Translated by J. H. Freese, M.A. London : George Bell & Son.

infatuated rhetorician, "which is the most august, most precious, and most divine of all things." The gods had favoured her, and hence it was "the duty of the wealthy to propitiate and honour her with offerings, sacrifices, and processions, and of philosophers to endeavour to speak of her in terms worthy of the material at hand." He further attributes it as a merit to Helen that the war of which her misconduct was the cause resulted in Hellas being saved from the yoke of the barbarians. Can we wonder at Niebuhr for calling Isocrates "a despicable writer" and an "ineffable fool"? His success as a teacher of rhetoric among the Athenians only proves that they were the slaves of form, and that they failed to realise the true value of literature. It can be hoped that modern writers and orators will avoid this pitfall of formalism, which to some extent has vitiated both English and French poetry in our own time. When style becomes mechanical it degenerates into a literary vice, and the utter absence of all style is better than this soulless artificiality.

The introductory matter and the notes in the first volume of this version of the *Orations of Isocrates* are highly creditable to the industry and scholarship of the translator. The book will be most useful, not only for educational purposes but for reference in the extended study of the literature of ancient Greece.

The scene of Mr. Blackmore's latest novel, *Perlycross*,¹ is laid in a thinly populated Devonshire parish, as far back as the year 1835, when, as he tells us, forty coaches would daily wind their horns as they rattled along the western main road, past the three sister villages of Perlycombe, Perlycross, and Perliton, strung like jewels on the silver thread of the little river Perle. Good Parson Penniloe, Squire Waldron and his Spanish lady, Dr. Jemmy Fox and the fair Nicie, Channing, the parish clerk, and the one-armed schoolmaster, a Peninsular veteran and a great disciplinarian, and many other types of old-world village life are introduced, and the narrative runs on pleasantly enough through pages filled with quiet humour and excellent descriptive work. We feel, perhaps, a little like the victims of a hoax, when it is at length discovered that all the somewhat tedious fuss about the body-snatching (the *clou* of the book) has been based on a delusion, for, instead of being in the hands of the resurrectionists, the remains of Sir Thomas Waldron have been throughout reposing peacefully in his own family vault! But then there is so much good entertainment by the way that we are really hardly in a position to complain.

In *A Choice of Evils*,² Mrs. Alexander, the clever authoress of *The Wooing O't*, develops an unusual situation, and ventures to preach the exercise of common-sense in matters which are generally governed by convention and fear of the world's opinion. Janet

¹ *Perlycross*. A Tale of the Western Hills. By R. D. Blackmore. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

² *A Choice of Evils*. By Mrs. Alexander. London: F. V. White & Co.

Rowley, the daughter of a poor naval captain, becomes the wife of Randal Palliser, a rich and distinguished widower. She is passionately in love, and at first all goes well, until Palliser, disappointed in his hopes of an heir to his estates, tires of his bride, and allows his indifference to be seen. At this juncture, when the warm-hearted Janet has just penetrated her husband's cold, selfish nature, the first Mrs. Palliser (a desperate adventuress, who had ensnared Palliser in his youth) suddenly reappears, and disproves her supposed death. Randal and Janet agree to separate until he can obtain a divorce from this woman, when he proposes to remedy their unfortunate position, as far as possible, by a second marriage ceremony. To do him justice, Palliser never wavers his intention to behave honourably towards Janet, or allows her to feel any misgivings; he obtains his divorce as soon as money can procure it, and suggests that the re-marriage shall take place as promptly as the legal formalities will permit. But Janet, seeing a chance of freedom thus miraculously opened to her, refuses to return into bondage, and elects to remain a free woman in her father's humble home. Though, evidently, we are intended to sympathise with Janet, the relations between her and Palliser are so described that there is something to be said on both sides, and the book has thus the interest arising from the discussion of a problem of conduct.

Mr. Algernon Ridgeway is a disciple of Mr. George Meredith, though one who does not merely reproduce the master's mannerism, but can also reflect some of his merits. The scene of his story, *The Westovers*,¹ is laid in Virginia, and his characters are taken from among those formerly slave-holding planter families who regard their blood as the bluest of the new continent. The book gives proof of much perception and activity of mind, and the pages are sometimes encrusted with epigrams and aphorisms worthy even of the author of *The Egoist* himself. But unfortunately these sparkling points are embedded in a mass of colloquialism, the literary result being a blend of the American language and Meredithese, curiously piebald and incongruous. The narrative, *per se*, is of no particular interest, but some of the characters are ably and subtly conceived, and much of the descriptive work quite excellent. Mr. Ridgeway has passages of penetrating thought wittily and succinctly expressed, though sometimes he attains only to the obscurity and tortured thought, or elaborate conceits of his model. To him, a lady's ear is "a dainty opera-box"; for him, alas! "Sicily is a stupendous shrug, and the Riviera one continuous sardine." One of his heroines "takes her thinking us a bird takes millet." To those readers, however, who, for the sake of the really high intellectual level maintained on the whole throughout the book, and

¹ *The Westovers*. By Algernon Ridgeway. London: Dighty Long & Co.

for the fresh picture of life in the unfamiliar society of Werewo-comico, can endure some tedium and overlook incongruities and absurdities of diction, we recommend *The Westovers* not merely as a piece of mental acrobatics, but as a work of much solid interest and originality.

Mr. Percy Russell is apparently widely read in the fiction of the English tongue, and the guidance he offers to the less experienced will probably be gladly accepted by a section of the public.¹ His list of authors is long and full, and in most cases he indicates the best works from each hand. As a critic he is, however, sadly wanting in a sense of proportion; his classification is confused, and his judgments are delivered in ungrammatical English. Writers such as "Cuthbert Bede," Mr. Anstey Guthrie, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Douglas Jerrold, and Charles Dickens elbow each other with no recognised order of precedence, although, it is true, we are told "that the author has not yet arisen who quite comes level with Charles Dickens at his best."

Mrs. Aphra Behn and Mr. Quiller Couch share a paragraph between them. *Bootle's Baby* figures as "a military novel," while Mr. Anstey Guthrie is "supreme monarch in the enchanted realm of phantasy, resting, however, upon a basis of every-day life circumstances." The notice of Mr. G. M. Barrie is one of the gems of the collection. This writer, says Mr. Russell, is, "in the estimation of many, the great humorist novelist of the day," and this although, of his series of books, it is "rather a stretch to include more than one or two as novels." "It must be confessed," he goes on, "that with Mr. Barrie the story is hardly the main thing," but even in *The Little Minister* "the writing is the main feature," and the puzzling subject is ultimately dismissed with the remark that "anyway, Mr. Barrie has been enrolled among the new humorists," and there for the present (with apologies) we will leave him.

A contribution by "Rita" to the Pseudonym Library is named *A Husband of No Importance*,² who, as may be perhaps expected, completely turns the tables on his wife before the end of the story.

*A Desert Bride*³ is a clever tale for boys, and its pages bristle with the most tremendous adventures.

*A Question of Casuistry*⁴ contains, amongst other things, the platitudinous paradoxes of an insufferable undergraduate who never condescends to "carnalise his ideas into facts."

¹ *A Guide to British and American Novels.* By Percy Russell. London: Digby Long & Co.

² *A Husband of No Importance.* By "Rita." Pseudonym Library. London: Fisher Unwin & Co.

³ *A Desert Bride. A Story of Adventure in India and Persia.* By Hume Nisbet. London: F. V. White & Co.

⁴ *A Question of Casuistry. A Dialogue and a Denouement.* By Alec MacHeild. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

*Heroes in Homespun*¹ gives some account of the Abolitionist struggles, and abounds in harrowing stories of slave torture.

Mr. Skipp Borlase's *Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure*² well deserves its title, and ought to prove an enthralling book for boys; while *The Scorpion*,³ by Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly, is full of romantic interest and local colour, and deals with the famous Spanish secret society of the Black Hand. This story of life and adventure in Spain was originally published in a slightly different form in the columns of a weekly paper, under the title of *Lola's Vow*.

*True Stories from History and Biography*⁴ forms a volume of Messrs. Walter Scott's charming new issue of the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and is a fascinating little book with a cover designed by Walter Crane, and a frontispiece portrait of the author in photogravure.

But by far the most satisfactory and important of the books which have reached us this month is Mr. A. W. Pollard's new edition of *The Canterbury Tales*.⁵ Mr. Pollard has already published a specimen of his work in this direction in "The Parchment Library," but his present two volumes appear in Messrs. Macmillans' excellent Eversley Series. It would be an impertinence for one who does not pretend to be a Chaucer specialist to attempt any serious examination of the work of this fine critic and conscientious scholar, who for years has spared no drudgery to make himself master of his subject. It is enough to say that his tender, sympathetic, and sensitively intelligent handling of the poet must deeply intensify the reader's pleasure; while the careful, well-digested collation of the numerous texts, the succinct yet copious annotation, the convenient glossary at the foot of each page, and the simple scheme of "marking with an unobtrusive dot like that over an *i* the final *e* where it affects the scansion of the verse," dissipate almost entirely the obstacles to an easy comprehension. Mr. Pollard is one of those rare workers to whom it is impossible to produce bad work, and every volume he gives us increases his already high reputation as a fastidious scholar, whose absence of personal vanity, keen sense of fitness, and unfailing tact prohibit any taint of pedantry. His "Eversley" Chaucer is intended, as he tells us, for "a less stalwart class of readers" than those who will buy Professor Skeat's "Library Edition," and his appeal is to the average student of taste and intelligence.

¹ *Heroes in Homespun*. Scenes and Stories from the American Emancipation Movement. By Ascott R. Hope. London: Wilson & Milne.

² *Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure*. A Book for Boys. By Skipp Borlase. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

³ *The Scorpion*. A Romance of Spain. By Ernest A. Vizetelly. London: Chatto & Windus.

⁴ *True Stories from History and Biography*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Walter Scott, Limited.

⁵ *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Alfred W. Pollard. Eversley Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

FINANCIAL FACILITIES.

FOR several years past trade has been in a depressed condition, and there has been a general want of confidence amongst the commercial classes, which has kept them from speculating for the future, as they used to do, when trade was going on in the usual way. It is very generally believed that the antiquated and awkward-working money laws of England are much to blame for the frequent monetary disturbances, panics, and scares which come upon the country. Indeed, it was proved before Parliamentary Committees that the great monetary crises of 1847, 1857, and 1866 were, if not actually brought on, greatly aggravated by the Bank Act of 1844. The principal enactments of this Act were to restrict and prevent free trade in banking; to give the Bank of England control of the banking business; to continue and even extend its exclusive privileges of note issues; at the same time to curtail the circulation of the country banks. That Act, it was generally said, was put into Sir Robert Peel's head by Mr. Jones Lloyd, the millionaire banker, not without an eye to increase the interests of the favoured bankers and moneyed men who make rich by their loans; while, on the other hand, the commercial classes are imposed upon by being made to pay, at times, when gold is wanted for foreign export, or when the Bank directors think fit, double, and sometimes three times more, for discounting bills and financial accommodation, than they would have to pay with free competition in banking. Banks ought to be free in order to give free trade fair-play both at home and abroad.

In the previous articles in this magazine on "Banking" we stated in the plainest manner the principles on which proper banking should be conducted so as to be beneficial to all classes of people for carrying on every trade and industry in the country advantageously. We gave extracts from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, wherein he states that free competition in banking, as in other businesses, is best; and that banks may be allowed to issue notes without any serious restriction, except that they shall be bound to pay their notes on demand in "legal money"; that these bank-notes are a convenient form of money and serve the grand purpose of enabling banks to give necessary credit to their customers to carry on their business with, and generally to encourage trade and industry. The history and experience of the Scotch banks down to 1845, when the Scotch

Bank Act passed, proves to a demonstration that freedom of banking and the free issue and use of bank-notes for one pound and upwards is the best system of finance that has been invented for supplying ready money to a steady-going country. Mr. Pitt not only approved of Adam Smith's principles, but actually put his system of free banking and bank-notes in practice to a great extent with excellent effects; as it was the paper currency that carried on trade and supplied the sinews of the war up to Waterloo.

After Napoleon was defeated, the old Tory party then in power in this country at once set about putting *themselves* right, by throwing the burdens incurred by their war from off their own shoulders on to the backs of the common people. Then they passed the Corn Laws, to keep up the price of corn and the rents of their lands, by making bread dear. In like manner they also passed another bad law, to favour the fund-holders and moneyed gentry—namely, the statute of 1816—which changed the currency of this country from the good old silver coin and paper-money system, to a *gold basis*, which was a most impolitic Act. It was a great wrong to the nation, as it increased the burden of the National Debt enormously, and most injuriously contracted the currency and spoilt the trade of the country. It must be remembered that from 1797, all through the war, the bulk of the currency consisted of bank-notes, and that a gold coin was hardly ever seen at home, as they had been sent abroad, being worth a high premium to export; however, there were abundance of bank-notes issued, and they supplied an excellent circulating medium and gave great facility to trade and encouraged every industry judiciously. The foreign commerce increased immensely during the war, as the foreigners who got subsidies from the British Government, or had debts due from this country, had to take payment by importing British goods; as gold had risen so high, they preferred to take our goods in exchange, and not take gold. It was in these circumstances that Sir Robert Peel brought in and carried his Bill of 1816, to make gold the standard of value at the price of £3 17s. 9d. per oz., when its market price was £4 10s.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* recently wrote: "It would clear the ground of the currency controversy were it kept in mind that until 1816 silver was the only standard money amongst civilised nations. The *gold standard* was an English invention, and in adopting it other nations have simply been imitating England. It was not till the year after the battle of Waterloo that Parliament recognised *gold* as the unit of value by the statute of 1816." At that time the retrograde step was taken of abolishing one-pound notes in England, and contracting the circulation of bank-notes by many millions; between that time and 1821, the price of gold was forced down by Act of Parliament from about £4 10s. to £3 17s. 9d. per oz., at which value sovereigns were coined and made the standard

pound sterling. This was a great change in the currency, and caused great commercial and industrial distress throughout the country during these four years of currency contraction and bank restriction. Trade began to revive after that and got very brisk on till 1825, when all branches of business were prospering. But, lo and behold ! the Bank of England was running short of gold, a great demand for that metal had come on—the Bank could not stand it, as it was so strictly confined by the Bank Act ; fortunately some old one-pound notes were found in the Bank drawers ; they were issued to the public in place of sovereigns and that stayed the panic, then trade again began to revive. That shows these Bank Restriction Acts do more injury than good to trade.

There are good reasons to make us believe that trade would not be subjected to these severe depressions which we have experienced within the last fifty years or so, if there had been as much freedom in banking and currency as was enjoyed in England before 1816, and in Scotland and Ireland before 1845. This country should by all means have as good banking and financial facilities as any other country in the world ; but unfortunately the leading financial gentlemen in the Government since Peel's time have been tainted with his narrow-minded notions of banking, and rather disposed to uphold the Bank monopolies and the exclusive privileges of note issues than to open up our banking system to modern improvements and developments, such as we see adopted with great advantage in other countries and even in our own colonies. It shows that the Bank of England system is not so good as it pretends to be, when none of our colonies have copied it, but all have gone in for free banking and freedom to issue notes to suit their circumstances. Surely there should be similar liberty given to all our banks at home.

Mr. Lowe, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and speaking of the connection of the Government with the Bank of England, hinted that the Bank was too much favoured, and that it ought to be treated more like an independent banking company than as the sole Government bank. If this were done, the Government would either have to divide its banking business with other banks or establish a British National Bank in connection with the Treasury. If the latter course were taken, it would be a great advantage to the nation and to the whole public. A National Bank could issue national notes upon the security of the Government, than which nothing could be a better currency or circulating medium. These notes would be "legal tenders," and pass for ready money over all the three kingdoms as freely as coin. Mr. Gladstone has frequently said he thought the Government should have the benefit of the note circulation or the issue of "legal tenders." Speaking on the Irish Home Rule Bill, on this point he said : "Ireland might think fit to pass a law providing for the extinction of private issues in Ireland, .

except under the authority and for the advantage of the State. I own it is my opinion that Ireland would do an extremely sensible thing if she passed such a law. It is my strong decided opinion that we ought to have the same law ourselves." If this is also the decided opinion of the present Government there should be little or no difficulty in carrying out these views for the expansion of the currency, not only in Ireland, but in Great Britain as well. We believe that would do more than tongue can tell to put trade into a prosperous state. If the Treasury will take its banking business into its own hands and issue national notes, as already proposed, for, say, *one hundred million pounds sterling*, or such an amount as Parliament may authorise, in denominations of *ten shillings, one pound, five pounds* and upwards, and lay aside or cancel Consols for the same, these national notes would be a far safer and steadier circulating medium and measure of value than the *sovereign* or than gold bullion, which fluctuates like other metals.

The banks of the country might get licenses to issue their own notes likewise on lodging Consols as securities for their issues with the Treasury; these bank-notes should be payable on demand in national notes. That would provide as good a currency for this country as was provided by Mr. Pitt and served so well. The Government pays about £175,000 a year to the Bank of England for managing the National Debt, and allows the Bank to issue above sixteen million pounds of bank-notes on the security of the nation, for which it gets no remuneration. It gets no interest for the Government balances, averaging about seven millions, deposited with the Bank; while the Bank gets interest regularly for the eleven millions of the old standing National Debt. So the Government would save a very large sum yearly by making new arrangements for conducting its banking business by a Treasury Bank, and might give better banking facilities to the public than is now provided.

How would it do to employ the Inland Revenue Offices and the Custom House Offices, to act as Branch National Banks, to take in deposits and pay out money for the public accommodation, just as the Post Office Banks do, but on a larger scale? This may be worthy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's consideration when he comes to think of his next Budget.¹ Sir William Harcourt has already done well, and justly, in laying "Death Duties" upon large real estates, which hitherto have escaped bearing their equal share with personalities. Seeing he has been so successful in hooking in the rich landed gentry, it would be another great triumph to him if he can break up the monstrous Bank of England monopoly, and let all other banking companies (great and small) be free! Then free trade would get

¹ There are £127,000,000 of deposits in the Savings Banks; why should that money not be let out for the accommodation of the people? The Trustee Banks could do so if transferred into Company Banks by the Act 1862, Table A.

fair-play, which it does not get just now, because of the anti-free trade restrictions of the Bank Act of 1844.

It must be borne in mind that when Sir Robert Peel proposed his sliding scale for the duties on corn, and his Bills for restricting banking and the currency, he was the leading opponent of free trade till he was driven to propose the repeal of the Corn Laws by Mr. Cobden's "unadorned eloquence." Peel held firm by his anti-free-trade Bank Act to the last. This was really the Act which gave foreigners their opportunity of "contracting themselves out" of our free trade measures, and gave them the opportunity, which they did not miss, of levying excessively heavy tariffs upon the importation of British goods, which they could not have done if Peel's Bank Acts had been repealed along with the Corn Laws. Sir Louis Mallet (Mr. Cobden's friend), in a pamphlet written for the Cobden Club, clearly showed that Peel's Bank Act cut the feet from free trade by giving foreigners the option of drawing gold from the Bank of England at the fixed price of £3 17s. 10½d. per oz. in exchange for *their produce*, and not taking our goods. This is how foreigners get the better of us, and which we must remedy now. Sir Robert Peel himself explained that one of the objects of his Bill was, that when a run came on the Bank for gold, the Bank should have the power to raise its rate of discount to such a height that it would *bring down* the prices of our goods below the price of gold, and foreigners take our goods in exchange, and leave the gold in the Bank. That is to say, he thought it better to sacrifice our merchants and manufacturers, and make them cut their prices, than have the Bank to take the natural course of buying and selling its gold at such a price as was warranted by the state of the market—that is, to charge a higher price for that metal when there was an extra demand for it. This would cause the foreigners to take our goods in exchange at *our regular prices*, which would be real fair trade. But to give foreigners the option of getting gold *cheaper than our goods* is laying ourselves open to be circumvented by foreigners; so the sooner we put *gold* again in the free-trade category with other metals, the sooner will we get "Reciprocity" with all the world and justice to our own merchants and manufacturers. It is in vain for us to try any longer to convince foreign nations by arguments that free trade will be best for them as well as for us; they won't believe it till they are made to find it out by experience. The shortest and most effectual way to drive other nations that deal with this country to adopt free trade is for Britain to adopt *free trade in gold*. Then the foreigners, when they discover that they cannot get gold from us any cheaper than our goods, will find it to be best for themselves to let our goods in as free of duty as possible to their countries, so that they may get the best returns for their exports.

Had this free-trade mode of dealing with gold been in operation in our country twenty years ago, it is probable it would have prevented the collapse of our trade which took place in 1874, immediately after the bounding trade which was experienced in 1873 and for some years earlier; the trade of this country at that time was said to be progressing by "leaps and bounds," and it might have continued to progress but for the effects of the American monetary panic in the autumn of 1873, which caused our American friends to pull up, and as a consequence they bought very much less from this country in 1874. Then the manufacturers on this side felt the want of American orders and the dull trade began. At the same time the Americans drew away all the money and gold they could get from the banks here, and this frightened the Bank of England so much that it suddenly raised its rate of discount for some months to a panic price, and this put a severe check on our trade. This was keenly felt, and it was so generally believed that our bad banking and currency system had something to do with that monetary crisis, that the Associated Chambers of Commerce sent a deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask him to get an inquiry made into the working of the Bank Act, which was agreed to. The Banking Committee of 1875 was appointed, but as it was mostly composed of bankers they saw nothing wrong with the Act, though the whole commercial and mercantile community felt the severe depression of trade which continued for a long period afterwards; indeed, trade has hardly got right away since. Well, that depression might most probably have been avoided if, when the directors of the Bank of England felt the drain of gold was too much for them to meet, they had justly put a premium on its gold, instead of raising the rate of discount; that would have stopped the drain of gold and driven the Americans to take *goods* from us and not gold in exchange for their exports. This would have avoided any Bank embarrassment—that is, supposing the Bank had got Peel's Bank Act *suspended* or repealed, so as to have allowed the bank note issues to be extended to meet the requirements of trade. In a short time the money market would have righted itself, and other new markets would have been found for British goods, provided we had got free trade in gold as in other commodities.

This is more necessary now than ever, because a great change has taken place in the position of gold; it is now becoming too plentiful since so many new mines have been found out, and producing about two times more of that metal yearly than was produced about twenty years ago. Gold was then thought to be getting scarce and dear. indeed it has been averred by experts that gold appreciated as much as 25 per cent. after 1873; but now the likelihood is that it will soon be depreciated as much or more if the mines continue to turn out, as they are now said to be doing, £35,000,000 a year.

The Bank of England is now overflowing with money, and *Punch* in a humorous style hits off the scene of so many people coming with bagfuls of gold to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street ; she thus addresses them :

“ Oh ! get away now do, I'm really getting sick of you ;
The proffered stuff I must refuse, I have far more than I can use.
I've no more need or wish for money than a surfeited bee for honey.”

There is, however, another view to take of this plethora of gold. It is making money plentiful and credit cheap, and likely to continue so.¹ This is a good thing for the trade and industries of the country, and will, by and by, give plenty of employment to all classes. Long may this state of cheap credit and good trade continue ! We can do without gold coin for the home trade. Notes are as good, or better, than gold coin. The gold may be all left in reserve for foreign exchange at market price. Let us go back to Pitt's plan of banking and currency.

ROBERT EWEN.

GLASGOW.

¹ The *Times* City article lately stated that £1000 capital could be got the loan of for fifty shillings for a year's time !—that was for large amounts in London. But banking must be brought down to the common people and to retailers.

RELIGION AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

It is hardly necessary to make any apology for combining these two terms in a title which implies a relation. All men admit that religion is one of the greatest and most important factors in influencing human life. Some have ceased to believe in the things of which religion treats, and believe only in the material and physical. They think that they have eliminated religion wholly from their own lives. But they still admit the tremendous influence which it has had on human life in the past, and which it is exercising yet.

Religion has impressed its mark upon literature, and literature exercises an influence upon religion. This has always been recognised very clearly by those who have had novel theories and doctrines to propound. The religious thought of past ages has been coloured very greatly by the literature which appealed to the great mass of the people. It is perhaps necessary to remember that that which corresponds in purpose and effect with modern popular literature, took in earlier ages a very different form.

Arius had novel doctrines to teach, and he embodied them in a book of verses called the *Thalia*. He also wrote songs for millers, sailors, and travellers. These appealed to the common people, who, though perhaps not able to read, were able to commit to memory, and were probably the more anxious to commit to memory because they could not read. To counteract these heretical hymns, Chrysostom wrote others—also an appeal by means of that which could catch the popular taste. Similarly we read that Ephraem the Syrian composed popular hymns containing orthodox doctrine, in order to oppose the Gnostic doctrines spread abroad by the same popular means.

But nowadays conditions are altered, and the method of appeal to the people has changed correspondingly. In our own country, education has extended its scope, and has not only become wider in its grasp of the people, but deeper in its treatment of subjects. Children of fourteen years of age, who, had they lived twenty-five years earlier, would have been absolutely ignorant of letters, are now able as a rule to read any book written in everyday English. Among children there is even much less of that distaste of school which formerly existed. Compulsory education brought within restraint a wild and untamed class which hardly now exists.

What was rightly called "compulsory education" when it was introduced nearly twenty-five years ago, is now practically voluntary. I mean that practically all parents now *wish* to have their children educated, and almost all children take kindly to school.

But this is not all. Children in a very large proportion of elementary schools get an education considerably beyond the mere elements. They get an elementary knowledge of languages, which as a rule does them little good, and probably no harm beyond an occasional twinge of physical pain indirectly caused by an imperfect acquaintance with verbs. They are taught something of the phenomena of electricity. They can tell you about sound-waves, light-waves, and heat-waves. They know a good deal about the structure of the earth, and something about the stars that stud the heavens. Their minds, in many cases, have followed with awe the speculations of their teachers as to whether Mars is an inhabited world and the moon a world extinct. They can tell you how many bones you have in your body, the positions of the various organs, and to some extent their functions.

I do not say that *all* the children sent into the world from elementary schools know *all* these things; but I do say that all these things are taught in elementary schools, that many children know some of them, and some children know many of them.

This is a somewhat long introduction, but it is necessary. The effect of what has just been described is obvious. The reading public has become the whole nation.

The Book of Mystery, the Book of Nature, has been opened. The first pages have been read, and the contents are so full of interest that one would fain read on. The result is an intense curiosity, a seeking after knowledge, largely for its own sake. Those who have attained to considerable acquaintance with this Book of Mystery are encouraged to place it before others. They have a double gratification. They have the gratification of imparting knowledge, and also that of reaping much pecuniary profit thereby. And when the pages of the Book of Mystery become blurred and indistinct some distance from the beginning, curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, listens eagerly while the reader speculates on the interpretation of the dimly visible signs.

To all this I make no objection. I have no sympathy with the oft-repeated statement that people are becoming over-educated. The sons and daughters of the working man have it in their power to obtain as good an education as those of higher rank. That, in my opinion, is as it ought to be. It may even be said that the children of the working classes can really be certain of a *better* education, looking at the purely intellectual side; for their teachers are trained, and their schools systematised and carefully examined,

which is more than can be said of the majority of higher class schools.

Deeper and wider education may cause, and probably is causing, certain difficulties. It may interfere with the existing balance of classes. But education is a good and elevating thing; in time the disturbed balance will be corrected; and then the total result of education will be a greater development of that which is good in man.

But the disturbance of the existing balance of classes is not the only disturbance which is possible. There are effects, similar effects, which modern education may produce in *all* classes; and these effects are largely intellectual.

No books, except those of a technical character, are now confined to one class. Circulating libraries exist for all, with terms suited in some cases to the rich, and in others to the poor. Artisans read Herbert Spencer and translations of the writings of Renan. Books, however, by authors such as those only appeal to the few, and so do not come under the title of "popular literature."

Human life, human motives, human passions, are the things which interest the great reading public. "Man is a social animal"—one may, perhaps, be pardoned for a very hackneyed quotation. We like to live among each other; and it is only the man who cannot get on among his fellows, or whose fear of temptation amounts to a mania, who retires to a desert, whether it be that of Libya or of his own small life.

Even when we have made up our minds to have an evening at home, imitating the virtue of a well-known statesman by "cultivating our own fireside"—I speak as a bachelor—we like, while we sit at that fireside and read a book, to feel ourselves in the company of men and women. We follow their fortunes through the pages, watching their actions and studying their motives with straining interest, commending or blaming them as they are good or bad, sympathising with them in unmerited misfortune, and rejoicing when faith and honour and virtue meet with happiness at the end of the third volume.

Such a work ought to be a true presentation of life, if it is to enter successfully upon the struggle for existence with the many others published, and to be an example of the survival of the fittest. The characters must move as real beings, and therein lies the genius of the true word-painter of human life. We do not expect that virtue shall in all such works be shown in the enjoyment of full material happiness; for it has been observed long ago by a writer, "I myself have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree." But we *do* expect that every man who has a high ideal of life shall, whatever be his rank or profession, endeavour to speak,

think, and act so as to put that ideal before others as something to be adopted. And the very atheist believes that he ought to have a high ideal of life and conduct.

Thus, then, whatever the novelist writes, we are justified in expecting that he—and more especially *she*—should keep this maxim most sacredly. The great novelists of our language, it seems to me, have worked on such a plan. Dickens, with all his portraiture of low life; Scott, with his great variety of individuals and modes of life; and Thackeray, with all his cynicism,—these have given us works which could not lead us to mistake wrong for right, or to choose vice as the happiest and best mode of life. But all these are writers of mere romance!

The modern—or at least the very modern—novelist has discovered the scientific taste awakened by the remarkable spreading and deepening of education. He—perhaps I ought to say *she*—has discovered that the dry facts of science, though interesting, form a fare rather difficult to digest. Novelists of that class have found that when the dry facts of science are interwoven with human motives and human passions, the result takes the popular taste with greater force.

The doctrine of heredity is one which has taken possession of the novelist. It is presented as a newly-discovered principle, and has formed a rich mine from which can be drawn the raw material afterwards to be worked into sensational incidents.

No doubt it is new in a scientific form. But when the nurse of many generations ago presented her charge to an admiring circle, and said, "How like his father he is," and when the subject of that remark, in later years showing faults of temper, called forth the same words from his devoted mother, I think the doctrine was at least implied. The doctrine has been triumphantly carried into the moral aspect of human life as a new discovery, in forgetfulness of the fact that the Church has taught practically the same thing stated somewhat differently.

One cannot read all novels, and so when one ventures on a criticism of the tendencies of such "popular literature," his conclusions are reliable no further than his reading has carried him. Admitting incomplete knowledge, it seems to me that the example has been set in this country by M. Zola, and that *Doctor Pascal*, the last of his great series, shows his scheme very clearly.

The author shows an intimate knowledge of physiological facts and theories. Two examples may be mentioned.

In *Doctor Pascal* he introduces an example of "spontaneous combustion." The victim's system was so saturated with alcohol by a long life of drunkenness, that finally a glowing match set him alight, and he burned with a blue alcoholic flame until only ashes were left. "Spontaneous alcoholic combustion" may be said without

punning to be an exploded theory; but it is, or was, a theory, and does well enough for a novel.

The second is an example of a curious and unexplained *fact* in physiology. It is that a child by a second husband may inherit characteristics which are not those of the father, but of the mother's first husband. "Nana," who gives title to one of Zola's series, is the character who embodies this remarkable fact.

If the insistence, on this great doctrine of heredity should teach the sanctity of human nature, the duty of purifying it from all forms of excess, and the awful responsibility of handing on to another being a nature corrupted by evil living, then I would emphatically say that Zola is a benefactor. But the work to which I have referred suggests no Power whose help will enable one to counteract inherited evil; selection of the best and the death of all others are his only principles; and humanity as an ever-living organism is to him God and immortality. The novel is the gospel of Positivism, a religion which at its brightest is little better than despair, and which, though its best apostles may make it attractive by their personal qualities, has nothing in it to brighten or better the world.

The same novelist, undoubtedly, has presented in *The Dream* a most beautiful, and in some respects a most devotional work. But its devotionism is that of superstition rather than religion, his beautiful character living in a world of her own creation, a world of unreality, in which the supernatural is the daily expectation of her life.

Turning to fiction written in our own country, it seems to me that *The Heavenly Twins*, if not a product of this style of literature, must at all events be classed along with it. It is most distinctly a novel with a purpose. No one can say that the reformation at which this book aims is not needed. Purity of life is part of the teaching of the Church of Christ, and the most aggressive enemies of that Church cannot say that its preachers lose sight of that fact. And yet, in spite of their earnest teaching, the looseness of male morality is as it is pictured in *The Heavenly Twins*.

The complete purification of morality, which the teaching of Christ has not yet accomplished, is not likely to be brought about by a sensational novel of ephemeral fame; but such a book may be an aid to the work of the Church in that direction, by warning women against the indifference which they frequently show regarding the past lives of those whom they accept as their husbands. There are two dangers in the book. In the first place, though knowledge of evil may arm one against evil, it is open to doubt whether a pure mind may be familiarised with the corrupt details of loose morality without some loss of softness and beauty. But the second danger seems to me more serious. It lies in the distorted view of heredity

which is presented, the evil possibilities being grouped prominently in the foreground, while the effect of the same principle in reproducing good qualities is hardly suggested. As in the mind of Evadne, the principal character in that book, so in the mind of the reader, if the diseased side of human nature, moral and physical, be regarded to the total exclusion of the healthy side, a morbid, fatalistic, and pessimistic state of mind will be produced, and this will lead to despair without corrective, the loss of "the power to make life endurable."

Two other books have during the last few months attained a large circulation among all classes. They are *Dodo* and *A Yellow Aster*. Notices of them filled papers, magazines, and reviews. No one could possibly miss hearing about them, and they have been asked for at the libraries while first-class healthy fiction has been neglected. They must exercise on the reading public either a very great influence or none at all.

The first-named is supposed to picture London society as it is. It is very strange that a certain class of fiction which is written about the best society, by those who claim to know that society, should represent its members as being in almost all cases married to the wrong people. Everybody seems to be running after everybody else's wife. What is the purpose in choosing these circumstances? And is the picture true? My impression is that it is not true. Pleasure there is, doubtless, to an excessive degree, and corrupt minds in many individuals; but that is a statement which applies to all ranks. The purpose of the novelist in that case can only be to create a sensation, to go out of the beaten track of romance, and to attract by intense realism, as it is called.

Instead of such a book causing any improvement in morals, it is likely that, as it is read in grades of society further removed from that with which it deals, many may reason that if selfishness, pleasure, and laxity of life be characteristic of the society in which even the princes of the Church move, there is no call on those in humbler positions to be better.

In *A Yellow Aster* is treated the same unsavoury but morbidly attractive subject as in *The Heavenly Twins*—the relations of a man with many women. The heroine in the latter will be no wife to such a man: the heroine in the former regards it as a matter of little or no consequence, and the faults of the man are cleansed by the purifying influence of love. Such is the different standpoint.

This constant recurrence of the marriage question is a remarkable feature, but very natural in all romance. A romance without a love story is like day without sunshine—dull and uninteresting. But every question which has exercised the minds of revolutionists and doctrinaires is introduced in the popular literature of the day, and the romance is made the vehicle of all the theories of marriage. In

The Story of an African Farm, for example, a beautiful cultured girl is made to say, "I cannot marry you, because I cannot be tied; but, if you wish, you may take me away with you, and take care of me; then when we do not love any more we can say good-bye." There is an echo of this sentiment in *A Yellow Aster*, when Gwen says to her fiancé, "I wish quite intensely we were both of us in another position, in quite a low, unknown one, then we need not marry," and continues, "We might then try a preliminary experiment as to how life together goes; if it did not do, we might each go our own way and bury the past."

Of course, a novelist groups the characters and gives words to suit each, and we must not hold her responsible for teaching all that each character says. But each work, as a whole gives an impression as to what theory it is intended to advance; and the sentences quoted seem to represent the theories of the writers.

In the same African story a rustic but intellectual inquirer is introduced. First he is full of an Old Testament faith. He expects to see God face to face. His hope is disappointed, and he becomes a believer in Nature alone. From this he proceeds to certain philosophical ideas. He speaks of universal life, and the absorption of the individual at death into that universal life, the universal whole. My knowledge of philosophy since I dwelt among text-books has become less clear, but I believe I am right in saying that the book is made the vehicle of Pantheism on the basis of Spinoza's teaching. The book is so beautifully written that its speculation is attractive, and probably dangerous to those who cannot perceive to what it leads.

These books have all been very widely read. They, and others like them, are appearing at a critical time. Education has become all-embracing in its scope, and it has, in its wider form, only attained depth enough to be dangerous. Old theories in religion, in physical science, in political and social life, have been displaced. A rash conclusion may easily be formed that all that is old is wrong, and all that is new right. It is those who possess only the beginnings of knowledge who are most easily influenced; and they are the majority of readers. Heredity, environment, the marriage bond, continuity of life, the existence of God as a being, or a principle—all these find place in the popular literature of the day.

So much has been already deciphered of the book of Mystery that there is a tendency to believe that it is all written in characters equally simple and clear, and that it needs but one method of interpretation. All the theories already mentioned are propounded to explain and improve Nature and to obtain disciples.

Religion and morality as taught by Christianity hold the field, and it is from the ranks of Christianity that converts are sought. In many cases it is not sought to detach people from their religion,

but to add to it theories which are formed apart from it. It is hardly possible to say with certainty that "popular literature" is influencing life favourably or adversely. It possesses tendencies in both directions. Some novels are altogether coarse and immoral; others have a tendency pure and devotional. Of the latter class, Marie Corelli's *Barabbas* is a most striking example.

This novel deals with the events of the Crucifixion. It takes Judas and Barabbas as principal figures, and creates Judith, sister of Judas. Melchior, the wise man, is also there. It is a bold thing to work the Great Tragedy of the world into a modern novel. But, with no positive command and no universal principle against it, the authoress is entitled to ask judgment solely on the result. And the result is a work of intense dramatic interest and living force, while at the same time it is devotional and edifying.

Enough has been now said to indicate the character of modern popular literature. There are many romances which do not take up "problems," but seek only to interest and amuse. They have a certain influence, but do not stir any depths. In those which deal with religious, moral, and social problems, almost every variety of thought is to be found. The least prominent variety is that which is called "orthodox"—the religion and morality of Christianity. Exploded forms of philosophical conjecture, speculations on the unseen, heresies which received decent burial hundreds of years ago, all find place in the modern novel. New theories on marriage are advanced, and schemes for altering everything for the good of everybody are explained.

It is at this point that I draw attention to what I pointed out earlier—the effect of the modern development of education. These theories percolate through every stratum of society. Formerly the masses of the people received orthodox teaching without question or criticism, but also without reasoning. Now reasoning is active, and sometimes questioning follows. It is impossible that religion should not be influenced; the question is—What is the nature and extent of the influence?

I believe that the nation is passing through this period very creditably. In spite of theories and manufactured religions, the Gospel and morality of Christianity hold their place, stronger, I believe, because passing under the test of criticism. This test causes some defections; but a simple, common-sense, let me say *manly*, Christianity, still appeals to the educated English mind. A highly mystical Christianity which turns speculations into certainties, which seeks to impose elaborate and mechanical regulations on every individual, and which acts on the principle that spiritual conceptions can always be translated into material forms, runs contrary to the reasoning power of the age.

The one thing which is most certain in connection with this

subject is that the current of reading will not be stemmed. You may ban a book, and up goes its popularity ! It was so with *Robert Elsmere*, and it was so with a recent book banned by a great circulating library. Up to the present the reading public has read, criticised, and set aside. Familiarity with wrong ideas does not imply attachment to them : it sometimes is a safeguard against them.

Of course, it would be extremely beautiful if all that is evil and all that is coarse in human life and human nature could be destroyed. But evil and coarseness exist, and are embodied in men and women. And these embodiments of evil and coarseness prey without mercy on those of opposite natures when they can. It is the work of all good men and women to war against these enemies of goodness ; but to war against them they must know their tactics. Such, in effect, is really the defence which may be offered on behalf of some extremely realistic books which have recently been written.

Not long ago, a lady, young, charming, and good, who had read one of these, said to me, with evident pain : "Is it really true to life ?" I wish I could have answered : "No, it is not true ; it is only the production of a coarse man's mind." But with a certain amount of experience as a town clergyman, I was compelled to say that it was a tale of what is constantly happening. Ignorance would have been comfortable ; but knowledge may enable her to do good some time.

Modern realism may be a revolt from modern squeamishness—from the ultra-niceness which insists on the word "limb" being substituted for the more precise term, and which impelled a *very* nice girl to make clothes to cover the legs of a table.

There has been many a wail from pulpit and clerical meeting on the evil influences of popular literature on religion, and also on morality, which is really a part of religion. I do not believe that the total influence of modern popular literature is evil, nor that its general tendency is less elevating than that of the past. In so far as it is made up of both good and dangerous elements, it should convey certain lessons to the guardians of religion and morality. The most palpable lesson is that they should make themselves acquainted with it. That does not mean that they should read all that is published. It cannot be done.

A further lesson is this. Make that which is true and good also interesting. That which is false and evil is made interesting ; why should the truth be shorn of its natural beauty and attractiveness, and proclaimed in a dead and uninteresting manner ? There are only a few *very* interesting novelists ; there are also only a few *very* interesting preachers. People scoff at the very dull preachers ; but they are tolerant and good-natured, for they listen to them. They treat the uninteresting novelists much more harshly : they do not read them ; and lo ! are not their works to be found on the old book-

stalls, alongside sermons by prosy divines, under the heading, "All in this row sixpence each"?

But the interesting novelist has a larger audience than the interesting preacher; and if the teaching of the novelist requires to be counteracted, it can only be done by presenting the truth in many places as it ought to be presented. If those whose duty it is to do this will keep themselves in touch with current thought, and show both sympathy and knowledge, there is little danger of their voices being unheeded, or of religion and morality suffering.

THOMAS HANNAN.

SEPULCRUM DULCISSIMI CANTORIS.

(In Memory of John Keats.)

I.

Is it too late to sing—too late to mourn ?
Already one hath raised his lyric voice
And summoned Fame to sound her golden horn
For him whose songs made Erato rejoice :
Shelley hath chanted, but thy bright green bays
Find ever seasonable a brother's tears ;
And so I come unto this place of sleep
Afire with voiceless praise—
Too late to sing, perhaps, as did thy peers,
But not too late to think of thee and weep !

II.

Our Spring returns without thee, child of light,
And earth puts forth glad hands in every glade ;
Where art thou ? In some world that knows not night,
Whose peerless people have no need of shade ?
On hills whose snows are opal day by day
Dost walk with him whose harp the west wind smote—
Who mourned thee as a wild bird mourns his mate—
And now can either say
Why the enchanted singer swells his throat,
And why he breaks his wings on Heaven's gate ?

III.

No, no ! Ye loved the earth too well to leave
Its beauty unexhausted ; ye are here,
Still present morn by morn and eve by eve,
Clad in the sundawn and the sunset clear :
'Tis such as ye who bid the spirit rise
To thrill with deep, inevitable bliss,
When flower, or song, or face, or sunbeams make
A moment's Paradise :—
Where in the depths is world more fair than this ?
Wherefore should souls its loveliness forsake ?

IV.

Still in the roselight of the dawn ye find
The accustomed glamour gloriously new—
God's fairest flower wide open to the wind,
Solemn and splendid in the depths of blue :
Only as migrants do ye leave our land
With glad hearts full of rapturous regrets :
Perceiving all the alchemy of change,
Ye ever are at hand
When from the vaporous air young violets
Draw secret hues and perfumes sweet and strange.

V.

Flowers whose ephemeral breath is food and wine,
And more than food or wine to such as thee,
Moved with a mighty pulse that heart of thine,
As moonbeams move the magic-hearted sea ;
Thine eyes saw fruit where others saw but flowers,
Saw golden dawn where others saw the dark,
Love in the stars and souls where souls seemed dead :
And in thy morning hours
Thou, dear Longinus, like a passionate lark,
Didst snatch the music which from Heaven is shed.

VI.

Who could stand voiceless here nor weep the while
For one who loved and most untimely died,
For one whose dauntless mien and lovely smile
Mirrored the morning and the morning's pride ?
Thy brief day broke in beauty, but there came
Ere noon the fell, the devastating breath,
The hot sirocco, of a dire disease,
Thy forfeit life to claim ;
For those who sweetliest sing are loved of death,
Alas ! for lips that move in ecstasies !

VII.

That tremble with the pangs of fruitless love,
 Like thine when Love's most magic mirage shone
 Silvery across the waste where thou didst move
 Towards the sunlit slopes of Helicon :
 The City of Love withdrew and disappeared,
 But thou didst gain the honey-breathing hill,
 Where a cool draught of crystal Hippocrene
 Thy drooping spirit cheered,—
 Whither thy mistress Beauty followed still
 To touch thy dying dreams with splendid sheen.

VIII.

Thy bedfellow is one whose strenuous heart
 Yearned even in death to rest where he might hear
 The songs that spring from death : ye did not part
 When thou wert lifted from the Roman bier :
 He loved thee living and he loved thee dead
 Whose tears were sacred on thy wasted face ;
 He loved thee, and thy violets have cast
 Their seed upon his bed,
 And made it one with thine, and made the place
 Fair for the loiterer laid to sleep at last.

IX.

Within the hollow horologe of Time
 Do huge spheres sound the summons for the dead ?
 Are they the victims of a dream sublime
 Who lie lone, listening in their low last bed—
 Who lie entranced, expectant ? Dost thou weep
 Remembering how the fragrant summer air
 Ripples the grass and makes the young wheat wave ;
 And in thy silent sleep
 Dreamest of wind-swept woodlands, lying there
 Among remembered and forgotten graves ?

X.

Thou art not there ! Though the deluded earth
Smiles at the thought that thou art hers alone ;
The rose has knowledge of thy second birth,
And sees thine eyes, and hears thy voice intone :
And fair laburnums in love's lyric time,
O'erjoyed to see thy face, weep golden tears :
For thou art lord of every dreamful day :
Thine is the eternal prime ;
Thou fair immortal flower of dreary years
From flowers and friends thou canst not pass away !

XI.

Thou canst not pass away from those who toil
In festering cities, far from fairy glades ;
Thy voice that sounds above the bale and broil
Declares thy fame is woven of fire, not shades ;
How like a wild bird's is thy magic voice
Issuing from gardens of most sweet repose
Set in a waste where wild birds never come :
Thy song, " Rejoice, Rejoice,"
Utters the speechless thoughts that come to those
Who hear and cry, " We speak who once were dumb."

XII.

Seeing thy face in flowers, with misty eyes,
Heartsore and heavy with an unsung song,
Comes hither he who seeks the poet's prize,
Comes hither weak, and hence departeth strong,
Ever a silent welcome greets him here
Where Joy and Sorrow hold the laurel wreath
Above the blossoms of thy resting-place :
Dear shade, now doubly dear,
It is not thee who silent lies beneath
This light of flowers—for I can see thy face !

XIII.

Thine was the fate of Pyramus—to leave
 The ungarnered harvest and the ripening fruit ;
 The summer's smile was but a make-believe,
 Death froze the sap that filled the blossoming shoot—
 Death's ruthless fingers froze the lips of June—
 June strong and splendid with the passion-flower ;
 Froze thy young lips, for June thou wert indeed,
 With many a throstle's tune
 And many a bloom to cheer a cloudy hour,
 Proud soul that perished with thy hopeful seed !

XIV.

Fame brought thee flaunting flowers that never fade,
 But cold such favours fall when life hath passed ;
 She mocked thee in that tardy accolade—
 She mocked thee who wert pauper at the last ;
 Yet thunder-smitten summits felt her feet
 When breathlessly she blew that bounteous praise
 Which made the water where thy name was writ
 Eternal marble, meet
 To bear thy brother's chaplet and those bays
 With thine immortal splendour ever smit.

XV.

Thou who didst eat Ambition's bitter bread,
 Thou whom old Homer kindled into flame,
 Better it was, perhaps, that thou wert dead
 Before thy songs were trumpeted by Fame ;
 Better thine inextinguishable fire
 Should steal the iris from the flower-like cup,
 Whilst at Death's feet was cast thy deathless gage
 And golden wizard lyre,
 Better to die at noon than stay to sup
 On thoughts of quivering youth with quaking age.

XVI.

Thus young thou art for ever, fair and young ;
Endymion hath vanished, but his voice
Doth echo still on Latmos : still are sung
The songs that make Diana's heart rejoice ;
Sleep on, beloved ; would that we might know
Such fair and fadeless youth and lovely sleep ;
A spirit went out from thee which lights and leads
The poet with its glow,
Outliving mistimed death ; we need not weep
For all thy noble purposes were deeds.

XVII.

And if in purple pools, leaf-paved, we seek
When bloomless days are passed, the dying bloom—
The hectic beauty of thy phantom cheek,
'Tis there apparent ; and within the gloom
Of cloistral copses we may hear thy feet
Crisp the brown bracken where thou seekest flowers ;
Seeking thy dewy love the dawning rose,
Whose bright lips, nectar-sweet,
Find sweeter far than summer's kindest showers
The kiss thine immaterial mouth bestows.

XVIII.

The robins' rarest jets of brilliant song,
The sharp, sweet, lingering lyric of the wrens,
The fairy laughter where the swallows throng,
The psalm of nightingales in lonely glens—
In these I hear my brother speak to me—
Thou who didst house thee in my vacant heart
That morn which filled the sunlit sycamores
With mystic melody,
And made the tears from magic fountains start,
And opened heaven's innumerable doors.

XIX.

The dark soil drinks the winter's crimson cloud '
 And tastes of heaven ; then brown buds shape and swell,
 Then dreams the yearning earth, which decks the shroud
 Of yesteryear in many a dewy dell
 With broi'dery of bloom and dappled shade ;
 Flowers that are sunset glories raised again—
 Remembered radiance shaped from visions sweet ;
 And thus thy dreams have made
 Such beauty in our hearts that, born of pain,
 Fair thoughts have burst in blossom at our feet.

XX.

Thou wert not lured by planetary flame
 To wander in the void ; no wondrous sphere
 Has charmed thee from that beauty which became
 Thy life when thou hadst breath and being here ;
 Thou hast not fled to seek a day less brief
 Into the silent dim-conjectured place ;
 In England's woods thou art beatified ;
 Nor storm nor yellowing leaf
 Can silence those who see thy shining face
 And know that thou, dear Keats, hast never died.

XXI.

Fain would I snatch thy broken thread of song
 And fill with hymns a temple such as gleams
 Where Philomela sings the whole day long,
 Deep in a mist of thy most lovely dreams :
 Fain would I seize the breath of deep desire,
 And with the soul's incalculable flame
 Raise such immortal flowers as proudly fling
 Aloft their heads of fire
 Amid the sacred pleasaunces of Fame,
 Where thou hast found imperishable Spring !

ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

THE ART OF GOVERNING.

AN old schoolmaster of mine, when any of his charges came to him with some new and brilliant idea, the absurdity of which he could not easily demonstrate to our juvenile minds, used to delight in telling us of a rustic genius, who, having seen a siphon at work, proposed to use it to supply his mountain home with water from a lake in the valley below ; and of his mortification to find that his scheme, which he reckoned would gain him a niche in the temple of fame, only served to make him the laughing-stock of all to whom he propounded it. The lesson was a good one, and impressed on us that the understanding of principles was of far greater importance than a mere knowledge of facts. But of late I have often thought that had this brilliant rustic applied his mother-wit and ignorance to other departments of men's activities, his efforts would have met with greater appreciation. Had he, for instance, devoted his attention to politics, then any plausible scheme, albeit not a whit less absurd or impossible, would have commanded, at least, a respectful hearing ; while, if at all in harmony with the prejudices and desires of his fellows, it would in all probability have won him the reward he coveted. A few followers would almost certainly have been secured ; while, if the times were propitious, he might have found himself at the head of a great political party, his opinions deferred to and quoted as authorities, and his alliance and support courted by responsible statesmen. The reason of this marked difference in possibilities is not far to seek. Before undertaking any engineering work, the principles of mechanics—or any chemical work, the principles of chemistry—enable us to judge not only whether the desired end is attainable by the methods proposed, but also as to the relative merits of different proposals ; while the aid of experts can be invoked to decide points of difference by reference to principles accepted by all in the least degree qualified to give an opinion on such matters. In politics, however, all this is wanting. There are no experts whose decision would be considered by those engaged in practical politics as decisive ; nor any principles accepted by all, to which points of difference can be referred for settlement. While men have, as it were, been gradually forced to recognise the existence of principles determining the results of their industrial activities, whereby, "since Nature is not conquered save by obedience," their

several industrial operations must be regulated ; that similar principles are operating in political and social matters, is not as yet so readily admitted or universally recognised.

True, their existence is nominally accepted as the basis of all current political economy, but the *ex-cathedra*, dogmatic utterances of the exponents of this science—if, indeed, a science it can be called—are little heeded outside the classes over which they preside. Considering the contradictory conclusions arrived at by the several independent writers in this field of inquiry, and the many undoubted fallacies that have emanated from this source, this is not to be wondered at. Nor is it a matter for unalloyed regret. For the current writings on this subject mainly consist of metaphysical disquisitions on the exact meaning that can be attached to certain terms in general use in financial and commercial circles ; of systematic inquiries into the number of categories into which the commodities included under one such arbitrary term can be divided ; and of a more or less correct analysis of some of the results of existing institutions. But a knowledge that kings, squires, judges, parsons, soldiers, policemen, and authors are, or are not, “*productive labourers*” ; that differences of fertility and advantages of situation of land will determine the amount of rent its owner can command ; that as a general rule the relative ratio at which commodities will exchange for one another in the open market will be determined by their respective cost of production and demand and supply ; or that the unrestricted exchange of commodities will benefit those who have anything to exchange : and these almost exhaust the crop of the legion of writers on this subject ; all this will hardly assist us to any insight into those natural principles both actuating and determining the effects of the social and political activities of mankind. While without a knowledge of such principles a science of politics is impossible.

It is also manifest that a frank and unreserved recognition of man's true place in Nature is a necessary preliminary step to the discovery of such principles. And our lack of any exact knowledge of them may be mainly attributed to the orthodox habit of regarding man as a something *sui generis* ; that is, as a something separate and essentially different from the rest of the universe. Such a crude notion may no longer be accepted by philosophers conversant with, and influenced by, the progress of modern scientific investigations. These may freely recognise that we are but part and parcel of the universe, and that the ulterior aim of all rational philosophy is to enable us to understand our true position in it ; or, in other words, to rightly comprehend our relation towards our surroundings and our duties towards our fellows. But it still greatly influences not only their speculations, but also the method of investigating the different groups of phenomena in which man plays the chief part. To these

the scientific method of investigation is not as yet rigorously applied. In politics, as in morals, plausible expositions of accepted doctrines are gladly welcomed as scientific evidence of their truth. While conclusions are still confidently drawn from assumed principles, or from definitions carefully framed so as to prove foregone conclusions: a method long since abandoned in the physical sciences as unproductive and useless; and which, as Bacon pointed out, many, many years ago, is more potent for the confirmation of vulgar errors than the discovery of scientific truths.

We therefore cannot be surprised that in no other department of thought—except, perhaps, theology—is there a greater confusion and diversity of opinion. Everybody thinks himself qualified to give an opinion on political matters, and claims to know what would be best for the community, and how the affairs of State could best be managed. Each political party has its own set opinions on both of these points, but all disagree, not only as to the measures that should be adopted, but also as to the end to be attained.

The rigid Conservative, who deems that the main; if not the sole, object of governments is to maintain law and order, while opposing all change, would *force* everybody to obey, even if they cannot be forced to reverence, existing laws and institutions. The expedient-loving Liberal would compromise matters by tentative measures, which irritate the opponents without satisfying the advocates of reform, if he can but gain sufficient majority to enable him to *enforce* them. The hot-headed Radical, instead of striving to get at the root of existing evils, as the name would imply, is influenced by every demand for which any of the numerous factions into which society is divided may clamour, and would willingly enforce them all. The sincere Socialist openly proclaims his intention of *forcing* all to entrust their affairs to governmental management, as soon as he can convince a majority—or even an energetic minority—that it would be to their advantage to do so. While even some of those who regard Communism as the highest ideal of social life, heedless of the fact that any force is opposed to its very essence, would gladly *enforce* it, even on those to whom it does not appeal, and who are certainly but little fitted to become citizens of such a State. Thus, although they all differ in the most irreconcilable manner, all seem agreed that mankind must be coerced into doing what is to their advantage—a proceeding not, as a rule, found necessary in the practical affairs of everyday life—or, rather, what those who have the means of enforcing their mandates deem is, or should be, to their advantage. In short, the soldier and the policeman are the visible embodiment of current ideas of the art of governing. And that might gives right is the only principle tacitly accepted by all the conflicting parties. It is this that makes the political arena the scene of never-ending, bitter strife, the sole object of which seems

to be to determine whose opinion should prevail ; or, in plain language, who is to command and who is to be compelled to obey.

In the past, under the different forms of oligarchical government, the few were enabled to enforce their opinions and wishes upon the rest of the community. In the present, the majority are everywhere claiming their right to determine all questions of public interest. And although it is true that to refuse to admit that right, or to abide by their decision on such questions, would involve anarchy, or the rule of armed force ; still we cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that the rule of an ignorant, selfish majority may be as productive of evil as that of an ignorant, selfish oligarchy. Ay, and even of worse evils. For while the tendency of both would be to study their own interests and prejudices, in the one case their power would always be more or less hampered by the necessity of studying the prejudices and interests of those over whom they rule ; in the other this check would not act so strongly. In fact, it is manifest that the only effective limitation of the power of the *many* would be the discovery and establishment of principles accepted by *all* as the foundation upon which society should be built, and as the touchstone of all legislative proposals.

Lacking any exact knowledge of such principles, politics still remains in the empirical stage. In this art men continue content to follow the footsteps of their forefathers ; pruning and altering existing laws and institutions as expediency may dictate and compromise render possible. Our whole legislation is, in very truth, based upon expediency and determined by compromise ; and this alone is sufficient to prevent the thoughtful looking to the immediate future with that joyful anticipation which would characterise men having implicit confidence in the efficacy of their legislative enactments, and the truth of the principles upon which these were based. And when we consider the main factor that determines man's opinions on such matters, any hopes we may entertain of any speedy or marked improvement in the art of governing will be considerably lessened. For, unpalatable as it may be, owing, perhaps, to our want of knowledge of principles, the political opinions of most of us are mainly determined by our class prejudices and class interests. Thus even the adventitious advantages of empiricism are denied to politics ; for while the self-interest of the several handicraftsmen will ensure a gradual improvement in any other art, even while a knowledge of the underlying principles is wanting, when self-interest comes into play in practical politics, it leads to no improvement in the art of governing. Nor is the evil minimised when, as in democratic communities, each individual citizen has an opportunity afforded him of practically demonstrating his ignorance, incapacity, and, alas ! his interestedness. For the interests of the different classes, into which existing laws and institutions divide the community, are not identical,

but conflicting; and this is almost universally regarded as the natural order of things. It is generally assumed that the advantage of the one necessarily and naturally involves loss to others; and that each individual, or class, in seeking its own profit, must inevitably tend to injure his fellows. Therefore, each class uses its political power and influence to preserve and to advance its own interests. To illustrate: In the past, high customs duties were avowedly imposed in order to maintain the price of the commodities produced by one class of the community, together with the rents of another; while recently they have been ostensibly demanded to secure high wages and permanent employment to a powerful and select artisan class. Or, again, laws of every description were imposed to secure the landowners, manufacturers, and others, a constant supply of cheap labour; while now they are demanded to secure constant employment, good wages, and other advantages to those classes who have but recently become aware of their political strength. In short, it is not too much to say that by far the greater proportion of current legislation is demanded, or opposed, in the interests of one or the other of the different classes into which the community is divided.

Thus each class fights for its own hand. And amongst those to whom the art or business of governing is now entrusted we have the avowed representatives of all the different classes. There are the representatives of the landowning, banking, financial, commercial, manufacturing, and labouring interests. They may form combinations to promote or to hinder certain legislation, according as it appears to benefit or to injure the different and distinct classes they represent; but the existence of their conflicting interests, even when forming one administration, is recognised, both officially and by the public at large. And it would almost seem as if the great object of the art of governing, the highest feat of statesmanship, consists in harmonising and reconciling these naturally conflicting interests. That the true interests of the whole community are identical, and that they are now only conflicting because of our profound ignorance of the principles underlying our social activities, is never for a moment entertained by most people. While even the possibility of establishing a society in which each in seeking his own good would inevitably promote that of his fellows, would be scouted as idealistic by the great majority of those wise practical politicians to whom the task of governing is now so unwisely relinquished.

The urgent necessity for the discovery of such principles is daily increasing. With the dawn of the physical sciences a new era commenced for mankind: an era the best fruits of which have yet to be harvested. The phenomenal advance in the industrial arts, due to our increased knowledge of the natural principles underlying

them, has completely changed the conditions under which men live, and considerably modified their social relations. Men have become more and more interdependent; hence the well-being of each and the peace of all have become more and more dependent on the equity of those laws and institutions regulating and determining their social relations. And if it be true that it is owing to defects in these laws and institutions that our increase in wealth—due to our progress in these arts—has not yet brought in its train a proportional increase in welfare, then what permanent or material improvement can be expected so long as our legislative enactments are framed in accordance with the transitory and ever-changing opinions of man, not based on the eternal verities of Nature? “Unless its foundation be laid in justice, the social structure cannot stand.” This is the lesson all history teaches, and it was never before more necessary to heed its warning. For everywhere, and among all classes, there is deep-rooted and widespread dissatisfaction with the results of existing laws and institutions. Everywhere there are loud-voiced agitators earnestly proclaiming the efficacy of the special nostrum in their opinion competent to effect a cure. Everywhere the masses are blindly, at times passionately, seeking new social ties and bonds of union to replace those to which, though hallowed by time and sanctified by long usage, they, rightly or wrongly, attribute their sufferings. And everywhere the best energies of some of the most active and intellectual citizens are being enthusiastically devoted to the establishment of healthier social relations and a higher social life. Every proposal is eagerly discussed; every book, pamphlet, or article, bearing on the social question greedily perused. But what is stultifying all effort is not so much any attachment to things as they are, nor any fear of the opposition that may be encountered, but the instinctive feeling that we have as yet no certain knowledge of how to build any better. It is gradually dawning upon mankind that the art of governing, to be successful, must be based upon natural principles; and that until these are discovered and acted on, all efforts, however vigorous and well-intentioned, must remain comparatively futile. To discover these principles is thus the most pressing problem of the age. To use a simile of Thomas Carlyle, it is as if the fabled Sphinx were still sitting by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the nations, and threatening to destroy those who cannot read it. But the riddle still remains unread.

LEWIS H. BERENS.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

ENTHUSIASM is a gift of the gods. There is no more potent weapon in the armoury of man than this. Like faith, it can remove mountains. In fact, enthusiasm is but faith strengthened to conviction. The student believes fervently in the happiness of attaining knowledge, and, in especial, of mastering that particular branch of science which he pursues; the athlete places implicit confidence in the pleasures of a healthy life, and trusts to cricket, football, racing, to secure him these; and the enthusiastic lover looks to soft glances and kindly words for his chief joy, and is full of faith that his own future bliss depends entirely on the returning of his affections, and the ultimate possession of their object.

The world has ever had a kindness for enthusiasm, in the abstract. It is the quality natural to youth, and the sight of it recalls memories of gay freedom and careless levity of heart. We, too, were full of faith at twenty-one, or maybe later, and had pet theories enough for reforming the world, and ambitions of occupying the highest places in it when reconstituted. It is natural that we should look with some indulgence on another generation following in the same track. But in the concrete, it must be confessed, the individual fanatic is not always so agreeable. The man of a fixed idea is in general either a butt or a bore. In the former capacity we can endure him; hardly in the latter. If not of a too serious disposition, he may perhaps be ready to join in ridiculing the violence of his own opinions, and his presence will impart a pleasant flavour to conversation; but if he take himself in the light of a heaven-sent prophet, or if he be burdened with an egotism that blinds him to all but his own thoughts, the lot of his associates will be hard indeed. For even the golfing enthusiast irritates us on occasion with his passion for talking of his favourite pastime, and there are other matters, such as love and politics, that are still less suitable for public discussion than golf.

It is curious to note how most men obtain their opinions, and, indeed, how few men have any real sentiments of their own at all. A mob, says Ruskin, thinks by infection, catching an opinion like a cold, and the most of us are in like case with this. In politics especially it is notorious that but few strike out a line of their own; it is the influence of family, or companions, that turns the

scale in favour of one side or the other. The son of a Whig or Tory is brought up in the faith of his fathers, and he will be a bold man if he turn aside from the narrow path. I doubt whether sheer argument, either printed or spoken, ever yet honestly diverted a man out of his political groove in which he was born. There will be found to be some other influence at work before this happens, such as danger to his pocket, or hope of advancement in the State. A wife, too, will commonly cleave to the political creed of her husband, as indeed is fitting, and it is probable that the less she knows about such matters the more bigoted will be her opinions. In fact, it is marvellous to hear sometimes how acrid and personal a tone she will take up, so that one would readily imagine she desired nothing better than the death, by violence, of all the more prominent men on the other side. But it would be idle to pretend that the majority of men have any very enthusiastic feeling for either party in the State. As a general rule we take but a languid interest in such things. It is only under certain circumstances, such as the proposing of an important bill, or the immediate prospect of a general election, that we rouse ourselves from this apathy, and espouse the cause that seems good to us. As the contest goes on, the infection of enthusiasm may even reach us. It is above all things difficult to look on at a fight without, consciously or unconsciously, wishing one side to get the better of it. The most casual spectator will be callous indeed if he do not soon find himself backing one or the other party in an election, as he would in a football match. So that by the end it is likely that he has got himself worked up to quite a respectable pitch of interest, even of anxiety, and will feel a thrill of noble satisfaction at the victory of his candidate, or a proportionate disappointment at his defeat. By the time this has come to pass there will be few, even of the most careless, who have not found a fixed opinion for the moment, provided they have consorted sufficiently with the crowd. Indeed, it is probable that the onlookers will have become, by force of much shouting and mutual applause, more enthusiastic than the actual performers; for the zeal of the latter will ooze out by pressure of much hard work, while that of the former is inflamed by the sight of battle. Thus it may chance that our electors will actually have become keener than the men they elect, and that they will ere long begin to accuse of lack of zeal the very orators who first aroused their own political enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is born in a crowd. It was not without reason, as Carlyle points out, that the meditative German translated the word by *Schwärmerey* or *swarming*, as if the thing were indeed merely excessive congregation. It is impossible for men to meet together without in some sort strengthening those opinions which are

common to the majority, or in some cases evoking traits which have hitherto lain hidden in their characters. Even the least warlike of conscripts feels something martial stir within him as he steps out in time with his company. Hitherto he may have had a horror of bloodshed—perhaps has even been known in his own village as a coward and a poltroon; but place him in the midst of a regiment, and some portion of the common sentiment will filter through by degrees to his brain also, and he will fight with the rest. So true is it, as has been expressed by numberless proverbs, that a man is known by the quality of his associates, and that not only do evil communications corrupt the good, but also in most instances good may mitigate the evil. Thus the character of a man may often be entirely altered by merely changing his circumstances. It is probable that few good citizens would retain their soberness of thought for long after once joining a Socialist club, and it is notorious how fatal is the atmosphere of the House of Lords to the convictions of all good Radicals.

Even for the educated man it is hard—unless he stand firmly aloof from all clubs and party gatherings—to preserve anything of a sober mind on any of the great question of the day. But he, at all events, has certain preconceived notions with him. He can choose a coterie of similar opinions to his own, and is not likely to suffer anything worse than some accession of bigotry from his association. But in the case of a common farm-labourer or half-educated artisan, is it not often the merest chance in which direction he will move, or whom he will select as companions in the first instance? I cannot but think, for example, that in these days of all but universal suffrage, the election of a Parliamentary candidate has grown to be largely a matter of sheer luck. I wonder what proportion of electors in this country have even the slightest acquaintance with the principles professed by the rival candidates; or even if they have, what section of them vote with any reference to these principles. Some there are who have cast in their lot with an applausive mob, and have shouted themselves into the belief that the man whose speech they chanced to be present at is the saviour of his country. Some have been attacked by rival agents or canvassers, and have identified themselves with the creed of that speaker who happened to leave the pleasantest impression. A good many, according to their nature, follow or rebel against the lead of their employer or the local parson. Not a few, especially in the country districts, are influenced solely by a desire for a change, and a half-mischievous, half good-natured wish to give the other side a chance. And yet men are agreed, for the most part, in regarding the result of these haphazard suffrages—for it is to be remembered that such men form a considerable majority of our present-day voters—as an expression of the will of

the country; and newspaper editors will not fail to scrutinise carefully the majorities in each worthless bye-election, and to draw therefrom a modicum of comfort or the reverse, according to their own political opinions.

It is curious to notice how seriously we all take ourselves in this, and indeed, in most other matters. Verily this is a world of shadows, and these our opinions for the most part not our opinions at all, but merely so many obscure adumbrations reflected upon our minds from some alien source. Yet can we grow by assiduous repetition and insistence to believe them most firmly, as men by industriously circulating some impossible tale may come in time to believe themselves participators and heroic actors therein. To what lengths will not enthusiasm, and a fictitious enthusiasm, carry us! I wonder how many men have suffered and become martyrs for the sake of opinions that they adopted, in the first instance, not from honest conviction but from some such infectious fanaticism. Many, no doubt, have been helped by obstinacy, but none the less they have held themselves to be pure enthusiasts, and have been so held by others. It is easy to persuade ourselves of our own sincerity, and when the world sees a man walk into prison or to the gallows rather than desert his supposed convictions, it can hardly choose but believe also. And so even in modern politics. Your lukewarm partisan, who has hitherto scarcely given a thought to the workings of Parliament, is suddenly aroused by the tidings of an election; and presently he runs to and fro, and puts himself to considerable inconvenience and expense for the sake of a man of whom, and of whose principles, he knows absolutely nothing: but he sees others doing the same, and the prevalent madness by degrees infects him as well. In like manner your newspaper writers work themselves up into a fine frenzy, as lions are fabled to lash themselves to wrath with their tails, until in time they come, I dare say, to believe fully one half of what they daily assert, and in order to prove their good faith (for we cannot lay it all down to a desire for advertisement) are willing to stand actions for libel by the dozen. Yet it would be most unfair to blame them for their vehemence, or to insinuate that the men are hypocrites in thus deceiving themselves, and deserve chastisement. Many most excellent men—and in fact the greater part of mankind, whether excellent or not—do thus rouse themselves to action from mistaken motives, or from a mingling of various incentives which they are powerless to discriminate. Indeed, if you consider, it is the hardest of all things to tell clearly *why* you perform a certain action. The reasons which impel a man to do a good or a bad deed are by no means simple; they are frequently so complex as to be inextricable even to himself; and the outside world that so glibly refers his action to some apparently obvious cause would

often be astonished to learn how far both actor and spectator were from the real truth.

But, after all, it is of little moment whether our enthusiasm is illusory or real, or how our opinions are formed, so long as they are with us and we act upon them. The effect is what we must look to, and it is undeniable that your enthusiast, whether or no his ideas are his own, does in general produce some sort of a result. It is the man with a fixed idea who moves the world. The man who stands aloof from all outside influence and nourishes his own thoughts in solitude has but a cold incentive to work; it is not until he brings the half-dead cinder of his mind into contact with others that the fire of active energy is kindled. Left to himself he will smoulder out in useless thought. I am not sure that strenuous action, even in the wrong direction, is not better than mere idle brooding. It is better to have striven, even on the losing side, than to have sat still, a barren spectator of the struggle. And not only for oneself, but probably also for the world as well. For it is by strife that the world advances, and the praise of her progress is not due to the victorious element alone. With none battling for the wrong, it is likely enough that the reformer's discipline would suffer, and that his regiments would melt gradually into deliquium, or perhaps begin quarrelling among themselves for lack of serious employment. Thus also Parliamentary authorities have assured us that a strong Opposition is almost essential to a strong Government. A too easy victory is dangerous to the victors, and a small majority is like to be more compact and effectual than a big one. There is no time for them to think of aught but the business in hand, and how best to defeat their adversaries therein. But should their opponents grow slack, or themselves careless from conscious superiority, then at once come bickerings and internecine strife; and small points which had formerly been obscured by the larger issue rise suddenly to an importance hitherto unrecognised. In fact, conflict may be said to be essential to force. And it is by the resistance of the waves, no less than the impulse of the wind, that the sailing-vessel is enabled to pursue her course.

We clothe the world with illusions. Emerson says that every man is "drugged with his own frenzy," and if the frenzy is not his own, it has been administered to him none the less, and the end is the same. We imbibe illusory enthusiasm, and it is an elixir of life, to keep us young. So long as we can retain the hope and creed of youth, we have old age at bay. It is true that these may hardly survive, in their first freshness, for any great length of time, and perhaps it is as well that they should not. The aspirations of most young men are inclined to wildness. There is with them a hatred of constraint and an ardent affection for abstract justice and equality which is a natural protest against the tyranny

of age. They favour violent theories, and rush headlong into extremes. It is probably then a beneficent provision of Nature that time should, almost infallibly, cool these violent spirits, and that your youthful Socialist will commonly subside into subdued Whiggery, or even mere Conservatism, at the last. Sometimes, indeed, an old man here and there will struggle to preserve his former convictions, and will even succeed, for a time. But it is a fight against Fate, and though he may fancy his enthusiasm is fiery as ever, he feels within himself that the battle is in vain, and that the sentiments he continues to profess are no longer proper to his altered soul. The force of his ancient enthusiasm has been spent. He may console himself with the thought that it has not been spent in vain. It has gone to the advancement of human thought, or the formation of his own character, or the inspiration of other workers in the same field. For this is the real use of the enthusiast, that he furnishes the power by which the whole world is urged onwards. Not even the wildest visionary dreams his dream altogether in vain. For there is a living force even in this, which shall also have its effect in the shaping of the future; and although the vision itself may be grotesque or impossible, yet the spirit that produced it takes its appointed part in moulding the ultimate destiny of the world.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

WHAT has the School Board done for London? This is a question that must often come into the minds of middle-class householders, who pay for their own children's education as well as a School Board rate, only slightly under a shilling in the £, for the education of the children of others, many of whom, with London rents and high rates, have to work hard themselves to make both ends meet. The rate is abnormally high. Mr. Forster, in introducing the Elementary Education Act, considered that a rate of threepence or perhaps fourpence in the £ would be the very maximum that would be required. That limit has long since been passed, and had not the so-called "progressive" party been formerly checked in their wild policy of expense, the rate by this time would have been over, not under, the shilling. If this party could have their way the Voluntary Schools, numbering to-day 566 and educating 178,000 children, would be closed within a year, and the expense of their maintenance added to the rates. Moreover, in parishes with a Voluntary school rate, threepence generally suffices, but as soon as a Board comes in, the rate is never below sixpence, more often above that figure. And yet, though efficiency cannot be obtained with parsimony, increased expenditure by no means necessarily means increase of efficiency.

What has the School Board to show? Central buildings on the Embankment, worthy even of London? Well and good, but they are not the result of the shilling rate; posterity will have the privilege of paying for these, and for buildings generally, to the extent of four out of six million pounds sterling cost! Large, palatial-looking schools all over London? Yes, but these are on the same footing, and often, as has been proved, most shockingly scamped in the building! Children fitted in these schools with a good education? Exactly so, but one that unfits them for using their hands, and mainly trains them, if boys, for aiming at that bugbear of trade—a clerk's life, or, if girls, for being a teacher. A compulsory education of all the young? Yes! and yet the returns show that some 22,587 children of the poorer class in London never attend school at all, besides 115,382 not attending for sufficient cause.

² Such is the pessimistic view. It touches upon some weighty

matters—the little training of the hand as compared with that bestowed upon the head, and the great number of the uneducated. This latter difficulty will doubtless decrease in another generation, when the idea that every child should attend school has taken firmer root. Let us turn now, however, to another work the Board undertakes, one little known because, rightly enough, it is away from London, in a purer atmosphere and on less expensive ground. This is the work of the Industrial Schools Committee, mainly carried on at Brentwood, Highbury, Upton House, and the *Shaftesbury* training-ship.

Here the Board, though indeed spending money, are directly decreasing the police and prison rates; here they turn out children with a thorough grounding in useful handicrafts, if perhaps with a less efficient head-knowledge; here, owing to the intervention of an Act of Parliament, children are given definite religious education, according to the convictions of the father; here those who have left them and gone into the world can always find a welcome.

In the work then of the Industrial schools, the Board has the greatest power of influencing children's lives, in that here they have absolute control of the child. The schools are of two classes, Upton House and Highbury dealing with "truant" cases, the *Shaftesbury* and Brentwood with the "industrial" cases.

The former children are those who, constantly absenting themselves from school, seem to be beyond the control of parents and guardians. These as a last resort can be sent to the truant school for various periods, the parents being ordered to make a small weekly payment. In these truant schools the discipline and rigour is very strict indeed, and rightly so, for it is the result of the child's own fault. The period of detention is as a rule but a few months (average 75 days), which is almost always shortened and the child allowed to return home, on leave, so long as the day school is regularly attended.

In the Industrial schools proper, the children are sent more often, if not always, from their misfortune rather than their fault. Here, too, they are sent on a magistrate's order, though for a term of years instead of months, generally till the age of sixteen, with now supervision to the age of eighteen.

These children too, after at least eighteen months' detention, may be allowed out on licence at the discretion of the managers, to start in the world with masters or mistresses.

This license being liable to be revoked at any time, if for any reason whatever it seems advisable.

A new Day School Industrial, the first tried in London, is also to be opened next year in Drury Lane. This will only be available for children living within a two-mile radius and sent on a magistrate's order, or where the Board are willing to receive children, who

must, however, belong to the most destitute class. Here seemingly if this latter option is to be used, the Board will be feeding as well as clothing the children of the poorer classes. Hereby they hope to reach not only truant but abandoned and destitute children, so as to train them into habits of decency, self-exertion and respect for themselves and others, and then under approved regulations delivering them over conditionally to the ordinary school for further instruction and training. The Head-master has just been appointed, and here the Board have made a new departure, this being the first of such schools not under the management of a woman.

These Day Industrial Schools have been very successful in Liverpool and other populous places. Whether they can be worked advantageously for Industrials in so large an area as London remains to be seen, or whether they will sufficiently isolate the children from evil surroundings. This seems, at any rate, very doubtful. All honour, however, to the late Board for placing prejudice on one side and determining to try the venture.

The grounds on which the magistrate's order can be issued are the following:—Begging in the public streets, or begging under the pretence of selling; found wandering without proper guardianship or visible means of subsistence; a destitute orphan, or child, having one parent undergoing imprisonment; consorting with reputed thieves or prostitutes. Convicted juvenile offenders are, however, sent to Reformatories, not Industrial Schools. The custody of children, too, may be taken from the parents, if convicted of cruelty, and the object of their ill-treatment sent to an Industrial school. To such children, therefore, the school is often their actual and only home.

The tables of statistics appended show the exact numbers dealt with by the Committee during the last year, with their proportion to the work of the Board at large. From these we gather that, in all, some 2,500 of these children are dealt with within a year. The proportion of truants to industrials being last year about 1 to 2 (previous year 2 to 3).

STATISTICAL TABLES.

Estimated population of London	4,360,354
„ children of Elementary School position—	
At school	729,872
Absent ¹ for satisfactory reason	115,332
Absent, no cause	22,587

867,791

¹ Absent from school for satisfactory reasons—viz.:

Between three and five years of age	91,692
Instructed at home	1,526
Exempt under bye-law—passed Standard VI.	862
Permanently disabled	1,815
In the country	317
Infectious illness in home	5,606
Under surveillance	13,514

115,332

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN LONDON.

Under the Board	{ Number of schools . . .	426
	{ Accommodation therein . . .	468,300
	{ Average attendance . . .	390,812
Voluntary Schools	{ Number of schools . . .	566
	{ Accommodation therein . . .	257,652
	{ Average attendance . . .	177,579

INDUSTRIAL AND TRUANT SCHOOLS.

	Class.	School.	Accommodation.
Totally maintained by the London Board	Industrial	{ Brentwood . . .	100 to be enlarged
		{ Shaftesbury . . .	500
		{ New day school . . .	to be opened 1895
	Truant	{ Upton House . . .	140
		{ Highbury . . .	200

Voluntary schools to which the Board send children, having agreements therewith .	{ Industrial—Boys	30
		Girls 24
	{ Truant	Ships 6
		Boys 3
		<hr/> 63

COST TO THE RATEPAYERS.

	(1)				(2)				(3)		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		s.	d.	
Shaftesbury	34	4	3½	...	25	19	11	...	3	5½	
Brentwood	31	14	10½	...	22	18	3	...	1	11	
Truant	21	12	10½	...	16	3	3½	...	2	6	

(1) Average cost per inmate per annum.

(2) Net cost after deducting Government grant.

(3) Average cost for provisions per head per week.

CHILDREN DEALT WITH.

	Truants.	Industrials
Children sent by the Board . . .	686	622
" other agencies	298
" otherwise dealt with . . .	103	681
" cases not settled . . .	66	4
	855	1,605

Comparative totals:	Year 1893.	1892.
Truants	855	872
Industrials	1,605	1,278
Combined	2,460	2,150

All statistics from April 1893 to April 1894, except the Truant and Industrial returns, which are from January to December 1893, in accordance with Home Office requirements.

Of these truants almost all return home on license after a few weeks of detention, greatly improved, to see if they will attend school fairly regularly, 70 per cent. of them being satisfactory, while the rest have their license revoked, though given further chances eventually. Hence, out of every 100 children, some 70 are at once permanently improved, after a short time of from ten to twelve weeks, and at a cost to the ratepayers on an average of about £4 net. It

is not, too, by any means, an unknown occurrence for a boy who has been in a truant school afterwards to earn a medal at the ordinary day school, the sign that he has never been late or absent during a year. Surely here, indeed, a great work is being done; some 500 children a year, by wholesome discipline, being permanently improved. This cannot but tell in the long run, both in the homes of those so improved, and on many with whom they must needs come into contact. True, indeed, it is but an improvement as to truancy primarily, but where regularity of attendance at school is obtained, an all-round improvement is bound to follow. Here also it may be remarked, that, whereas the direct improvement since the schools were started is but 62 per cent., the improvement on last year's numbers is 72 per cent. In the industrial schools, however, the matter is different altogether, and the results more capable of being tested, and, on the whole, we may already say more absolutely convincing in the good being done, not only to the individual members, but to the community at large.

Let us take the case of the Brentwood Schools as an example. Here, since 1874, some 4366 boys have been admitted, all rescued from the surroundings of crime and cruelty. Of these, 100 boys still remain in the schools, while 336 have left to make a start in the world. These boys would assuredly have sunk into crime if left amid their old surroundings. For the most part, they look on the schools as their home, keeping up their interest in them, and visiting them from time to time. Some few, however, of course, are not heard of, but these must not necessarily be put down as failures, some, doubtless, in after-life, being anxious when doing well, to dissociate themselves from the supposed taint of an Industrial school education. Of those who have left, the records for the last three years show of 54 discharged, 42 to be doing well in life, 11 to be unknown, one to have died. Taking the two institutions together, for the last three years the numbers are: discharged, 476; doing well, 356; died, 7; unknown, 105; convicted of crime, 8. It may be here noted that the rougher lads as a rule get sent to the *Shaftesbury*, where the average age of admittance is considerably higher, and consequently the detention shorter.

A situation is found for all those leaving the school. Some have started out as assistants to tailors, shoemakers, bakers, &c., messengers in offices, or to have joined the ranks of the army or navy. By the new Act, passed August 17 last, the managers have now a supervision over these, even when they have left the school, till they are eighteen years of age.

Let us now give some idea of the life at such a school. The first characteristic of it is the regularity, order, and system, almost too uniform, which is a sign of Institution life. This is, of course, both an advantage and evil. The former will always be there, the latter

must be lessened as much as possible by other methods. The London Board has at present but two Industrial schools, the one at Brentwood for 100 boys, and the *Shaftesbury* training-ship in the Thames, housing 500. When these are full, other cases are sent to the different Industrial schools in the country with which the Board have agreements at fixed prices per head. A child sent to an Industrial school is educated similarly as in the ordinary Day school, except that he is treated as a "half-timer," the time so taken away from study being devoted to industrial pursuits. The neglect in earlier years of course tells against the intellectual status of the schools, which have not in this way the same material to work on as an ordinary Day school. Still the schools are examined in identically the same standards by the Board's Inspector, beside also by an Inspector from the Home Office.

At Brentwood the boys make their own uniforms, boots, and clothes, besides attending to the garden, kitchen, laundry, house work, and bread-making. They also work in wood from plans, designs, &c., and have a very fine band, the knowledge and practice gained here of instruments helping many boys to go directly into military bands on leaving the school. Here prizes are offered yearly in every subject by the Manager, besides which special encouragement is given by Miss R. Davenport Hill (who for many years as President of the Managers has taken unceasing interest in its welfare) in the shape of two special prizes for conduct and good influence in the school.

In these schools the religion is strictly governed by Section 25 of the Industrial Schools Act of 1866, whereby definite religious education is given according to the conviction of the child's legal guardians as entered on the magistrate's order of committal. Hence arises this anomalous state of things: The London School Board find themselves compelled by circumstances to make special arrangements for the religious education for the children of Jews, and are also obliged to do the same for truants, or children of criminals, while for lack of this Roman Catholics do not attend in any numbers their schools. *Only in the case of well-conducted children of the respectable poor (be they Church people or Protestant Dissenters) are the wishes of parents in this matter not considered by the Board.*

The effect of rules and circulars upon managers, teachers, and children, has been thrashed out on all sides, but no one seems to have considered the wishes of the parents in this at all. The school at Brentwood brought this matter prominently forward, being the first affected by the action of the majority on the late Board. For here, though maintained by the Board under the Industrial Act, the Board's compromise under the Education Act formerly held sway. This was, of course, illegal, due seemingly to an oversight and a confusion as to the very basis on which the school was founded.

Formerly, then, though 85 per cent. of the children were those of Church of England parents, no one gave religious instruction in sympathy with its teaching, services in the institution being taken by Dissenters. However, in 1892, this being brought under the notice of the Board and Home Office, amended rules were adopted and approved by the Home Secretary. Hence the Church boys are now taken to the parish church, having not only Bibles but Prayer-books with "A. and M." Hymns, supplied by the Board, while others go to their several chapels, the Vicar also taking an afternoon service for these boys at the schools on Sunday and a class during the week, while those of suitable age desiring it are presented for confirmation by him.

In these schools, of course, discipline has to be maintained and corporal punishment held in reserve; in actual practice, however, it may be said to be but rarely used, ordinary punishment, such as extra drill, deprivation of marks, &c., generally sufficing. That the children are well cared for, well grounded in elementary education, taught to make themselves handy and useful in various ways unknown to many others, is evident from reports, facts, and faces. The routine life helps method and discipline, the monotony being broken by various treats and amusements according to the season of the year. The terrible ignorance of the outer world, the bugbear of institution life, with the feeling that everything is prepared for one according to routine, is minimised here, where many have a too intricate knowledge of outside haunts, and where the officials and teachers are careful to explain outside doings and facts—such as the price of bread, meat, &c., and how to buy it.

It is pleasant to be able to record, from inquiries made, the fact that it is clear the Board in no way grudges money required for the Truant and Industrial Schools. Under the late Board, often accused of parsimony, it has been even easier to get a requisition attended to and passed than from any previous one.

To those interested in what the London School Board is doing for our metropolis, one cannot but urge not only a visit to one of the large Day schools, but also to its Industrial schools. Such a visit will be not only instructive but of the greatest interest to all observant of what they see round them.

CHARLES W. A. BROOKE.

AN EIRENIKON TO SOCIALISTS AND INDIVIDUALISTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE formula which I desire to submit as an Eirenikon to the rival parties, is : *Socialism for the Young and Old ; Individualism for the Mature.*

Neither party will be altogether satisfied with this proposal, but I think that both of them may come to see that it secures the most urgent, and only refuses the most questionable, of their demands.

Individualists rightly insist on the importance of self-help, the advantages to the race of the struggle for existence, the enervating effects of governmental interferences. But each of these principles is evidently most important in the case of those between the ages of infancy and senility. From the very young and the very old it is idle to expect activities sufficing for literal self-support. It is equally unreasonable to suppose that either the very young or the very old can, by individual effort, hold their own in the struggle for existence ; or that they will be enervated by assistance from the State. The only question is, whether the help which is undoubtedly necessary for them, shall come from parents and friends (and in the case of the old from the results of their own thrift), or whether the community, as a whole, shall bear, at least, part of the burden.

On the other hand, all but the most fanatical Socialists must admit the danger of weakening those motives which induce men, under an Individualistic system, to put forth their best powers in work which, in most cases, benefits society as well as the workers. The reasonable Socialist recognises that it is a choice of evils ; and, while he differs from the Individualist as to the side to which the balance inclines, he must feel that his arguments are strongest in the case of those who from their youth or their old age have not the necessary powers for self-maintenance.

Our existing laws tacitly recognise this distinction. Our educational system is for the benefit of the young. Our poor law relieves a far larger proportion of the young and the old than of the middle-aged. The Factory Acts provide much exceptional protection for those who have not yet reached maturity. Thus my formula only

asks for an extension of an already recognised distinction; and my task is simply to show the reasonableness of such an extension in the case of the three classes whom we may describe as the Young, the Mature, and the Old. Let us take them in turns.

• • THE YOUNG.

Socialism for the young means, in effect, an increased equalisation of opportunities; and this again involves, not a weakening, but an intensifying of that struggle for existence in mature life to which the Darwinians rightly attach so much importance. If we could secure that the faculties of every child should be fully developed by favourable conditions of food, education, and other influences, we should certainly not thereby have weakened its motives for exercising these faculties to the utmost in the battle of life. On the contrary, we should thus send the adult out better equipped for the contest, and with a fuller knowledge of the necessity and desirability of putting forth all his powers. The stimulus to success in the case of the young lies in the present emulation, the approval of others, the hope of reward, and, to some extent, the anticipation of the struggle in maturity. None of these depend primarily upon the part taken by the community in providing education and sustenance. Free education does not diminish emulation; and an extended system of national scholarships, securing a fuller and more elaborate training for suitable children, would actually promote the very qualities which Socialism is supposed to threaten. We might, no doubt, in some degree weaken the sense of parental responsibility; but it is at least questionable whether such responsibility is at present more recognised by the poor than by the well-to-do, on whom the burden of supporting their children is less severe. No system of Socialism that comes within the sphere of practical politics would relieve parents from the obligation of playing an important part in the development of their children's characters, in the choosing of a career for them, and in fitting them for its duties. A mere transfer of pecuniary obligations from the individual to the community would probably have little, if any, more prejudicial effect in this direction than the possession of private means has at the present day.

Meanwhile, the growing boy would have every motive to take advantage of the opportunities provided for him. He would know that at the close of his period of education, he would have to fight his way with no more help from society. The modified Socialism I am defending would have done something to diminish inequalities of wealth, since the cost of providing for the young and the old would naturally fall mainly upon the wealthy. We should therefore not have so many young men growing up with the knowledge that they are partly or wholly provided for, and that therefore they

will not have the same need for exertion as their less fortunate fellow-creatures.

Darwinians have often objected to the tendencies of so-called Malthusianism, as an interference with the stern struggle for existence which is, in their opinion, a chief factor in the progress of the race. But this struggle is, for the *human* race, mainly a struggle among the *mature*; and the qualities which fit a *child* for its environment are by no means necessarily those that will make it a socially useful adult. If the weaklings have to be killed off for the benefit of the race, it seems better, on the whole, that the process should be delayed, for many a frail child grows up to be a useful citizen, whose fitness for his social surroundings is incontestably proved.

THE MATURE.

We now desert our Socialistic friends, and turn to the support of their opponents. In doing so we have to admit that there are some of "the mature" for whose protection the assistance of the community may very plausibly be invoked. We may, however, begin by noticing that the number of these would be greatly reduced under the system which we are advocating. Of those adults who cannot hold their own in the modern industrial struggle, a large proportion owe their weakness and inability to the neglect and poverty to which they or their ancestors were exposed in their earlier years. Under our proposed *régime* this large class would be steadily diminished. The equalisation of opportunities would, at least, have proceeded so far that there would be comparatively few unable (and that through no fault of their own) to support themselves. The army of incapables would be more than decimated. The treatment of the remainder might necessitate some exceptions being made to the general principle of Individualism for the Mature; but certainly we could treat wilful rogues or idlers with a sternness from which we rightly shrink when we know that both the roguery and the idleness may be due to defective education and early surroundings. We might, perhaps, even venture to do something in the direction of the sterilisation of the deliberately criminal and the hopelessly unfit; and it is probable that organised charity would deal with the *residuum* of genuine and deserving unfortunates.

Passing to another class of question, it is next to be noticed that such a proposal as an "Eight Hours Bill for Miners" would be opposed to our formula. It must not, however, be supposed that schemes which would be inadmissible under ideal conditions are necessarily to be condemned in existing circumstances. In our present anarchical system, we have to patch up social evils in an often very unscientific fashion. Thus the hardships of the miner's lot may move us to lessen his hours of work; but when we remember

that in spite of these hardships there is a steady flow from agricultural to mining labour, we must at least hesitate to make the current stronger, in view of the fact that already many miners cannot get employment for more than four, or even three, days' work in the week. I shall not express an opinion as to whether an Eight Hours Bill for Miners might, in existing circumstances, do more good than harm. But I certainly believe that, *if men were properly educated*, such questions could be better settled by the organised action of those in the trade than by legislation.

Questions of the extension of governmental or municipal functions would open up a different set of difficulties. I apprehend, however, that the principle of *Individualism for the Mature* would not prevent the community from undertaking any function which it could discharge more efficiently than private individuals could do. The railways might be nationalised in the interests of the travelling public, but not in those of the *employés*. All idea of restricting enterprise would be dropped. An exception might, perhaps, be allowed in the matter of enforcing sanitary laws, at any rate during a transitional period. Ultimately, it is probable that Factory Acts would regulate the work of young people only. Adult men and women, when a properly educated generation had grown up, would have to look after their own interests.

Such a view is, of course, fundamentally opposed to the modern wave of Socialistic thought; but Socialists will have to learn, by bitter experience if not otherwise, that the extinction of rivalry must lead to a degeneration of the type. Unless human nature could be so altered as to put it outside many of the biological laws which at present apply to all forms of living beings, such a social state as Mr. Bellamy, for instance, has described, would be followed by a distinct deterioration of the race. The difficulties of establishing such a Utopia would be small compared with the difficulties of maintaining it, or, at least, of maintaining it in prosperity.

THE AGED.

It may at once be admitted that the claim of the aged for Socialistic provision is not quite as strong as that of the young. The latter are in no way responsible for their dependent position. The former have had opportunities (more or less) for making provision for their years of feebleness. It cannot be denied that a system of pensions provided by the community for aged persons would, in some cases, weaken the motives for thrift and energy during maturity. It has, however, often been pointed out that there are compensating considerations. If, indeed, the State aimed at securing an equally comfortable old age for all men, even to the same extent to which it aimed at equality of opportunities, the

individualistic objection would be unanswerable. But the boldest advocates of old-age pensions only ask that a bare minimum should be secured. And the knowledge that this minimum could be relied upon would certainly tend, in many cases, to increase rather than diminish, energy and thrift. At present the poorer among the working classes have little hope of escaping the workhouse if they live long. Under the proposed plan they would know that they would reap the whole advantage of any savings they might make. The middle classes are, at present, nearly in this position. They have, indeed, no absolute security that they will not end their days as paupers, but, practically, they feel sure that it will not come to this. Yet these are at present the most thrifty class in the community.

Under the proposed system it might reasonably be hoped that both the possibility of saving, and the motive for doing so, would be increased. The youth would start well equipped for the battle of life. His faculties would be braced by the struggle of his maturity, and his hopes would not be chilled by the shadow of a coming pauperism, from which a comparatively early death is almost the only escape. One result would naturally be a greater production of wealth during the years of maturity, and, perhaps, a greater effort to lay by something to add to the minimum of comfort in old age which the community would provide.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to discuss how the expenses of pensions and other schemes may be best met. The advantages and disadvantages of graduated death duties, taxes on urban land values, increased drink duties, and the rest, will have to be argued by their several supporters. For my purpose it is enough to indicate that, if *Socialism for the Young* and *Individualism for the Mature* both help to increase the efficiency of labour, there will be a larger fund from which to draw the necessary revenue.

CONCLUSION.

I do not suggest the possibility of carrying out to the full logical extreme either half of my formula. In each case exceptions and modifications would have to be introduced. We cannot hope to give absolute equality of opportunities to all young people, nor equal comforts to all the old. On the same principle the good of the community will, perhaps, be best promoted by some modification of free competition among the mature. But it would be a great gain if some general formula could be accepted, which would indicate the directions in which we should advance. Let those whose compassion for the poor moves them to support Socialistic experiments throw their energies mainly into securing better chances for the young, and a smoother lot for the old. Those, on the other hand, who are most

impressed by the danger of such experiments, should set themselves chiefly to protect liberty, and freedom of competition among the actual producers of wealth. We may then hope to attain, not indeed to a Utopian ideal, still less to a paradise of fools, but to a state in which no child born into the community shall be foredoomed by social conditions to a dwarfed and stunted existence, or to an old age of degrading and miserable pauperism ; a state in which no faculty, well trained, shall rust by disuse, or be denied its right and duty of activity under the bracing strain of a competition, at least, comparatively free. In such a state of society the organising ability and insight of those competent to direct industrial operations will have as free scope as the skill of the artisan, the artist, the doctor, or the lawyer. Each kind of ability will seek and find its best market, and so obtain its full remuneration. Yet the penalties which the laws of Nature affix to incompetency will be limited, so far as is consistent with the development of the race.

Finally, I may point out, that the acceptance of my formula for working purposes, does not necessarily imply an abandonment of either Individualism or Socialism, as an ultimate ideal. The Individualist will naturally hope that a full and fair trial of Individualism for the Mature will so stimulate energy and the production of wealth that within a few generations people will not need State help for the education of their children, and will be able and willing to provide for their own old age. Socialists, on the other hand, may hold that the ultimate solution of the social problem must involve the destruction of all private property in the instruments of production ; but they must perceive that the realisation of this ideal cannot be a speedy or a rapid one ; and they would do well to surrender some of the protection and regulation which the State now gives to the strong, for the sake of securing a far fuller protection and help for those who need it most, the very young and the very old.

ETHICAL TENDENCY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

BAUDELAIRE'S assertions that "Le but de la poésie est de répandre la lumière parmi les hommes," and that "Le principe de la poésie est strictement et simplement l'aspiration humaine vers une Beauté supérieure" apply with singular nicety to the verse of Matthew Arnold. The aim of this gifted writer was, in his own unweariedly repeated words, to diffuse sweetness and light among men. This was his conception of culture, or, as he himself expands the term, "a study of harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present." If this is the pervading inspiration of his prose work, in a far higher sense is it that of his poetical; and as he himself says, that in making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, "culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry." As a poet Matthew Arnold illustrates by a clear, delicate, penetrating insight, and by graces of language, rare and inexhaustible, the truth upon which he insists with such unfailing freshness and charm as a prose writer. It is as a poet that his refined and cultured genius reaches its highest point of development; as a poet that his noble individuality evidences itself most attractively in verse the excellence of which is of far-reaching and abiding impressiveness; and it is as a poet that his influence promises to be of a profoundly deepening character.

The peculiar feature of Matthew Arnold's verse may not have received such cordial recognition as that of other singers who have dealt with more pleasing or popular subjects; or it may be that his intellectual refinement and limited interest in the more practical complexities of modern life have drawn a line between him and readers who require a robuster, a more stimulating vein of thought behind language of which beauty and delicacy of expression are often the most attractive, in some instances, although rarely, the only recommendation. But still the poet who attempts to elucidate so many deeply interesting problems of heart and mind, who evinces such a profound sympathy with Nature, such minute, attentive observation of her charms, and such rare artistic skill in presenting and describing these; a poet who has such subtle command over language in its most musical expression, and whose insight enables

him to appreciate something more than what is passing before the eye, as when he exclaims :

- “ But often in the world's most crowded streets,
 But often in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
- After the knowledge of our buried life ;
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true, original course ;
 A longing to inquire
- Into the mystery of this heart which beats
 So wild, so deep in us—to know
 Whence our lives come and where they go,”

should be able to impart some lesson of practical importance to the struggling, wrestling minds of an eager, busy, inquiring age.

One of the stereotyped criticisms upon Robert Browning as a poet used to be his lack of feeling for poetic form—that his inspiration was not adequately or fitly represented through the measures in which his wonderful range and depth and susceptibility of soul struggled for expression. If, on the other hand, from among the poets of the century we had to select one whose aim was an art of expression adequate to the thought to be expressed ; who sought for decision in his conception as a whole and careful finish of detail, our choice would unreservedly distinguish such a thoughtful and cultured artist as Matthew Arnold. Although the poet of *Merope* or *Switzerland* may not display the consummate mastery over some of the metres in which Tennyson or Swinburne or Morris has attained illustrious success, so as in some instances to be for music of rhythm and sustained splendour of glowing and expressive language unapproachable, yet in finish, grace, and mellifluousness of the manifold powers of choice and lovely verse the accomplished Oxford poet reaches to lofty and diverse excellence. Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* is, indeed, a nobler work than *Merope*, the verse easier, richer, and more harmonious, but Mr. Swinburne has given us scarcely anything so pure, so simple, so tender, so exquisitely bewitching as *Tristram and Isolt*. In the narrative parts, which recall occasionally Mr. Morris, the heroic rhymed couplet has an easy flow and magical musical charm unsurpassed by any of the poems of *The Earthly Paradise* in the same metre. No one would claim for Matthew Arnold any comparison in mastery over every form of sweetness and strength and suppleness of narrative blank verse possessed by the late Laureate ; nor would any one venture to dispute Tennyson's supremacy in that elegiac verse which he has made immortal in connection with his revered and poignant sorrow. Yet there are some forms of verse—elegiac verse in particular—in which Matthew Arnold has expressed himself with a finished grace and refined delicacy which it would be difficult to surpass. *The Scholar-Gipsy*, *Thyrsis*, and *Westminster Abbey* are noble instances of this, in the

more stately loveliness of the verse ; while *Memorial Verses, Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*, and the two fine poems with regard to the author of *Obermann*, are unique as regards the special suitability of their verse for the solemn and inspiring tenderness of the thoughts unfolded. Before leaving consideration of the measures in which Matthew Arnold's imaginative conceptions are expressed, and as further instances of the variety and originality of his metrical powers, we must not omit to mention those recitative pieces which appear to us most admirable—*The Strayed Reveller, The Youth of Nature, The Youth of Man, Rugby Chapel*, and *Heine's Grave*, although after reading these it is always a delight to come back to more definite and happier examples of his skill in versification, such as some of the lyrics of *Switzerland*, or *The Buried Life*, or *Thyrsis*, or the supremely beautiful bursts of song in *Empedocles on Etna*.

In order to clearly appreciate the peculiar characteristic note of the poet's verse, it may be well to briefly recall the principal intellectual influences dominant at the commencement of his career. It is proof of how thrilling and penetrating was one feature of the æsthetical tendency of that time, that upon a mind trained in a severely classical routine of studies its effect was so fruitful and abiding. The impulse of poetical inspiration which arose with the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798 had borne on the tide of its increasing strength a stately succession of gifted spirits and had been illustrated by the dreamy witchery of Coleridge's fascinating visions, by the powerful and passionate reverberating notes of Byron, of whom Matthew Arnold himself says :

"He taught us little : but our soul
Had felt him, like the thunder's roll " ;

by the exquisite and pervading inspiration of Keats ; by the daringly aspiring and ethereally glowing conceptions of Shelley ; and the more profound and impressive meditative genius of Wordsworth. If to these, from another direction, we add the absorbing and vitalising influence of the great teacher who looked

"on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power " ;

and said :

"The end is everywhere ;
Art still hath truth—take refuge there,"¹

¹ In connection with the lines descriptive of Goethe from which the above are taken we may point out a singular instance of the influence of a former poet over the thought and expression of the later singer. Surely Virgil's melodious lines :

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Atque metu omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque acherontis avari,"

were ringing in Matthew Arnold's ears when he wrote :

"And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror and insane distress
And headlong fate be happiness."

we may form some appreciable conception of some of the spiritual forces which for over a quarter of a century had been at work, when, in 1848, Matthew Arnold, who was then twenty-six, put forth his first volume, *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems*, accompanied by the first letter of his name only; and "A" was all with which he acknowledged his second effort, *Empedocles on Etna and other Poems* (1853). In the following year he published, with his full name, a first and second series of poems, in which he included pieces that had appeared in the earlier volumes. In 1853, his fine tragedy in the Greek manner, *Merope*, was produced; but not until after an interval of ten years was issued, in 1868, another notable volume called *New Poems*.

In addition to the influence of the poets of his own country, and of Goethe's writings upon Matthew Arnold's genius, there was another all-powerful mental and moral force stirring during his college-days, which left a distinct, not to say revolutionary effect, in his after-thoughts. The Oxford Movement was the most noticeable religious outcome of the Liberalism of the century; but it was in reality the scientific spirit of the age—so astutely seized upon and reflected in the works of Goethe—that was responsible for this, as well as for the more philosophic views spreading in the sphere of religion everywhere. To this larger field belonged the advanced thought which had already penetrated the Oxford poet's mind, mainly through his intercourse with German literature. A salient phase of religious feeling, as it affected a sensitive, cultivated mind in the first half of the century, is reflected in its most attractive aspect through his beautiful verse, refined and etherealised by contact with the spiritual side of his genius. It was, however, not his to mould or direct the passing impulse of the age, and give to it an enduring and universal meaning; but this impulse became part of his intellectual heritage, and transfused itself into some of his subtlest and sweetest poems. A mightier intellect might have seized the threads of thoughts, irradiating the paths of his mental activity and, impressing them with a distinct individuality, have formed them into melodious world-utterance for all time; but it would have required a "starry Galileo" of song to have thus divined the full meaning of these precursors of a new age of light.

But the spiritual awakening of his own mind is what concerns us now, and how this is reflected in his beautiful verse. Before referring to his poems in detail we may quote, as an instance of his deep love and reverence for the old, in the midst of cherished sympathies with the present and tender aspirations for the future, a noble passage in which the poet thus apostrophises Oxford:

"Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual light of our century, so serene! . . . Spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchant-

ments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic!"

It is well, perhaps, to have this picture of the stately city, from which the poet drew so much of his inspiration, and the beautiful spirit of which he has so finely interpreted and enshrined in his verse—it is well to have this picture before our mind as we now turn to the fuller consideration of his poems.

Matthew Arnold's two most imposing conceptions after the model of ancient Greek drama, are *Merope* and *Empedocles on Etna*. In the former of these the poet's genius is not so distinctly perceptible as in the latter; and we are tempted to ask whether this arises from the circumstance that in *Empedocles* the poet has a character with regard to whom his mind has facile scope to exert all the intellectual play of its fancy. It is in passages which deal with problems which possess irresistible fascination for the author as well as for Empedocles that Matthew Arnold's powers are at their best, and exert themselves with most thrilling effect. In neither work, however, is there a vital dramatic vigour which stirs us to follow the characters with breathless interest; and in *Empedocles* the spiritual excitement would lead the mind in an opposite direction to that which closes the piece. *Merope* lacks conciseness as well as intensity; but *Empedocles* has an undying charm from the exquisite lyrical bursts which occur throughout.

Sohrab and Rustum and *Balder Dead* are poems of sustained power and distinctness of graphic description; the former, in particular, elaborated with rare skill and effective dramatic positions, although we could wish that the stirring human element belonging to the story had been more prominently displayed. The charm of the beautiful and stately verse is rich with a number of weighty and appropriate similes, but the poem receives its loftiest beauty from the pathetic relation between the two heroes who are fated to die each by the other's hand:

"On the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere."

Balder Dead, eloquent and stirring as it is, with its admirably sustained flow of language and vigorous descriptive touches, would, however, gain by a more rapid and direct treatment in the earlier parts. The passage towards the end, descriptive of the building of Balder's pyre, is one of rare force and distinctness. Of the longer poems there are two others which require a special word: in the instance of *The Sick King in Bokara* on account of its condensed force, defined clearness, and originality of conception; in that of *Tristram and Iseult* on account of its lovely presentment and equally

lovely and musical verse. With regard to this latter, it is difficult to know which to admire the more—the exquisite melody of the descriptions of the hero and heroines in the first part of the poem, or the stateliest music of the more impressive heroic measure of the third part, called *Iseult of Brittany*. But the poem throughout is full of grace, charm, and sweetness, and something, too, of a passionate regret, inseparable from the story and foreshadowed from the first, which mingles in the mind with its impression of distinct and ineffable loveliness.

Before passing to those poems which are most distinctly conspicuous on account of their ethical tendency, we must not omit to mention one or two beautiful representative instances of Matthew Arnold's early, thoughtful, scholarly work. Of these *The New Sirens* is perhaps the most attractive—a poem full of sinuous grace and ease in its tender melodious verse and classic antithesis of diction, with throughout touches of exquisite lingering sadness which enhance its beauty, like blue mists softening the summits of hills seen at a distance. In another style, yet full of impassioned thought and fancy, is the fine poem *Resignation*, which is marked by Matthew Arnold's peculiar vein of reflective melancholy, and in its concluding lines is instinct with a resigned spirit engendered by his contemplation of life. A more soothing, gladening note seems to echo through another of these early poems, *Youth and Calm*, in which we are inspirited with the buoyant reflection that

"The bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath—
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, tho' calm is well."

Among those pieces arranged as *Lyric Poems* and *Elegiac Poems*, are to be found perhaps the highest and most enduring instances of Matthew Arnold's inspiration. For lovely descriptive passages and suggestive thought, touched with a tenderly reminiscent pathos like moonlight upon the ripple of summer waves, the beautiful series of lyrics called *Switzerland* stand out prominently, and if it cannot be conceded that the "first may be fairest" it will hardly be denied that "all are divine." In this poem Marguerite may be regarded as the embodiment of a sweet and fading delight; nothing can be more suggestive, delicate, or melancholy beautiful than the verses in which the poet embodies his regrets at parting and lifts his reflections into the higher regions of meditative poetry. There intervenes one of the most impressive and lovely instances of the poet's ethical tendency, where he exclaims in bidding farewell to the lake associated with Marguerite:

And tho' we wear out life, alas !
 Distracted as a homeless wind,
 In beating where we must not pass
 In seeking what we shall not find.

Yet we shall one day gain, life past,
 Clear prospect o'er our beings' whole ;
 Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
 Our true affinities of soul.

'Though these be lost, there will be yet
 A sympathy august and pure ;
 Ennobled by a vast regret,
 And by contrition seal'd thrice sure.

And we whose ways were unlike here,
 May then more neighbouring courses ply ;
 May to each other be brought near
 And greet across infinity."

Alas ! all Matthew Arnold's most spontaneous utterances seem lit with a negative glory, as it were, or, if one may venture upon the image, are full not of the light and promise of the spring, but of the subdued radiance, the mellow afterglow and deepening shadows of early autumn nights.

From *Switzerland* and *Faded Leaves*, especially those parts which are more distinctly reflective or descriptive than lyrical, we gain a clear insight into the poet's need and yearning for something beyond his intercourse with Nature, or communion of heart with heart, for assistance and abiding satisfaction, in his struggles and aspirations. This is the longing that runs through all the sweetness of his lyric verse, never more exquisitely expressed than in the lines commencing :

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
 By day I shall be well again !
 For then the night will more than pay
 The hopeless longing of the day."

If we briefly trace this, we shall see that it first rises in the tenderly modulated strains of *The New Sirens*, like the fragrance of a flower lightly blown to us at dawn :

" 'Come,' you say, 'the soul is fainting,
 Till she search and learn her own ;
 And the wisdom of man's painting
 Leaves her riddle half unknown.'"

This early reference to "the hungry thought that must be fed" seems out of place in a burst of song which at first is like the carolling of a lark at morning ; but the note of the poem varies to one more suitable to the "sorrow-stricken day" when "the winged

fleetness of immortal feet is gone." In *Switzerland*, as already referred to, the poet interweaves his restless yearning and discontent with a tender and lovely reminiscence of one whose fascination draws out the longing :

"How sweet, unreach'd by earthly jars,
My sister ! to maintain with thee
The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea !"

In *Self-Deception* the restless feeling is again dominant, and in *Dover Beach* reaches a climax of tender but disappointing resignation :

"Ah ! love, let us be true
To one another ! for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

But vigour and buoyance come again to the poet as so wonderfully expressed at the close of *A Summer Night*, a poem which, like *The Buried Life*, is marvellously beautiful for the exquisite delicacy and insight of the touches which reveal the poet's inmost spirit. But it is a conviction which we feel is forced upon the thinker intellectually, not the free and spontaneous result of a state of feeling ; and belief is a state, not an act of mental effort. The poet here is adequate to the thinker, nay, surpasses him, and in the delicate union of thought and language, hides his diviner insight behind a veil of nebulous beauty :

"And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes."

It is when passing to those poems more accurately designated elegiac that a calmer, deeper, and more steadfast spirit becomes dominant ; the poet's sensibility has not only grown inured, but something of the force of beneficence in creation seems to have penetrated into his music. In *Thyrsis*, *A Southern Night*, *Rugby Chapel*, and *Westminster Abbey*, the presence of a lofty regret mingles with his thoughts of the mystery of the hereafter, and while deepening the solemnity of the poet's vision, gathers to it a calm, transcendental power of etherealised hopefulness. It is etherealised hopefulness which fills the concluding lines of *Thyrsis* :

"Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear.
Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on ! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof ? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our scholar travels yet the loved hillside."

It is etherealised hopefulness that thrills through the question asked in *Rugby Chapel*, by his father's tomb, fifteen years after Dr. Arnold's death :

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now ?

in some far shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live."

And etherealised hopefulness is the strong resilient note in the concluding verses of the elegy in memory of his friend, Dean Stanley :

"Ay me! 'Tis deaf that ear
Which joy'd my voice to hear ;
Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,
Thus sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,
And the rough waves of life for ever laid !
I would not break thy rest nor change thy doom.
Even as my father, thou—
Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend—
Hast thy commission done ; ye both may now
Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end."

Inspired throughout as Matthew Arnold's reflective verse is with a melancholy tenderness of regret and longing, this does not incline us to sympathise with the mystic's definition of God as "an unutterable sigh." Some of his poems, no doubt, would at times suggest that religion had been to him little more than "a deep breath of relief"; but our sympathies turn from these towards others, such as *The New Sirens*, or the lovely lyrics of *Switzerland*, or those in which he sets before him the realisation of an impossible earthly joy. For we discern in the incompleteness of the poet's aspiration the surest evidence of a tendency that makes for consolation and rest. In Matthew Arnold's work, however, we do not enter the serenest region of spiritual satisfaction—that region where the unsullied loveliness of the soul's conception is seen distinct from any intervening discord or suggestion of earth.

Everywhere, in his passages of exalted longing as in those of plaintive reminiscence, we are sensible that his spirit has been broken into, and how profoundly he feels that if he is to have a religious ideal at all the conception must be independent of intellectual opinions or the still lingeringly-cherished after-memories of a defined system.

Having thus indicated the leading vein of sadness and longing running through his lyric and elegiac verse we will now glance at the influences by which the poet seeks to counteract the regretful tendency of his thoughts. If we may indulge in metaphor we"

should say that one of the tenderly-subdued but profoundly-touching impressions of Matthew Arnold's more thoughtful poetry resembles that which fills the mind after beholding the secluded attractions of some woodland glade. This reference suggests his rare and sympathetic power of observing, and his exquisite grace and finish in describing the loveliness of the outward world. But there is also, in connection with these, another and more significant feature—his peculiar insight into the influence of Nature upon the human spirit. So intrinsic a part is this of his poetical work, so profoundly does it enter into some of his finest descriptive verse, that we may linger a moment to point out its peculiar source and subtlety.

With the recollection that Wordsworth is the greatest poetic interpreter of Nature to our age, it would seem easy to dismiss Matthew Arnold's felicity of discernment by describing him as a disciple of that poet. But this would be hardly an adequate, and in one sense a misleading description. The younger poet is hardly a disciple of the elder as regards the essential gift of spiritualising his conceptions of Nature, and drawing from intercourse with her loveliness the deeper consoling spirit of hopefulness and calm which is the unique boon vouchsafed to Wordsworth. Moreover, the force, vitality, and impressiveness of Wordsworth's conceptions of Nature lie in the simple fact that he *knew* the truth of what he held; he had faith in the influence of Nature as a spiritual inspiration. Wordsworth had no doubt; he believed in the expression of Nature to the human mind, as wearing, as he says of duty, "the Godhead's most benignant grace." This consideration appears to us of vital importance as regards the views taken of Nature by the two poets. Matthew Arnold, as Wordsworth, refers the mind to her for relief and consolation in the fever of conflicting doubts or in the loneliness of sorrow and disappointment; but, as has been pointed out, Wordsworth consciously brings to his theme "the spiritual forces which determine the lines of meditation." But can this be said of Matthew Arnold?

Is not his "fixed visionary purpose" rather to suffuse the truth he is intent upon elucidating with such a splendour of natural loveliness as to bestow upon it a more radiant meaning, as in the following distinct appeal:

" 'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars and waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'

From the intense, clear star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
'Would thou be as these are? *Live as they.*' "

Or, again, in the passage at the end of *Obermann Once More*, where the poet glances at the glories of the scenery about him, and gives prominence to their attractions to heighten "the vague impulse" that is stirring within him. It is not "Sonchaud's piny flanks," or "domed Velan with his snows," or the "Valais-depth profound" which breathe joy into his soul as daisy and daffodils breathed love into Wordsworth; but Matthew Arnold selects these as lovely and impressive accessories to his own emotions. One might almost say that the "use" he makes of Nature is, in a way, similar to that suggested by the words uttered to St. Brandan in his fine poem of that name :

"I staunch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan ! to this hour of rest
That Joppa leper's ease was pain."

None of his poems, perhaps, will better illustrate the difference of effect and treatment when, instead of the spirit of Nature being reflected in the poem, the outward charm only is utilised to grace a picture or to heighten a fancy, than *The Forsaken Merman*. To clearly apprehend the contrast between this use of natural loveliness and that of Wordsworth, it would seem only necessary to read after it the elder poet's lovely conception of the effect of Nature in moulding the human spirit as illustrated by his exquisite poem, *Lucy*.

Here, perhaps, before endeavouring to point out what we think Matthew Arnold's more explicit treatment of Nature, we should say that in our use of the expression we do not mean to limit our references solely to the outward world. A poetic interpretation of the wonders and loveliness of the earth without any relation to man would, to say the least, be one-sided and imperfect. Beyond the keenly observing eye and the mind sensitive to beauty, we must also include a spirit tenderly alive to what most deeply affects human life as necessary for a full appreciation of natural influences. Mr. Ruskin, in one of his thoughtful passages, reminds us that "each great artist conveys to us not so much the scene as the impression of the scene on his own mind"; and reading Matthew Arnold's poetry after Wordsworth's seems to us to indicate clearly the difference between their respective impressions of Nature. Wordsworth spiritualised everything in the outward world; but the later poet does not attain this lofty position. His nearest approach is that of a lovely *intellectualised* representation; and that he did not possess the secret of the higher and sublimer conception is the spring of his most disappointing note. More is involved in this than may at first appear. It marks how his genius lay in a different plane; and suggests why in treating subjects of paramount interest,

these are not touched with universality, that certain characteristic of the poet's genius which proceeds from what the Germans term his *Unendlichkeit*. The writings of some of the loftiest intellects—Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe, Wordsworth—have been concerned about the great questions, man's destiny and the mysteries of the unseen, references to which fill so large a space in Matthew Arnold's poems. But in the work of none of these great writers is the disquieted spirit of the artist thrust upon us, or allowed to overshadow his page. We are not conscious, from what is before us, of the individual experience from which the wise and magnanimous treatment of the most intricate of human problems is derived. The influence of a personal, omnipresent Deity seems to pervade their work like the calm beneficent beauty of sunshine, imparting an epic largeness and clearness to their grand imaginings. But the inspiration of Matthew Arnold's verse is emotional and intellectual rather than spiritual; a "lyrical impulse" which reflects the soul's inquietude at being driven back upon itself and forced by mental convictions to relinquish what had once been so precious. Henceforth existence, instead of being a ripening of faith for sight, becomes for him a struggle through the shadows in the strength of love and resignation—at best, an enduring cheerfully, even buoyantly, "the ills we have," with the help of a radiant conception of Nature and an exhilarated aspiration that there is a Beneficent Will at the heart of the universe. But if he has attained to something of Goethe's luminous view he has not reached Wordsworth's calm. There is still unrest; and in the desire of his spirit for some loftier conception that will satisfy its longing he seems to resemble—in his lyric utterances—one of Plato's men in the cave, and to stand hands tied, with his back to the light, while attempting to guess the meaning of shadows passing before his eyes. His longing to arrive at some meaning—some solution of the riddle—was intense; and although the intellectual clearness of his mind could never quite prevent our seeing the shade travelling over the disc of his thoughts, to adapt a fine image of De Quincey, yet in the light and glow of his poetical rapture, these at times become transmuted into a resigned gladness. There is, after all, something spiritually progressive in his vision when we regard this as the expression by a cultured fancy of truths which thoughtful minds had long recognised, but which had been too often left veiled in philosophic vagueness or leniency of decisive language. His meditative poems afford a curious and interesting study as reflecting a mind that has passed through a remarkable experience, that while it has freed itself from the tyranny of decrepit doctrines, still feels the influence of the old attractions, and is still flushed with a fascinating but melancholy light springing from the afterglow of faith.

As we have now seen, the lyrical inspiration of Matthew Arnold's verse is bound up with a thread of engrossing interest distinct from the imaginative impulse. That this interest enhances the beauty and wonder of the poems may not always appear evident; but as long as the human spirit has its intervals of yearning and struggle after truth, as well as its passionate awakenings from the validity of preconceived impressions, too long regarded as exceptionally sacred, its connection with the poet's lovely verse must possess an irresistible charm. A similar instance of the spiritual influences of the age being reflected in enduring verse occurs in the late Laureate's larger treatment in *In Memoriam*, where some of the most pregnant thoughts of the century unfold themselves as naturally as the sap and vigour of a tree into the colour of its bloom. After this reference to Tennyson's masterpiece it is only just to add that, although Matthew Arnold's elegiac verse does not possess the same immutable loveliness, it has yet a marble perfection of its own. But the essential difference lies in the treatment; while Matthew Arnold's falls short of the larger inspiration of Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*, Tennyson's is consciously derived from that great poem, and *In Memoriam* is instinct with a living faith.

It is this absence of a living faith or, as we may term it, a satisfying spiritual impulse, that constitutes the gravest insufficiency of Matthew Arnold's beautifully attuned verse. The loftiest idea which he constantly presses upon our mind is the conviction that earthly satisfaction cannot be the end of our aspirations. The stress, the storms, ay, the failures of existence, keep keen within us our thirst for the divine. The longing after the beauty within the veiled sanctuary may find some satisfaction in natural loveliness, but the "clear, calm vision of Hellenic eyes," for which Keats prayed, requires what will convince the head as well as the fancy. If his genius had possessed less intellectual sympathies, he might have contented himself with idealising his imaginative conceptions, and interweaving with these the problems of man's nature and destiny. But the influence of his classic studies, and also the potency of the most pervading literary inspiration of the century, gave a philosophic independence to his turn of thought; and, under the glamour of Goethe's teaching, he was driven to exclaim that his faith was now "but a dead time's exploded dream." He has marked his position in lines which, though often quoted, may not inappropriately bear repetition here. In *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse* he describes himself as

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side."

Again, after reading these fine but mournful lines, we exclaim: "If his poetry had only been animated by an invigorating, vitalising tendency, sprung from a sterling integral faith, instead of this note of irretrievable sadness!" Of all his exquisite poems we can hardly remember one that is distinctly progressive and hopeful; that soars with the wings of an insight that would cleave its way through the pathless future without a pulse of hesitancy—without a thrill of spiritual doubt. When he abandons the moorings of the religious hope in which he had been educated, it is not, as in Shelley's instance, to become the teacher of a transcendently sublime faith in humanity; not, as in that of Keats, to substitute idealised devotion to beauty as his most intense conviction, and unite himself to truth by his rapture. Matthew Arnold's sympathy with Wordsworth, as we have suggested, hardly constitutes him a disciple of that poet in the sense that the master's teaching—in its purest, loftiest essential spirit, in its tranquil passion which never passes the extreme limit of art, and verges on pain, in its power of being able by the imagination to transfigure emotion into spiritual life, in its fervent renunciation, in its rapture of conscious communion with the highest—is his own. Notwithstanding the exalted feeling in which the later poet's verse reflecting Nature and Nature's influence is steeped, the calm which it evinces is intellectual rather than spiritual; its reassuring gladness springs from a mental rather than a religious source; its aspiration to rise through the natural to the divine, a wistful rather than a realised delight.

What, then, is the ethical tendency of Matthew Arnold's poetry? It is to sympathise with the human spirit in its feeling of regret and loneliness at the loss of a loved faith; it is to solace and strengthen it in its sorrow and depression; to assist it in its longing after something certain and satisfying; it is to aid it, by intercourse with the refining and ennobling influences of Nature, human, as well as material, to derive strength for the trial that is passing, and hope and reassurance for the struggles in the future; it is from a contemplation and understanding of the beauty and order of the universe to realise a conception that can satisfy as well as reassure:

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar."

It is, further, to strengthen us in the conviction that the intuitions of the spirit which take us to Nature, as a source of the divine, by an inscrutable impulse carry us still further, and reveal to us, if not the mystery, at least the beneficent attributes of the mystery beyond.

But with this we reach the final conception of Matthew Arnold's insight—a finality which marks the limit of his charm and influence. For the thought arises that ordinary men require more assured stimulus for the struggle of active life than the poet's teaching affords—that practical workers are not satisfied with intangible mental conceptions, as scholars and thinkers, who find in themselves or in the thoughts and sympathies which belong to the lives and writings of others, an impulse and exhilaration. For busy men have little leisure or inclination for this kind of mental or moral sustenance. The clear, definite realisation of a loving divine Power sustaining man in his labours here, guiding, consoling, inspiring him with the hope of the reward of all true, noble, and unwearied effort, if not here, at least hereafter, with the consciousness of possessing the deep, tender, unfailing sympathy of a Father's love in all our ways—these, men could ill afford to exchange for the mental subtleties or emotional refinements of a poet's exquisite verse.

But when we leave the ethical tendency of Matthew Arnold's poetry and return to purely literary consideration, what a delightful store of unfailing loveliness is afforded us :

“Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive tho' a happy place ;”

and what a stream of glorious associations from the world of imagination as well as thought. In his descriptions of Nature, whose touch is more clear, exact, or delicate ? His pictures, too, not without a music tenderly appropriate :

“He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.”

In his more sustained and impressive presentments, as in *Thyrsis*, how concise, vivid, imaginative, of which the reflective vein is instinct with sympathy and aspiration, and the subdued glow of an enthusiasm for immortal destinies. A great German critic reminds us that in every species of intellectual development there is a short period of complete bloom, and the conceptions which seem to belong to this period of Matthew Arnold's mind are *The Scholar-Gipsy* and *Thyrsis*—poems, or rather sculptures, wrought in every line with dignity, simplicity, grace, “whole and immutable in the marble of memory.”

Dignity, simplicity, grace—these are the abiding charm of Matthew Arnold's best verse ; these are the distinctive marks alike of lyric and elegy, of dramatic and narrative pieces ; dignity, simplicity, grace, rising in some instances into rare imaginative power of description, or at others enthralling us by a refined tenderness

and fancy ; dignity, simplicity, grace, in union at times with a thoughtful pathos and mellifluous sadness of regret, as in that sheaf of lovely lyrical poems entitled *Switzerland*. Dignity, simplicity, grace—these again unite in those lofty and inspiring bursts of song, which are marked by a profound sympathy with humanity in its longing for rest and immortality ; dignity, simplicity, grace—and if we should add another epithet to characterise a yet rarer merit, it would be one which should suggest the harmony between the poet's language and his thought, and that would be—adequacy.

THOMAS BRADFIELD.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE history of female suffrage in New Zealand is one of the most shameful pages in the annals of the colony. The Bill conferring upon women the privilege of a vote passed through the House of Representatives and the Legislative Council (the Lower and Upper Houses of the New Zealand Parliament) in the Session of 1893. It was carried by a large majority in the House of Representatives, and by a small one, of one vote only, in the Council. English readers may be surprised to learn that in neither Chamber was there a majority of members sincerely in favour of the change.

The House of Representatives had been playing with female suffrage for a good many years, when the Ballance Government suddenly championed the claims of women in the Session of 1892. The Cabinet Ministers who were responsible for this move were Messrs. Ballance, Seddon, Cadman, Mackenzie, Reeves, Ward, Carroll, and Buckley. Strange as it may seem, with the single exception of Mr. Ballance, not one of these politicians had, up to that time, shown any desire for female suffrage, while most of them had been persistent, determined opponents of that policy. Many divisions had been taken on the subject. Mr. Ballance had always voted in favour of the claims of women, but the other Ministers had either been openly or secretly hostile: they had either voted against the proposal, or had deliberately absented themselves from the division lobby.

Leading politicians in New Zealand are not slow to give their opinions to the House. Mr. Ballance spoke more than once in favour of the franchise; but no other member of his Ministry has ever done so, no, not even in 1892 and 1893 after the Government had themselves brought down a Bill in which this proposal was included. Mr. Ballance was the only one to openly defend the Government proposal to confer the franchise on women. Messrs. Seddon, Carroll, and Buckley had previously spoken against it, while Messrs. Cadman, Mackenzie, and Ward never opened their lips on the subject. Mr. Reeves had two years previously expressed the opinion that, as a commencement, only those women who had matriculated at a university should be given votes; later the

franchise might be extended to those women who were property owners or who earned their living.

Sir Patrick Buckley, who represented the Cabinet in the Upper House, had described the proposal as "a huge joke," and it was as a huge joke that Parliament, previous to 1892, had treated it, approving the change by a large majority one day and rejecting it the next.

Mr. Ballance, however, was Prime Minister, and in earnest. Moreover, he and his colleagues were at deadly feud with the Upper House, and anxious to concoct further quarrels with that Chamber. Confident that the measure would be rejected by the Lords, the Prime Minister's colleagues were induced to change their attitude, and support it. As they had expected, the Peers threw it out on the second reading. Immediately afterwards this Government appointed twelve new Councillors to the Upper House, of whom six were in favour of the Government policy with regard to female suffrage, while the other six were opposed to it. This would hardly have been the case if the Government had been in earnest about female suffrage. It is as if Mr. Gladstone, after the rejection of Home Rule by the House of Lords, had appointed enough peers to carry that measure, but had taken care that exactly one half of them would vote against it.

When Parliament met for the Session of 1893, Mr. Ballance was dead, and Mr. Seddon Prime Minister. The new chief had, on more than one occasion, signalled himself by his hostility to female suffrage, but he carried on the old policy of putting this proposal in the front of the Government programme, in the hope that the House of Lords would somehow suffer by rejecting it. It then came to the lot of Sir Patrick Buckley to introduce the huge joke into the Upper House, where he said: "I hold, and hold with very great earnestness, that woman's proper place is not in the work of politics—that her proper place is in the domestic circle. I have too much respect for her to drag her into politics and place her on the hustings." And, "It will be in the recollection of honourable gentlemen that my honourable friend Mr. Bowen on that occasion made a speech" (dead against female suffrage) "which I have over and over again read with pleasure. I do not hesitate to say that I have not changed my views one iota." With these convictions he voted against an amendment which would have wrecked the Bill, and which was lost by one vote—the vote of this very earnest man.

Thus it happened that when, in September 1893, women found themselves entitled to the political vote they did not know what party to thank for the gift. Of individuals, the late Mr. Ballance and his great opponent, Sir John Hall, were the principal movers. But if it had not been for the friction between the two Houses of Parliament, the Cabinet would never have taken up female suffrage, nor would the Lower House have passed it if they had believed the

Upper House would follow suit. And we know from the lips of Sir Patrick Buckley that, if he had voted as he felt, the measure would not have got through the Lords. No single member of the Cabinet could be pointed to as a supporter of the claims of women. Mr. Reeves had once declared that women with property ought to have the vote. No other Cabinet Minister had expressed an opinion as favourable as this. Some had spoken and voted against female suffrage; others had given silent votes against it, or had absented themselves from division.

A political revolution of the most far-reaching consequence was treated by the New Zealand Parliament in flippant vein year after year. Then it was seen that the claims of women might be made the engine for petty electioneering triumph, with the result that in the strategic conflict, somehow, by accident, to the astonishment of all and consternation of many, women became the recipients of political power. Let us hope that we were right in declaring that there have been few more shameful pages in the annals of the colony.

However, a certain number of legislators did treat the question on its merits. Those who were in favour of the claims of women advanced much the same arguments as are used in other countries. The most general was the assertion that woman has "a right" to the vote. We doubt whether any of these advocates could explain what they mean by the term. The argument of need smears a more tangible one. Women, it was said, should have the vote to protect themselves from oppression. Others declared that they were equal, or superior, to men in the capacity of selecting fit men for Parliament, and that their influence would be in the direction of refinement and the higher morality. Some thought that they would make a stable body of electors to counteract the mischievous influence of the wandering, unsettled population, who form a large number in all the colonies. Others, again, were influenced by the belief that women would be on their side—the teetotallers especially being stimulated by this hope. A good many were in favour of the change merely because they thought other countries were tending in the same direction, from the shallow vanity of men who wish to make a sensation by being the first to inaugurate what they believe to be a coming revolution.

Its opponents declared that Parliament had no authority from the electors to make so great an experiment. At the previous general election candidates were asked their opinions on every conceivable subject, and on female franchise amongst the others, but none of them believed that this matter was within the range of practical politics, or there would have been no need to ask questions. No candidate would have omitted all reference to female suffrage in speeches and electioneering addresses, if he had looked upon it as a live question. At the general election of 1890, neither candidates

nor electors considered female suffrage as within reasonable distance. The country never had an opportunity of expressing an opinion.

The history of female suffrage in the tiny State of Wyoming, U.S.A., with its 60,000 inhabitants, is very similar to the New Zealand story. Mr. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth* (vol. iii. pp. 294 *et seq.*), shows that in that State, when it was a Territory, both political parties voted for the change in order to make political capital, and neither of them believed that the Governor would give his consent. The Democrats said: "We shall have shown our liberality and lost nothing by voting for female suffrage;" while the Republicans thought that, "if they didn't want to lose capital, they had better vote for it too." When, to their surprise, it passed the Legislature, both parties had to console themselves with the reflection that they had "got the Governor in a fix." The Governor, however, at once approved; and by these petty tactics the glorious revolution of female suffrage was inaugurated in Wyoming.

Both in Wyoming and in New Zealand it was only as a fortuitous incident in the eternal battle of parties that female suffrage came to the front. In this country also it is probable that the claims of women will have to depend upon party exigencies. When either of the two great English parties believes that it can gain something by advocating female suffrage, then, but not till then, will the cause of women begin to advance. If either party could come to believe that the votes of women would be cast on their side, women would not have long to wait for the franchise.

As to the probable effect of the female vote some conclusions may already be drawn from New Zealand example. The franchise was extended to all women, married or single, of the age of twenty-one, on exactly the same terms as applied to the male sex. Women have already had two opportunities of exercising their right. In November 1893, two months after the franchise was extended to them, they voted at a general election. In March of this year they gave their opinions on the liquor question. In neither case have they done what zealous female suffragists expected of them.

It should be premised that New Zealand is not divided politically into two sharply defined parties; nor are there any considerable bodies of politicians, or of electors, who can properly be described as Liberals or Conservatives. If the Government are sometimes spoken of as Liberals, it should be remembered that they are opposed to free-trade, and prefer the leasehold to the freehold system of land tenure. The Opposition may be Conservatives, but they are Conservatives who created triennial Parliaments, manhood suffrage, payment of members, and free education. At the general election women polled altogether 90,000 votes, as against the 129,000 votes of men, a result which shows that while a smaller proportion of female adults voted than was the case with the male adults, yet the women did poll extremely well considering how suddenly they had

obtained the privilege. In the country districts it is often difficult for a woman to leave her home, and even in the towns, the lady-cavvasser in many cases had to "mind the baby" while its mother went to vote. In the big towns women polled nearly as many votes as the men, and here the Government lost several seats. In the country, where the female vote was not so large, the Government gained considerably. The only other noticeable feature of the election was that temperance reformers increased their representation in the House considerably. These results, however, do not say much for woman as an independent factor in politics. Before it was known that women would swell the crowd of electors, it was generally anticipated that, from the male vote alone, the Government would lose in the large towns and gain in the country; while the temperance party was so active that an increase in their strength was foreseen from the votes of the men. The women seem merely to have emphasised the drift of public opinion.

In the licensing elections held in March this year the privilege of voting was extended, as in the case of the political vote, to every male or female adult who chose to register his name as an elector.

The electors were invited to answer four questions. They had to say :

1. Whether the number of licensed houses in a given district should remain unaltered.
2. Whether they should be reduced in number.
3. Whether they should be abolished.
4. What names should form a committee to carry out these instructions.

If they wished for a reduction, it was provided that the committee's powers should not extend to a reduction greater than 25 per cent. of the existing number of houses. On the other hand they might carry out their instructions by refusing one license only.

In order to constitute a valid poll on the local option questions one-half of the registered electors (the political register being used) had to record their votes. To carry prohibition a three-fifths majority of those who voted had to support that policy. If such a majority was not attained those who voted for prohibition were added to the number who had voted for reduction.

More than half the districts failed to carry any reduction in the number of licensed houses. One small country district of Scotch farmers managed to muster a three-fifths majority in favour of prohibition; but all the others contented themselves with reduction only. One district elected a woman to their temperance committee, but in most cases the committees elected consisted largely of the nominees of the publicans. It may be assumed that the reduction, which these committees carry out will be considerably less than the maximum of 25 per cent.

In spite of such efforts as had never before been put forward in the cause of temperance, the women altogether failed to take the opportunity afforded them of striking a heavy blow at the liquor traffic, to say nothing of the total abolition of public-houses, which they were so strongly urged to carry out. The publican has learned that the female vote is not likely to be much worse for him than the male. Female influence may have slightly jogged the elbow of the temperance reformer, but the results have been by no means of a startling character. Brewery shares have not fallen in value since women obtained the franchise.

With regard to the influence of the female vote towards morality, some interest may attach to the following programme issued by one of the many women's political associations which came into existence just before the general election. This association advocated :

1. Equal wages for men and women, according to the value of the work, and not of the sex of the worker.

A harmless resolution, based apparently upon economic ignorance.

2. Free, secular, and compulsory education.

This approval of the existing state of affairs shows that women are by no means zealous on the subject of the "Bible in schools."

3. The direct veto, on a majority of electors recording votes in favour of such a reform.

The movement in this direction has received some slight assistance from the votes of women.

4. The abolition of the totalisator, with the suppression of gambling.

The totalisator is a machine by which small cash bets on horse-races may be conveniently made.

5. The moral purity of all candidates for Parliament to be a primary consideration.

The result of the recent elections does not justify the hopes of the passers of this resolution. A dead set was made against one candidate whose youthful life, if rumours be correct—for nothing has been proved—left much to be desired. On the basis of rumour, electioneering, in this case, took the form of house-to-house scandal-mongering, conducted largely by women. The obnoxious candidate, a man of political experience and ability, was beaten—a fact which has been magnified into the common assertion that the influence of women in New Zealand has improved the standard of moral purity amongst the legislators of the colony. It is a small fact upon which to build so desirable a result. Before women had the vote it was generally assumed that the politician in question would fail to obtain the suffrages of male voters. He had bolted from his party without making friends with his former opponents. Both Government and Opposition were against him. Moreover, he had been a violent opponent of the female suffrage, and, for this cause alone, the women would have passed him over, just as they did every other candidate

who had opposed their claims. If to this we add that the individual whose defeat has been made to point so undeserved a moral, was, on the day after the general election, elected by the votes of men and women to the post of mayor of the largest town in New Zealand, it will be seen on what flimsy material great principles are sometimes based. As a matter of fact, the new Parliament, elected by the votes of men and women, is neither better nor worse than the previous one, elected by the votes of men alone.

Some stress has been laid by female suffragists on the orderly nature of the recent elections. But elections in New Zealand always are orderly. The presence of women may, to a slight extent, have lessened the already rare instances of street drunkenness; but that is hardly an argument in favour of a political revolution. On the other hand, the women were in some cases themselves disorderly. At more than one polling-booth they forced their way into the voting sanctum, in order to show their friends how to vote, and were with difficulty ejected.

A public meeting on the licensing question, presided over by the Bishop of Christchurch, was disturbed and ultimately broken up by the organised rowdiness of a band of prohibitionist women. It would seem that women, when excited, are apt to be as disorderly as men.

The same general conclusion that Mr. Bryce quotes with regard to the elections in Wyoming may be made in connection with New Zealand. The women voted as the men would have done, only more so. The Government expected a majority from the male votes, temperance agitators anticipated increased representation from the same source, and the Opposition expected a slight improvement in their position in the big towns before women had the vote. The effect of the women's vote seems to have been to emphasise the drift of public opinion. The Government gained more than had been expected in the country, and lost more in the big towns, while temperance principles received a little more support than had been anticipated. It would seem that the women were largely influenced by the prevailing currents of the time. Women seldom originate their own opinions; these are, in the main, a reflex of the opinions of those about them. The quickness and intelligence of women are nowhere more strongly shown than in their ready ability to pick up the tone and tendency of the moment. That they will continue to exhibit this sensitive, sympathetic character when recording their votes, seems the most important conclusion to be drawn from the example of New Zealand. Another way of expressing this would be to say that women will generally be found to favour what is expected to be the winning side.

NORWOOD YOUNG.

CULTURED COLONISATION.

WHAT advantages have the Colonies to offer the English cultured classes? I am quite aware that the majority of our untravelled fellow-subjects, having no experience of Colonial life, would be disposed to regard such an inquiry as visionary in the extreme. The idea of the Colonies to be met with in average home circles is that they are only fit for hopeless scapegraces of respectable families, released convicts whose only chance of reformation lies in 'their getting a fresh start in the Canadian prairie or the Australian bush, broken-down tradesmen, a certain class of labourers, the inmates of orphanages, habitual drunkards, incorrigible Micawbers, and patients in an advanced stage of pulmonary disease. Those of us who have lived in the Colonies account it not the least of their attractions that they afford promising openings for the industrious who have been worsted, from one cause or another, in the battle with misfortune at home. Poverty is no impassable barrier to material success either in the northern or southern dependencies of the Empire, provided there is in the colonist a flexible adaptation to new circumstances. But any one who goes to the Colonies constitutionally indolent or vicious or physically incapable of hard work will find it even more difficult to get a living there than in England.

We are not, however, at present concerned with the inducements offered by the Colonies to unsuccessful persons generally, in the home population. There are vast masses in the United Kingdom, victims to a large extent of the artificial surroundings of modern society, who are inured, from infancy, to destitution and demoralised by chronic dependence on private charity or parish relief. There are others, with and without education as popularly understood, but alike unskilled in employments which would prove a source of income to them in the Colonies. There are others still by nature and training unsuited to fight with the difficulties of a new country, who, in common with their congeners just described, would only add to the formidable army of louts, tramps, and professional beggars with whom the Colonies are already burdened. Colonial Governments are perfectly justified in taking precautions against such human rubbish being shot within their borders.

On the other hand, there is a large and growing class in this country of superior breeding and cultured associations, who possess

the qualities necessary to make successful colonists whose incomes are undergoing a process of constant shrinkage, and who might materially benefit themselves and their families by transferring, bodily, their household gods to some Colony judiciously chosen. Yet if a plan of this kind were proposed for repairing their fortunes it would, in many instances, be met by the objection that they could not bear to run the risk of being thrown promiscuously with people so very differently brought up from themselves as they suppose the bulk of colonists to be. It would be easy to show that this objection is due to ignorance and prejudice and that even if there was any real ground for it there is a ready way of escape from it. What is there to hinder a considerable number of English families, born and bred to refined instincts and traditions, emigrating together, building dwellings and occupying lands, forming one homogeneous settlement, at the same time taking out with them their own school-masters and governesses?

There is, in the parent country, a large number of landlords whose incomes depend on farming rents, and of tenant-farmers who have been almost ruined by foreign competition in agricultural imports. Both landlords and tenants include many cultured families whose condition would be improved by a mutual system of colonisation without the delicate-mindedness, the ease and dignity, the *kalon kai agathon* of the best breeding being in the slightest degree endangered. Many years may not elapse before the question is raised in earnest whether the distress prevailing among those whose interests centre in the soil of the United Kingdom, ought not to be relieved, on a large scale, by colonisation—perhaps by State-aided colonisation. According to a statement of Lord Delawarr, in the House of Lords, the loss resulting from the fall in the value of land and prices of agricultural products had reached £600,000,000 in ten years. It is impossible to estimate the martyrdom of privation and poverty represented by such an enormous diminution of capital among families whose status and culture render them more acutely sensitive to the social humiliation incident to reduced means than if they had always lived in a less favoured position. The pecuniary trials of tenant farmers may be inferred from the fact to which Sir James Caird has called attention, that the spendable income of the agricultural classes, in ten years, had decreased by £42,000,000, and this reduction is understood to be nearly doubled since that amount was estimated eight years ago.

The lot of many more who have only been accustomed to cultured society in England, has been pinched by diminished incomes derived from Consols, interest upon which has fallen to $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There is also the difficulty of finding safe mortgage investments yielding a fair return upon capital, these being now keenly competed for, particularly by insurance companies. The disasters of the past

three years, beginning with the collapse of Baring Brothers in 1890, and ending with the failure of numerous English and financial firms, and of hundreds of banks and business houses in Australia, the United States, and the Argentine Confederation, are responsible for a still wider extension of personal and domestic suffering.

It has been usual in the past for sufferers from severe pecuniary misfortunes in the upper and middle classes, who are no longer able to support their former style of living in London, to retreat into rural obscurity at home, or to bury themselves in quiet nooks in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. In this way hundreds of thousands sterling per annum are spent by British residents in Continental countries, although we have British Colonies in both hemispheres whose climates are equal to the best possessed by foreigners, and which provide conditions of life capable of affording equal health and a great deal more profit, if money be but invested with reasonable care. Nor need there be any lack of congenial society.

Take Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, any of the leading cities of New Zealand, or the capital of Tasmania. In the suburbs of these bright and interesting centres are ample supplies of land to accommodate any number of settlements composed of persons who prefer to live within exclusive areas surrounded by cultured fellow-immigrants. As for safe and productive investments of a non-speculative character in Australasia, these can easily be found, even now, under the guidance of trustworthy local advisers, which will pay more interest on capital than English investments of a similar kind, and enable the investor to live in more comfort, and with less anxiety about social appearances, than if he moved in an expensive English social circle.

It would not be difficult for those of very moderate means and tastes in common—wishing to live a really enjoyable life, as far as favourable natural conditions are concerned—to find, in any of the Colonial localities I have named, every facility for building, within the same acreage, mansions or cottages, according to inclination, surrounded with as much or as little land as might be wanted for gardens and paddocks. In such regions of almost perennial sunshine and close to railway communication with populous centres, English gentlemen and their families of lessened resources, would breathe a pure and healthful air charged with ozone wafted from eucalyptus, kauri, or huon pine forests. Melbourne, Sydney, and other leading Australasian cities abound in opportunities for instruction and amusement suited to the cultivated, and, in normal times, exhibit no spectacles of misery and degradation such as are habitually to be met with in English towns of equal size. Yet I am very far from claiming these and other large cities at the Antipodes as perfect models of social purity and order. Nevertheless, respectable citizens may secure immunity from the sight of flaunting

indecenty and wretchedness in the Colonies as compared with corresponding English populous centres. The larger Australasian cities can boast well-conducted clubs and theatres; and, in some instances, high-class concerts and orchestral music are not wanting. Magnificent reference libraries and art galleries are free to the public. There are extensive private subscription libraries and reading-rooms stored with the best books and magazine literature. In several great towns are local "Mudies" which supply subscribers with the latest books of note, reviews, &c., received from England, America, and the Continent of Europe. Those of a scientific turn of mind can join geographical, geological, philosophical and other societies and take part in their proceedings. Lovers of dramatic literature would be welcome at meetings of Shakespearian societies if the suburbs of the leading capitals were chosen for residence. The extent to which well-read people and those critically informed in the various branches of literature and science reveal themselves when they meet with kindred spirits is surprising to a new-comer. The Universities of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and New Zealand include not a few professors of a high type who preside over large classes of students. The public parks, zoological gardens, and University museums are full of interest. Sportsmen can have excellent shooting in the country; railways and steamers convey passengers to favourite holiday resorts in every direction. Horse-racing, cricket, and football have an immense number of votaries. Five weeks in a floating palace carry us from England to an Italy in the South Pacific where we can make sure of the protection of the "Union Jack," where the autumn, winter, and spring are superb, where, even in summer, there are but a few days in the year—especially in the Southern Colonies—that produce a positive sense of discomfort, and where the average mortality statistics are lower than in England, France, and Italy.

Not the least notable feature of public life to a cultured visitor or immigrant, however, is the marked contrast between the description of men who are conspicuous among the people's representatives at home and those who mostly succeed in winning the popular political vote in the Colonies. Colonial members—notably those in the Colonial Legislative Assemblies—suffer enormously in the comparison. Many members of the Lower Chamber are chiefly or wholly dependent on their small Parliamentary salaries, and it is rare for the well-to-do and well-educated classes to show any social interest in them. But by the introduction of a large sprinkling of English gentlemen of intelligence and public spirit—high-minded though, perhaps, not rich—the tone of political as well as social life, I have no doubt, would be quickly raised.

In England when a man acquires wealth by his abilities and character, and gives his family a public school and university educa-

tion, they readily become moulded, in most instances, into cultured behaviour befitting their improved environment. The tone which makes itself felt at the great English public schools, colleges, and seats of learning, where the children of old and refined families predominate, becomes practically irresistible to those brought under its influence. Those who, in England, are able and willing to rise in the social scale have so potent a magnet in the great cultured *stratum* above them, drawing them upwards, that they become insensibly transformed in tone and bearing by having so many superior examples to look up to and follow. In young communities of rapid growth it would be absurd to expect a numerous leisure-class of refined bearing and finished manners, which, in a very old country, have been familiar to many well-bred families for generations. In the Colonies the schools, colleges, and universities turn out able business men, sometimes profound students, original thinkers, good writers and competent experts in all departments of science, art, and industry. But that inimitable yet nameless grace of demeanour which essentially distinguishes the true English lady and gentleman at home, has not had time to develop or be fully appreciated, as a rule, in the Colonies. It is to hasten a consummation so devoutly to be wished, that I long to see scattered over the Colonies, settlements comprising persons from England "to the manner born," who shall constitute perpetual fountains of "sweetness and light," and teach all susceptible of being touched by their gentle example, that charming combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, which shines nowhere so beautifully as in the highest order of both sexes in the Mother Country. We send out missionaries to convert Mahometans, Brahmins, Buddhists, and savages to Christianity. Is it Utopian to hope that, in the dim and distant future, it will not be deemed unworthy of British patriotism and zeal for æsthetics, as applied to individual behaviour and social life, for bands of the *élite* of British culture to go and live near enough to busy centres in the Colonies in order to permeate them with the characteristics to which I have alluded? The better classes in Athens regarded the colonies of Greece with no such feelings of condescension and social disparagement as are sometimes shown by a certain section of English society towards our Colonies abroad. And it is certain that all the fervour shown by British Imperialists for a closer and more organic union of the component parts of the Empire will fall on the 4,000,000 Australasians as "sound and fury signifying nothing," unless gentlemen and their families—notably those whose financial position would be benefited by the change—are prepared to go out and share the toil, the honour, and the reward of building up these great outposts of British civilisation.

• It is probable, however, that not a few of the cultured classes from

England going out to form settlements in Australasia would prefer to engage in farming or pastoral pursuits instead of leading lives of leisure. It may be stated that no colonies afford a better sphere for selected farming operations. In many districts the rainfall is sufficient to secure good average harvests, while in more arid regions of the country irrigation is being extensively introduced, by which farmers and pastoralists, within the irrigated area, are securely protected against the contingency of drought.

Prominent among lucrative landed pursuits is the raising of grapes, for which the soil and climate, from the mainland coast up to the 20th parallel of latitude, are singularly adapted. According to the judgment of French and English experts who have tested Victorian, South Australian, and Western Australian wines, a brilliant future would seem to be awaiting these, although as yet the annual wine-production of Australia does not much exceed 3,000,000 gallons. In England the demand for Australian brands steadily increases. Table grapes form a large and expanding source of revenue to the vignerons. The production of raisins is but in its initial stage, and bids fair, with the preparation of figs and olives, to become an important industry. There is also great scope for fruit-culture for home consumption and exportation. The United Kingdom alone expends about £8,000,000 a year in the importation of canned fruits, including apricots, apples, pears, peaches, &c. The seasons of Australia being in the reverse order of those in Europe, the summer of the north being the winter of the south and *vice versa*, enable the exporter at the Antipodes to supply European markets with choice fruits of these descriptions from April to July, when the markets of the northern hemisphere are bare of these products. A similar remark applies to oranges, which are grown in the Colonies of the finest quality. Olive-grounds, still in their infancy, prove a sure fortune to their possessors at the end of five or six years. The canned fruits of Australia are described by a high authority as "indicating a near approach to the best fruits of California." Taking an irrigated fruit-growing section of that State, by way of comparison, upon which hardly any work had been expended before 1878, and which in the latter year was sold with water rights at £20 an acre; this is now selling at considerably over £100 per acre without improvements, and up to about £400 per acre when laid out in orchards. In many instances, town property in the same State sells at £5000 per acre. From 1000 acres of raisin-vines was realised, some years since, £34,000 net in a year; from 3000 acres of oranges and lemons £82,500 net; and from 1000 acres of apricots £35,000 net. In a few years these results, beyond a doubt, will be fully equalled in Australia.

Much might be said of the splendid openings that exist for poultry and dairy farming, England alone affording an almost unlimited

market for butter, cheese, and fowls, which are sent home without difficulty in the cold chambers of the regular Australian steamers. Such is but a faint outline of the inviting prospects held out to industrious and intelligent farmers in Australasia.

I have been careful to recommend, for the relief of British and Irish landlords and tenant-farmers overcome by ill-luck, not emigration but *colonisation*. Between these two methods there is a very wide distinction. Unorganised emigration not unnaturally presents an irksome outlook to the majority who attempt to carve a new path for themselves in a Colony, whether they have capital to help them or not. If they should emigrate alone, relying wholly on their own skill and courage in dealing with unforeseen difficulties as they arise, they will be placed at a serious disadvantage. They must expect to meet with companions on the passage out not uniformly to their minds. If no preparation be made for their reception at the end of the voyage by agents whom they can trust, they are in danger of becoming a prey to sharpers. Under a matured scheme of class colonisation, on the other hand, as distinguished from indiscriminate emigration, there is presumably a certain degree of affinity in the individuals and families uniting in the enterprise. They go out together and settle in the same locality when they reach their destination; they secure co-operative guidance in conducting their pursuits; they provide themselves before leaving England with teachers for the education of their children; they find society among themselves and get counsel as they want it in their investments from those who may direct the colonisation movement and to whom, after careful inquiry, they have committed their interests. The ecclesiastical authorities would gladly see that the requirements of the religious members of the settlement were supplied.

I cannot help expressing regret, in conclusion, that more practical attention is not given to the systematic diffusion of information, in these islands, by the Agents-General, about the Colonies they represent, as affording suitable spheres for residence and remunerative occupation to classes who, on various grounds, deem it expedient to live out of the United Kingdom. In an anonymous article which appeared in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April last year, it is remarked that a Department ought to be placed under the control of these officials for reaching, by lectures and the distribution of pamphlets, the ruined agriculturists of this country, who might better their condition by engaging in the remunerative cultivation of the soil in Australasia. I am bound to say that the abstention of most of the Agents-General is mainly due to the positive opposition of Australasian Trades-unionism and the dread that exists on the part of the Governments of offending these organisations. These Governments are willing to accept all the money they can extract, in the form of public loans, from British investors, but no pains whatever

are taken to induce even that class of Colonists to make their home in most of the Antipodean Colonies, who would bring out with them means, industry, intelligence, and culture, to enrich the country of their adoption.¹

MATTHEW MACFIE.

¹ A leading article appeared in a recent issue of the *Melbourne Herald*, under the head of "Gentlemen Immigrants," germane to what I have written, and reflecting Colonial opinion on the subject. The following extracts will be read with interest: "About ten thousand gentlemen emigrants left England last year, all of them men with capital, some of them possessed of considerable means, and most of them extremely desirable additions to the population of a new country. They had deliberately decided that their chances of success in life were greater outside England than in it. They represented the young man of good family with a thousand pounds or so in hand, and three or four hundred a year of income; the disappointed professional man with perhaps £500 or £600 laid by, and the almost middle-aged commercial man, who, after a score of years of service, finds a couple of hundreds all he has contrived to save, and decides to strike out a new career before it is too late. Probably, three-fifths of the entire number settle down in California, a few hundred more in Florida, a smaller number still go to Texas, and altogether upwards of 7,000 out of the 10,000 go to the United States and are lost to England and the Empire. Of the remainder a fair proportion try Manitoba and North-West Canada, the Cape claims another lot, and Australia gets very few, probably not five per cent. of the whole; even Mildura, which at one time seemed likely to attract them, having apparently lost interest for them lately. California, it is true, has a lovely climate, and a large proportion of cultivated English people among the inhabitants of its thriving rural communities. But the long land journey to the East is expensive, and the cost of everything—except the bare necessities of life—extremely high. Most of the good land throughout the State is held by great grabbers who exact enormous prices before they will part with an acre, and labour of all kinds is exceedingly expensive. Nor is the boasted advantage of the great market afforded by sixty-four millions of people unalloyed. It is nearly 2,500 miles to Chicago and 3,300 to New York. The transit is entirely in the hands of private railway companies, who have squeezed fearful sums out of the producers and invariably raise the freight wherever an industry seems productive. Altogether Australia offers not only every advantage which California has, but a great many it has not. The one thing needful is that we should do for Australia what Californian landowners and railway companies do for their State, that is to let its attractions be known. There are dozens of offices in central London where Western American lands are sold and their produce is on view; where railway tickets can be bought, baggage arranged for, and all information, assistance, and explanation can be obtained. An intending emigrant may ascertain within ten shillings what his entire outlay will be in transporting himself to his future home, and settling himself therein, can tell precisely what it will be like when he reaches it, what extremes of temperature and kinds of weather he will have to endure, what he will be able to raise on his land, and what he will be able to see from his window. There can be no reason whatever why our Agents-General should not provide for similar information being afforded in London concerning Australian lands, excepting that, as a matter of fact, no one even in Melbourne is possessed of the knowledge. A man who thinks of emigrating may ascertain within ten yards of the Bank of England, exactly what can be offered to him in California or Oregon, in Texas or Colorado, in Nebraska or Iowa. But with the single exception of the Chaffers no one can tell him one word about Australia, and it is, therefore, a case of Mildura or nothing. Thus we lose seven thousand small capitalists every year, every one of whom would be a land-buyer, a cultivator, a citizen, a head of a household, and a consumer of manufactured goods, and thus we shall go on losing until we learn to pay some little attention to our national business."

THE SEXUAL PROBLEM:

A REPLY TO BESWICKE ANCRUM.

I HAVE been waiting to see if any one would reply to the article above quoted in the May number. If it has not provoked a reply, it surely cannot be that the opinions therein expressed meet with universal approval; so, in default of an abler writer, I undertake the task. I would premise that I look on the married state from the civil contract point of view, and consider any religious sanction that may be invoked optional. The first thing that strikes a reader on perusal of the article is that the writer has wide reading but little practical insight or experience; and though I may be wrong in my surmise, I suspect it is by a feminine hand.

Many writers are quoted whose views agree more or less with that of the writer, including the honoured Mr. Lecky; but I venture to think that no expression of opinion on the subject by any author, however eminent, is of value unless backed up by argument founded on experience.

There was a time within living memory when reformers were not content merely to find fault with existing institutions of which they did not approve, but backed up their views with well-reasoned arguments; but nowadays many writers seem to consider they have done their duty when they have stirred up discontent without providing a remedy. That the writer in question provides no remedy for the evils he complains of is the main purport of the following essay. Every right-thinking person will agree with Mr. Ancrum in regretting the existence of prostitution; but regret is one thing, and to find a remedy another.

He proposes that concubinage should be looked on with a more favourable eye by society at large, and he appears to look with a favourable eye on polygamy. As concubinage is his main remedy, and as it exists in our midst, we will consider that last.

With regard to polygamy, it may be true that Mahomedan countries are free from professional outcasts, as he quotes from Canon Isaac Taylor; but we know something of the status of women under that system. Moreover, the experiment has been tried by Western people at Utah, with the result that our American cousins have, to use their expressive phrase, "wiped it out." However, the writer

admits that "no practical reformer would dream of recommending polygamy for adoption by this or other European countries at the present day, and it is certainly far from my purpose to so do;" but he thinks it would "be well if some of our very insular monogamists would study it as an institution and compare its effects with our own extraordinary social system;" though what the object of this comparison can be, if it is to lead to no practical result, we are not told, so we must presume it is intended as an exercise for the mind.

The study of the usages of other people, savage and civilised, in this matter may, as the writer says, be a useful educational exercise; but surely the English people, "in the foremost files of time," do not require to be taught sexual morality by the examples of the peoples of Ceylon, Malabar, Thibet, nor of the Peruvians under the Incas, of whom we are told, that though there was no prostitution in the land, polygamy prevailed, and unmarried women thought it no disgrace to taste what we foolishly term "the forbidden fruit," whilst the Inca was enforced by law and religion to marry his sister.

Of the Paraguayan women we are told that they are singularly beautiful, and marriage is looked upon as an unnecessary prelude to young people starting housekeeping together. The Paraguayan girls "are faithful unto death, soft as doves, but ready to give up their lives for their mates."

We ask ourselves what is the object in view in giving us these examples, and we find the answer in the exclamation of the writer, "Where is the impurity here—where the sin?" "Far distant be the day when they shall be cursed with the evils of our civilisation, strict lifelong monogamy, prostitution, and the Divorce Court."

Here we find marriage mentioned as an evil with which we are *cursed*. We are exhorted, in effect, to return to a state of nature, untrammelled by laws and absurd social usages, and this tendency to exalt inferior civilisations, or no civilisation at all, runs through the whole article.

The main remedy for what the writer regards as the present intolerable state is concubinage, but not concubinage as it now exists, but concubinage recognised by society and existing side by side with permanent marriage (although, as we have seen, permanent marriage is regarded as "an evil with which we are cursed"), and concubinage for married as well as unmarried men. We are referred to the Old Testament that it was a perfectly well-recognised and legitimate institution. The concubine was a secondary wife whose rights were enforced by law. The writer, however, entirely overlooks the fact that in nations where concubinage was recognised women were to a great extent in subjection.

The tendency of modern legislation is to put them on an equal footing with men, and this is strongly insisted on by a writer, Mr. Auberon Herbert, whom Mr. Ancrum quotes with approval:

"Women are to vote, to be lawyers, doctors, and so forth, but they are not to be treated as the real owners with all the consequences of their own selves." Compare this with Herr Bebel:

"In the choice of love she is free just as man is free. She woos and is wooed, and has no other inducement to bind herself than her own free-will. The contract between two lovers is of a private nature as in primitive times, without the intervention of any functionary, but it is distinguished from the primitive contract by the fact that the woman no longer becomes the slave of a man who obtained her as a gift or by purchase, and can cast her off at his pleasure. Human beings must be in a position to act as freely, where their strongest impulse is concerned, as in the case of any other natural instinct. The gratification of the sexual impulse is as strictly the personal affair of the individual as the gratification of every other natural instinct. No one has to give an account of him or herself, and no third person has the slightest right of intervention. Intelligence, culture, and independence will direct and facilitate a right choice. Should incompatibility, disappointment, and dislike ensue, morality demands the dissolution of a tie that has become unnatural, and therefore immoral."

Now if this doctrine is to be carried out, if men are to be allowed to have concubines, women will claim the same right, and as jealousy is not yet extinct, no very lively imagination is required to picture the result. The writer, to support his views, quotes a passage from Mr. Lecky, which I give *in extenso*, though it is very far from certain to my mind that in writing it Mr. Lecky had in his mind concubinage practised by married men. Having, in the first place, expressed his own opinion that the lifelong union of one man and of one woman should be the dominant type of intercourse between the sexes, he proceeds as follows:

"Beyond this point it would, I conceive, be impossible to advance, except by the assistance of a special revelation. *It by no means follows that because this should be the dominant type it should be the only one, or that the interests of society demand that all connections should be forced into the same die.* Connections which were confessedly only for a few years, have always subsisted side by side with permanent marriages; and in periods when public opinion, acquiescing in their propriety, inflicts no excommunication on one or both of the partners, when these partners are not living the demoralising and degrading life which accompanies the consciousness of guilt, and when proper provision is made for the children who are born, it would be, I believe, impossible to prove, by the light of simple and unassisted reason, that such connections should be invariably condemned."

And again:

"Under the conditions I have mentioned, these connections are not injurious, but beneficial to the weaker partner; . . . they stimulate social habits, and they do not produce upon character the degrading effect of promiscuous intercourse, or upon society the injurious effects of imprudent marriages, one or other of which will multiply in their absence. In

¹ *Woman in the Past, Present, and Future.* By August Bebel. Translated by H. G. Adams Walther. Pp. 45, 229.

the immense variety of circumstances and characters, cases will always appear in which on utilitarian grounds they might seem advisable. It is necessary to dwell upon such considerations as these if we would understand the legislation of the Pagan Empire, or the changes that were effected by Christianity. The legislators of the Empire distinctly recognised these connections, and made it a main object to authorise, dignify, and regulate them."

I quite agree with Mr. Ancrum that Mr. Lecky has expressed his views in very cautious and guarded language, though I do not think we are justified, as he does, "in reading between the lines," more than is actually expressed in print. To me it reads like the utterance of a man conscious of responsibility in every word. The qualifications are very important—viz., "when the partners are not living the demoralising and degrading life which accompanies the consciousness of guilt, and when proper provision is made for the children who are born." Now as the mass of mankind can only provide for their children by unremitting toil, this proviso excludes all but the rich.

The rich man can undoubtedly provide for the future of the children, but no account is taken of the probable want of care for them if the connection is terminated; nor are we even told whether the father or mother in such circumstances is to have the charge of them. These connections are contrasted to their advantage with promiscuous intercourse, but "the beneficial effect to the weaker partner" is surely open to doubt.

To understand the legislation of the Pagan Empire it may be necessary to study the state of things then existing, but as to the question if the Roman legislators accomplished their object and improved society, if that was their aim, we will consider later. It is clear enough what Mr. Lecky's views and opinions are in writing the above. He does not write as a reformer or propagandist, but as a liberal-minded, tolerant man, who condemns the *religious dogma* that all form of intercourse of the sexes other than lifelong unions were criminal, and thinks it impossible to prove such connections should be invariably condemned. The views of Mr. Lester Ward and of the writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette* are, like Mr. Lecky's pleas, in favour of greater tolerance on the part of society for sexual connection other than marriage.

As the latter writer remarks, the law does not interfere in the matter; it does not enforce marriage or forbid polyandry; it is as tolerant as Mr. Ancrum could wish. All these writers assume, as Mr. Ancrum does, that great benefits would result if concubinage were more approved by society.

The views of society, however, would not alter the relation to each other of the couple who make a "sexual time contract." They would remain the same whether society looked on them with favour or not. What are the relations of the couple to each other, and how

do they affect their happiness? In the first place, their interests are not identical, as is the case in a legal marriage.

As woman is as a rule of a more affectionate nature than man, if she feels any affection for her partner she will always be in dread that the connection may be terminated which must make her unhappy. Suppose, however, that she feels no affection for him, she will endeavour to promote her own interests as much as possible so long as the connection lasts. In either case we have a fertile cause of quarrels and disagreements, which, if there are children born, will be intensified.

In the case of the man being more affectionate than the woman (who may wish to terminate the connection), he will be the sufferer.

It may be granted, however, that in some cases, owing to a happy combination of qualities, the connection results in happiness. In that case the pair do in the end what they had better have done at first, and put themselves right with the world by contracting a legal marriage. The writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette* considers the greater tolerance of these connections in France is to the advantage of that country.

This tolerance is partly accounted for by the mode in which legal marriages in France are contracted. They are very much a matter of money interest and bargain, which is regretted by many French writers, who look on the freedom of our unmarried people with favour. What have been the results of the prudential marriage and concubinage in France?

The population does not increase, and in some parts of the country it is falling off, which has filled the minds of many public men with alarm; and various suggestions, such as relief in taxes to those who have several children, have been made. If the present state of affairs goes on unchecked, it may yet prove the ruin of France.

Is such an object-lesson within sight of our shores to be disregarded? Prostitution is as rife there as here. However, it might be argued that the French have not legalised "sexual time contracts," which, if ever done, would, I suppose, be popularly named second-class marriages.

By a curious coincidence, in the same number of the magazine in which Mr. Ancrum's article appears—viz., May—is one by Mrs. M. Dale, on the *Women of Imperial Rome and English Women of To-day*. The sources from which her information is derived are open to all the world.

As some of our readers may not have read it, I quote the principal passages which apply to the subject in question:

"In Juvenal's time the women were entirely independent; they could do as they pleased, go where they liked without comment, and were mistresses of their own fortunes and estates. After the great civil wars, the religious rite of marriage was discontinued, and a new custom gradually

arose, by which a woman on her marriage did not cease to belong to her father's house, to which she could return if she liked by divorcing her husband.

"With such a loose state of morals, and divorce so easy, it seems to us it was scarcely worth while to marry at all. The Romans themselves were of this opinion. So many were averse from marriage, and so objected to the burden of children, that the old Roman stock was threatened with extinction, and was eventually superseded by that of freed-men and provincials.

'Wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain,
While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain?'

asks Juvenal of Ursidious, on the eve of the intended marriage of the latter.

"A rich Roman who married was regarded as a fool. Unmarried, and without heirs, he was courted by crowds of sycophants and legacy-hunters, who swarmed around him, on the look-out for gifts during his life, or for legacies at his death. He was an object of attention to and adulation from all."

Whether the state of affairs described by Mrs. Dale was the result of the enormous increase of wealth due to slavery, conquest, and other causes, is not a question we need here consider. What we have to note is the consequence of the loosening of all restraints and its effect on the legal marriage.

Allowing for difference in civilisation, there are many points of resemblance in the English character to the old Romans. Neither nation considered in the mass can be accounted highly intellectual and refined as were the ancient Greeks. Their good qualities show better in adversity than prosperity. They are more at home in making a fortune than in spending it with grace and refinement.

Energy, enterprise, love of outdoor exercises mark them both. Both are apt to push any prevailing fashion to excess. Is this a character that can safely dispense with restraints? Granting that certain sections of society look with undue severity on sexual relations other than the married state, is that a valid reason for encouraging such relations? But we shall be told such encouragement will lessen prostitution. Is there any sign of its having had that effect in modern France or the Roman Empire? There is a remedy for prostitution, but it is not an external but an internal remedy, and as old as the earliest moralist. It applies to both sexes. Heal yourself, moralise yourself, and not your neighbour. Cultivate your higher nature and not your lower. He is beginning to preach, I hear a reader say. True, it may be that the result of centuries of preaching seems to have had but small effect. All I say is that the moral remedy applied to each individual is the only one. In conclusion, Mr. Beswicke Ancrum does not formulate any system of secondary marriages, but merely suggests them. The difficulties that would attend them do not appear to have been thought out by him or any of the writers he quotes.

Regarding it as an abstract proposition, so far as we can learn by experience and the lessons of history, concubinage is more likely to promote misery than happiness. If largely indulged in and viewed with favour by society, it would bring legal marriage into disfavour to some extent, nor would it lessen the evil of prostitution. It need not be assumed that those who agree with these views are intolerant, or that they think the present state of things satisfactory. We may think a course of action very unwise without thinking it criminal. It is for reformers to show in a practical spirit what improvements can be made.

BARALD CLAYDON.

“OUGHT PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUMS TO BE ABOLISHED?”

IN an article entitled as above Mr. J. W. Corbett discusses with a good deal of warmth the present status of private institutions for the care and treatment of the insane. Actuated no doubt by praiseworthy motives, he allows his sentiment, however, to outstrip his judgment to the detriment of his logic, for gratuitously assuming for the purposes of his argument a series of premises wholly insufficient for the conclusion at which he arrives, he aims at acquainting the public, in terms more forcible than polite, of the enormities which, as he avers, are being at the present day perpetrated in licensed houses under the protection of the existing lunacy laws. It is high time that some one accepted the challenges so persistently thrown out by these sensation-mongers who make a cheap bid for popularity by the elaboration of such unwarrantable assumptions. Their illogical outpourings have been treated up to now with contemptuous silence by medical men engaged in this special work, and silence is no doubt the best answer to such irrational ravings; but as silence may be misconstrued by the credulous into a tacit acknowledgment of guilt we take the opportunity of offering a critical review of Mr. Corbett's contentions, since no more unjust and uncharitable accusation was ever launched at the heads of a long-suffering section of the medical profession than that embodied in the numerous latter-day pamphlets, articles, and paragraphs dealing with this subject.

The writer applies himself to the consideration of his topic with a mind warped by prejudice; if ever there were a question which demanded the calm and unbiassed judgment of a broad-minded thinker it is this, but he weakly allows his philanthropic zeal to carry him, as it has carried many another of far greater experience and wisdom, into hasty conclusions and fierce denunciations of an existing system of which his article painfully demonstrates his complete and lamentable ignorance. He reviles with an array of libellous adjectives a body of men of whose work and motives he knows but little, whom he accuses, as a body, of the most inhuman principles, of the most sordid motives and the most heartless lack of charity, and all forsooth because he is able to bring forward a series of isolated instances of iniquity, many of them of ancient date, whereon to ground his accusations. He pusillanimously attempts, however,

with a fleeting consciousness of the weakness of his standpoint, to shelter himself behind the apologetic assertion that "all proprietors of private asylums, or even the majority of them, are not venal, unscrupulous men, acting from a pure spirit of avarice;" but that makes no difference whatever to the virulence of his invective or the venomous nature of his denunciations, and he applies against all proprietors indiscriminately, in exaggerated and overdrawn terms, with a love of hyperbole for which we envy him, a list of arguments which no doubt would have served his purpose admirably twenty years ago, but which are now unjust as being out of date. Black sheep there may have been—such are found in every fold—but the iniquity of the few in the past is no justification for a wholesale condemnation of the many in the present.

At the very outset of his paper Mr. Corbett betrays his ignorance of lunacy matters when he assumes that the present so-called satisfactory state of the lunatic poor is the outcome of the spontaneous action of "a humane and generous public." To such of us as know anything whatever of lunacy provision it is a patent fact that this "ample and munificent" treatment has only been enforced on the community by successive Acts of Parliament, and that even now the complaint of lunacy officials is the lack of energy displayed in providing proper accommodation for the pauper insane in our midst. Let Mr. Corbett for his own satisfaction study the annual reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy. He proceeds to contrast with this the lamentable condition "of the middle classes and of the rich who pay well for maintenance" (not a word, be it noted, of care or treatment) "in licensed houses kept for profit;" and here at the very threshold we meet with the main point of his contentions—viz., that the profit system in the care of the insane is "immoral." We shall deal with this later on.

"It is the original sin of the system," he says, "under which for pecuniary considerations *not only the unsound, but frequently the sane, are*" (the italics are our own) "shut up and kept in the custody of speculators who carry on a trade in lunatics that excites my aversion and deadly hostility." We challenge Mr. Corbett to adduce one single case out of the 4585 cases admitted into private asylums in England and Wales during the last three years in support of this statement. He takes it for granted that because in the past the law has been evaded or broken by certain unscrupulous and avaricious men, that therefore licensed houses as at present conducted are the dens of iniquity which, to the disgrace of our civilisation, a few of them no doubt were many years ago; that in every one of them (he makes no qualification whatever) there are at the present moment to be found persons of perfectly sound mind imprisoned for the sake of gain. Surely, if this were a fact and not the rash assumption of a prejudiced mind, the Commissioners in Lunacy and

Visiting Justices, whose main duty, according to the Lunacy Act, it is to test every case after admission, are, and have been, culpably neglectful of their duties. To make an accusation such as this is but pandering to the popular prejudice against private asylums, and stimulating a spurious fervour against its directors with no reasonable basis for the indictment.

He next instances a case of gross criminality on the part of an asylum proprietor many years ago, to hang thereon the infamous assertion that "for one such instance of depravity that comes to light how many are never heard of." Surely this is carrying indiscriminate spitefulness a little too far; to adduce an unwarrantable assumption such as this and to call it a "fact" on which to ground his impeachment, approaches the style of argument possible only on the hustings.

The motives he cites by which people are actuated in calling in the aid of a private asylum proprietor in certain cases are enlarged upon for the sake of strengthening his case until they become, to his mind, actualities of daily occurrence and worthy of being paraded as a feature of all licensed houses. Because such instances have occurred, does it follow that every asylum proprietor is the venal, scheming, cunning and depraved villain Mr. Corbett would make him out to be, one ever ready for the sake of gold to keep his fellow-man in durance vile, a prisoner from society? Yet he says so by implication, and he constantly throughout his paper, by the use of the present tense desires to impress his readers, the uninformed and credulous public, that these abuses are existent and of everyday occurrence.

So much for his own evidence. May we ask Mr. Corbett clearly to state the exact knowledge he has of the working of private asylums at the present time, and the number he has visited on whose working he bases his arguments? We maintain, from the internal evidence of his paper alone, that he knows nought of licensed houses as they are at present constituted or managed; of the complete and radical change that has come over the character and condition of these institutions during the last decade, patent enough to those in intimate relation with their working, he is in absolute ignorance; and hence it is that charges such as these against proprietary asylums as they exist at present rankle in the breasts of those who are responsible for their proper and efficient conduct. We say it openly, that wilfully to accuse men, who first and foremost have at heart the welfare of the insane, of the most infamous motives and actions in their daily work, because others who have preceded them have in some instances been proved unworthy of their trust, is wilfully to pervert the truth for the sake of acquiring a little cheap notoriety as a philanthropist.

Mr. Corbett next brings into array as argument against existing

private asylums the evidence of Lord Shaftesbury and of Dr. (now Sir J. C.) Bucknill, given before a Commission of the House of Commons in 1859, of Dr. Mortimer Granville in 1877, and of various others. His other authorities are merely expanders and expounders of the dicta of these men. Now for our part we willingly and candidly concede Mr. Corbett the point that had his article appeared at the date of the evidence of Lord Shaftesbury (1859), many of his criticisms and strictures would have held good; for it is an undoubted fact that some private asylums were then not only all that Lord Shaftesbury so vigorously maintained they were, but that inhuman cruelties were practised in a few such as would hardly be credible at the present day; but the gratuitous assumption that the evil that existed then is prevalent now is puerile and unworthy of a man of Mr. Corbett's standing. As for Dr. Bucknill and Dr. Mortimer Granville, they but followed in Lord Shaftesbury's track, with a later illogical insistence of a nature similar to Mr. Corbett's that time has wrought no change, and never will, in the working of these houses. Their experience and knowledge of these institutions as at present conducted must be on a par with the illogical assumptions of the author in that they without question accept the theory of non-progress. We shall give their asseverations more serious attention when they with Mr. Corbett can vouch to us the practical knowledge they have of the manner in which private asylums are at the present day managed.

There are two points which it would be well to examine in the evidence here adduced. Firstly, that the treatment of the middle-class insane and of the rich is inadequate and wholly out of proportion to the payments made: and secondly, that the well-to-do insane are kept in private houses greatly to the profit of proprietors. We pass by as unworthy of notice the author's insinuations against the honour and probity of licensees in conniving with relatives of the insane and with other medical men in the fabrication of certificates, and in neglecting such treatment as might conduce to recovery; these, though occurring in quotations from the evidence and writings of men like Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Bucknill and others, are brought forward now, under the pretence that such things are existent, and they are used as arguments to strengthen the false position the writer has assumed. They are merely scurrilous libels.

To take the first point—that the treatment provided for paying patients is not commensurate with the payments made—this we deny *in toto*. Here again Mr. Corbett betrays his complete indifference to existing facts: we challenge him once more to cite his proofs that at the present moment persons of unsound mind are detained in private asylums where they are not receiving either adequate medical treatment or the advantages and luxuries for which they pay. On the other hand, we can adduce scores of instances where

incurable cases, unfit to be at large, are kept purely out of charity and out of that philanthropic concern for the insane which the writer so vigorously denies to proprietors. These patients are maintained at a loss rather than that they should suffer the indignity of being drafted into pauper institutions as poor-paying patients. Mr. Corbett may deny and ridicule this as being on the face of it untrue, but we are perfectly willing and ready to furnish him with the necessary proofs to convince his mind, excited as it is by such "aversion and deadly hostility." Even the Commissioners in Lunacy are unaware of the good done to the middle-class insane in private houses; no mention is ever made to them by proprietors of reduction in terms to such a degree that the payments become merely nominal, or of the frequent non-payment for care and maintenance. But the point under discussion is that those who pay well do not receive their due, and we ask once more on what existing evidence does the writer ground his assertion? Let him give his instances boldly, and not shelter himself behind disparaging generalities which are easily made but with difficulty substantiated.

The second point to be considered—namely, that the system of detaining the insane for profit is "objectionable," "intolerable," "utterly abominable," "indefensible," "vicious," "luxuriantly rotten," and "repulsive" (we quote Mr. Corbett's delightfully choice euphemisms at random), has for so many years and so repeatedly been brought forward, purely on sentimental grounds, as an argument against the existence of private asylums by eminent authorities, that it might appear futile to even attempt to enter any objection thereto.

According to Mr. Corbett and his fellow-critics, there should, if these institutions are to be morally conducted, be no profit whatever—profit in this particular, they say, is an incentive to evil, and the cause of all the villainy perpetrated in the past and present—this, if we understand rightly, is the gist of their argument. Let us briefly examine this highly sentimental doctrine. Without entering into any side-issues, let us inquire for what purpose do medical men exact fees for any services whatever? Is it not for the profit they may gain out of the patient or his friends? In the treatment of any bodily ailment the medical man puts forward his skill and experience for the benefit of his patient, and, for services thus rendered, be the result recovery or the reverse, he secures a monetary recompense, which is graduated according to the means of his patient. This is common practice and one established by long usage. This certainly is not immoral. To go a step further, there are numerous specialists in the profession, ophthalmic surgeons, gynecologists, orthopædists and others, who for the more efficient treatment of cases under their care have established private hospitals wherein they may receive patients who

pay according to their means, not only for maintenance, but also for the special nursing their maladies demand as well as for the skill and experience of the medical attendant himself, the payments coming to the specialist after liquidation of incidental expenses being profit, and this, too, on a large scale, and very justly so. Against this system no one has ever been found to raise the least objection; on the contrary, the specialist is regarded as a man of enterprise, and of unflagging energy and application, and his reward is deemed a fair and proper one. But no sooner do we come to a special bodily disorder, insanity—and perhaps it may be news to Mr. Corbett and his follow-faddists to have mental disorder regarded as a physical disease—the vials of these would-be philanthropists' wrath are poured out on men well trained and skilled in their special branch because they are disgracefully immoral enough to wish to make a profit by the treatment of a particular malady, and the system itself is branded as being "vicious" and "repulsive." It is no answer whatever to the question at issue to say that in this particular the profit derived leads men to such mercenary motives that they are willing to break the law and disgrace themselves in the eyes of their compeers; as well might he affirm that specialists in other branches of medicine are in like manner tempted. Neither is it argument to say because in the past cases have occurred to prove this that all asylum proprietors are the sordid, evil-minded rogues he represents them to be. Where, then, is the immorality of working private asylums for profit? Lord Shaftesbury, actuated no doubt by motives of pure philanthropy, took too narrow-minded a view of the nature of insanity when he inveighed against the profit system so severely. May we ask Mr. Corbett whether he considers that the dangers, the difficulties, the innumerable worries and anxieties incidental to the care and treatment of the insane are not to be met by a fair amount of profit to the medical men who undertake this toilsome duty? or does he fondly imagine that the asylum proprietors of to-day are simply the recipients of huge profits for which they make no return whatever save maintenance? If this latter be his belief, he has much to learn before he proceeds gratuitously to vilify his fellow-men.

There is a reference to this subject of profit in Mr. Corbett's paper which we cannot pass over without a remonstrance. He insists in various places that these profits are "immense," and he speaks in a free-and-easy way of the wealth and opulence of private asylum proprietors. Will Mr. Corbett believe that the average amount received as payment (not profit) per head in all but perhaps two or three of the proprietary institutions in the kingdom is under three guineas per week? This is not a gratuitous statement, but one capable of proof. For this the owners of licensed houses have to provide for the care, maintenance, medical treatment, nursing,

and special housing of their patients; have to pay rent, rates, taxes; and have to submit to the dictation, freely and willingly too, of Visiting Justices and Commissioners in Lunacy in the matter of structural alterations, elaborate decoration, and furniture; while they are in no way protected for the damage and destruction of property at the hands of violent patients, unless the relatives of such voluntarily consent to recoup them for this. Now where, we ask Mr. Corbett as a practical man, do these huge profits, about which he so airily discourses, come from? Perhaps Mr. Corbett would also be surprised to learn that the amount expended per head on each patient in many licensed houses *exceeds* the same expenditure of some of the much-belauded hospitals. Notwithstanding these demonstrable facts, however, there are to be found men ready, without any inquiry or special knowledge whatsoever of their subject, but with a prejudgment both insolent and culpable, to raise the finger of scorn against that, to them, loathsome animal, the private asylum proprietor. We might say much of the highly commended hospitals and their management, but we refrain. Let Mr. Corbett, if he has any desire to do good work for the middle-class insane, whose cause he so warmly has attempted to espouse, exercise himself with an inquiry as to whether the charitable yearnings of these institutions are not frequently outstripped by their hunger for wealthy cases, and let him investigate how much of their vast expenditure is needful, and how much of it is waste.

We regret if our remarks have given Mr. Corbett pain. If he cannot persuade himself that there are honourable motives at work in the hearts of asylum proprietors, let him, in common fairness to them, make proper investigation as to the evils which he assumes are present before he proceeds to vilify them with his conclusions. There will be no body of men more willing to lay bare every item of their daily work and conduct than the proprietors of these institutions; let Mr. Corbett and other unbelievers appeal to them personally to learn from them that their most earnest endeavour is the alleviation of the sad condition of their afflicted brethren, and that charity and kindness, not such as is paraded to the world, are not unknown in their daily labours. Perhaps then, when they have acquired the knowledge they now lack, will they cease to trumpet forth their scornful revilings over abuses which, at the present day, exist but in their morbid imaginations.

J. F. G. PIETERSEN,

*Medical Superintendent Ashwood House Asylum,
Kingswinford.*

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

• . PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

WUNDT is so often referred to as an authority on psychology that English readers will be grateful for the excellent translation of his *Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology*,¹ prepared for them by Messrs. Creighton and Titchener. The lectures are described as of a popular and introductory character, and they are rendered into such clear English that there is nothing to remind us that we are only reading a translation. We presume that the translation is as faithful as it is intelligible. It is important for English students to bear in mind that this translation is from the second German edition of the lectures. The first edition appeared thirty years ago, and during that time a great advance has been made in experimental psychology. This has necessitated considerable revision and omission, and the learned author makes the express declaration that he no longer recognises as his own any view set forth in the earlier edition which is omitted from the present one. This edition alone may therefore be taken as containing the author's latest convictions.

In these lectures the author confines himself strictly to experimental psychology, and excludes the consideration of conflicting philosophic systems. Spiritualism and materialism, he contends, have been fruitless, as it was found impossible to establish a science of mental experience in terms of speculation; while rejecting the spiritualistic hypothesis of Descartes and Hebart, he has nothing favourable to say with respect to the materialism which has succeeded it; but in language, which is almost identical with that of Tyndall and Huxley, he says: "We can conceive how one motion may be transformed into another, perhaps also how one sensation or feeling is transformed into a second. But no system of cosmic mechanics can make plain to us how a motion can pass over into a sensation or feeling."

The ground covered by these thirty lectures is too extensive for us even to indicate fully the contents of this volume; about one-half the lectures are devoted to an analysis of sensation, and much that is interesting is brought to light by the experimental method.

¹ *Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology*. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the second German Edition by J. E. Creighton and E. B. Titchener. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Sight and hearing offer the best ground for investigations of the kind, and the results obtained are of the highest importance. It need scarcely be said that it is to Weber and Fechner we are principally indebted for the discovery and application of a scientific investigation of the laws of sensation, and the demonstration of the proportionate relations which exist between sensation and stimulus. To those to whom this field of investigation is new the details supplied by Wundt will be found highly interesting. The general psychological result of these investigations into the phenomena of sensation is that one sensation furnishes no measure of absolute, but only of relative, magnitudes; or, in other words, that we can only estimate magnitudes by comparison. The estimate is a mental act, a comparison of one magnitude or degree of intensity with another; but it is curious to know that the relation of sensation to stimulus can be expressed in the formula—"sensation increases as the logarithm of stimulus."

In dealing with animal psychology, the author makes some valuable criticisms on the tendency of a certain class of observers to make rash inferences, and to credit some lower species of animals with an amount of intelligence which is more than the facts warrant. The facts no doubt are correct, but the inferences are often largely due to the "sympathetic imagination" of the observer. In attempting to give an account of the intelligence displayed, for instance, by ants, we are cautioned that we should seek the simplest explanation, which is also probably the most correct; but observers very frequently jump to the conclusion that certain actions on the part of an animal are due to mental processes, akin to those which affect apparently similar actions of human beings. Some of the stories in Romane's *Animal Intelligence* are examined by Wundt and shown to be susceptible of a very simple explanation.

In passing from sensation to the higher attributes of feeling and will, we are introduced to the latest results of the study of this branch of the subject, and the "separate faculty" system of the old psychology is discarded. The intimate relation between feeling and will is successfully demonstrated and many obscure questions are placed in a new and clear light. Without endorsing all that the author has to say upon these great topics, for much yet remains to be done, we can cordially recommend this valuable contribution to mental science.

The sixth volume of the *Proceedings of the American Society of Church History*¹ contains the papers presented at the annual meeting in December 1893, and considerable space is devoted to the memory of Dr. Philip Schaff, the founder of the Society, who died in New York on October 20th of that year. Dr. Schaff had a wide

¹ *Papers of the American Society of Church History*. Vol. vi. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

and deserved reputation as a Church historian and Biblical scholar, and many of his admirers no doubt will be glad to read the tributes paid to him by the various speakers at the meeting of the Society which are to be found in this volume.

Though we are reminded that this is not a Society of American Church history, two of the most interesting papers relate to American religious history. One is by the Rev. Asbury Lowrey on the "Life and Work of Bishop Francis Asbury," one of the founders of Methodism in the United States. He was sent over by Wesley to the American Mission in 1771, was appointed general superintendent in the next year, and was ultimately made the first Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The story of his life is an interesting one; but the style in which it is written would have been better if it had been less pretentious. We read, for instance, that "the career of Asbury in this country was a continual glow of incandescent zeal and marvellous success. The light of the sun pales before it."

The other American subject dealt with is "The Contest for Religious Liberty in Massachusetts," by Dr. H. S. Burrage. The founders of New England are often lauded for their love of liberty, and in some respects the praise given them is not undeserved; but their idea of religious liberty was no advance upon that which prevailed in the country from which they fled. They practically founded a State Church, and for its support imposed a church-rate. The Church was Congregational in its organisation, and its theology that of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Thus Quakers, Baptists and Episcopalians were denied the liberty which the Pilgrim Fathers claimed for themselves. Those who dissented from this established religion manifestly had a grievance when they were compelled to pay a tax in support of a Church system with which they did not agree. It does not appear, from this article, that complete religious equality was secured to all sects in Massachusetts until 1833. The story of this struggle, covering more than a century, is told by Dr. Burrage in a concise and forcible manner, with especial reference to the part taken by the Baptists in the effort to secure absolute freedom of worship. Other papers of interest include one by Dr. Rankin on Benjamin Schmolck, the hymn-writer; Dr. O'Gorman, on St. Thomas Aquinas; and a curious inquiry into the earliest traces of Faust in literature, by Dr. E. Cushing Richardson. Theology is represented by articles on the Gospel of Peter, Apostolic Succession, and Prayers for the Dead.

We are reminded nearly every day that anything relating to Japan will be received with interest, so we presume the striking little pamphlet, got up in Japanese fashion, but happily printed in English, before us, will be sought after. It contains the doctrines

of the Nichiren sect of Buddhism.¹ Nichiren, the founder of the sect, was born in the year 1222, and, his biographer tells us, was destined to bring about a great revolution in the Buddhist religion as he found it. He entered the priesthood at the age of twelve, and assumed the tonsure when he was sixteen. As errors, heresies, and misconceptions had crept into Buddhism, he was at great pains to discover the True Doctrine. He finally came to the conclusion that the true doctrines are only to be found in "The Holy Book of the Lotus of the Good Law" (*The Saddharma pundarika Sutra*), and with these he determined to revolutionise the religious world if possible. One of his leading ideas was to "tranquillise the State" by applying the influence of Buddhism not only to individuals, but to the nation as a corporate whole. He believed, with a great many other religious reformers, that the prosperity or decline of a State depends entirely upon the truth or perversion of its religion; and also, like most other religious reformers, he declared that the rulers and ruled of his time were all wandering in error. At the present day we are told that the sect numbers two millions, with seven thousand priests and five thousand temples.

The doctrines of this sect are in the main metaphysical, and have been made familiar to Western students of late years by more than one philosopher. The real state of visible things, we are told, is one of emptiness and relativity. "All phenomena, mental and material, in all times and spaces, are to be conceived of as existing subjectively in the consciousness of every individual, as his own physical and mental states, and thus only; so that the differences and varieties which distinguish things from one another must be regarded as purely imaginary and misleading, without any foundation in fact. Grant this, and you have the truth, and everything will then appear to you as it is in reality; you will see it as it is in itself." The superiority of the teaching of Nichiren, on its practical side, over the other eight Buddhist sects, is that he shows how believers may at once become Buddhas and obtain enlightenment in this earthly life. The method, in part, appears to be extremely simple, reminding us of some religious practices nearer home. Instead of insisting upon an intellectual process which is too severe for the generality of mankind, this sect substitutes a "mechanical oral process." It prescribes the repetition of the *Daimoku*, or Title of the Holy Book, instead of mental discipline. If any one sincerely meditates upon the truth in his mind, and repeats the prescribed formula in his heart, he is promised that he will receive great blessings. Besides the *Daimoku*, there are two other secret ordinances, *Hon-zon* and *Kaidan*, and with the assistance of these the Buddhahood may be attained by everybody. This essay on

¹ *The Doctrines of Nichiren*. Compiled by the Right Virtuous Abbot Kobayashi. Tokyo, Kelly & Walsh. 1893.

the Doctrines of the Sect was from the pen of the late Archbishop of Ikegami, but we are indebted to Mr. Frederic H. Balfour for the present version; this gentleman undertook the task at the request of Abbot Kobayashi. The pamphlet contains a striking portrait of Nichiren himself, which we are assured is a very good one.

*Last Words in the Temple Church*¹ is a small collection of sermons delivered there by the last Master, Dean Vaughan. These sermons are not marked by any especial originality, nor, we gladly say, any striving after effect or shallow eloquence; but are pervaded by an earnestness and simplicity, that is not the less marked because the writer is a scholar of no mean pretensions. Though a student of the past he is fully in sympathy with the present, as is evidenced by the sermon on the seven hundredth anniversary of the Temple Church, and also that on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee. These are the two most interesting sermons in the volume. The others are more purely didactic.

The efforts of missionaries to spread the Gospel in heathen lands, as the phrase goes, is concisely and vigorously told by Mr. Cousins in the *Story of the South Seas*.² No one can read this brief account of the perils and the sufferings endured by the early missionaries without being impressed by their sincerity and bravery in a good cause; and whatever may be the reader's opinion of the necessity and wisdom of the movement, he cannot resist admiring the great-hearted men who devoted their lives to, and sometimes lost them in, the furtherance of it.

*A Broken Journey*³ is a sympathetic account of the life of Mrs. Beatty, the wife of the Rev. William Beatty, an Indian missionary, who was lost in the wreck of the *Roumania* off the coast of Portugal in October 1892. The work at Gogo, where the Beattys were settled, was of course of a very different character from that described in the preceding work, but the story is that of a sincere Christian lady who had at heart the enlightenment of her fellow-creatures. Such lives cannot be altogether without an influence for good, though the especial form of religion into which so much of their energies is thrown may not command our sympathy. *

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

SOCIAL-ECONOMIC works continue to pour from the press, and it would seem as if there could be nothing more left to be said. But

¹ *Last Words in the Temple Church.* By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

² *The Story of the South Seas.* By George Cousins. London: The London Missionary Society. 1894.

³ *A Broken Journey.* Memoir of Mrs. Beatty. By Mrs. George J. Rea. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1894.

this is far from being the case. As a matter of fact we are just at the commencement of a new movement. The labour question is becoming daily more and more a political question, nay, it is becoming the political question of the hour. And the Liberal party, as a whole, has now to choose between taking up this great question or adhering to its old ideas of political economy and ceasing to be the leaders of advanced thought. Until quite recently the task of obtaining for the workers their share in the material prosperity of the country has been left to a few individual Liberals, and it is this fact, and this fact alone, that has brought into existence the Independent Labour Party and which alone gives any justification for its *raison d'être*.

We do not forget, as members of the party just mentioned are too prone to do, the great services rendered by the Liberal party in the past. It has secured, or all but secured, for all political liberty and equality. It has now to secure for all an equitable share in the distribution of that wealth which is created by all.

The truth of these remarks will be seen by those who read Mr. Benjamin Jones's *Co-operative Production*.¹ It is commonly supposed that co-operation is something new, and originated some forty or fifty years ago. Mr. Jones is careful to point out that it has always been in more or less conscious operation. He might have gone for a type to those primitive village communities which have left such indelible traces in this country; but he is content to commence with a religious industrial community which established itself on the St. George's Hill, near Weybridge, in Surrey, in the year 1649, and was promptly suppressed by the authorities. To the end of Chapter xxv. Mr. Jones is concerned only with the supply of facts relating to the various industrial societies that have existed in this country from 1649 up to the present time. The Owenite communities were based upon communism. They were intended to be self-contained and self-supplying village communities. Many of these failed from internal causes, and some from external. As an example of the latter the nationalisation experiment will occur to all; but the principle of communism is impossible in the vast machine industries of to-day, and it is open to question whether an agricultural community would, under present conditions, be a success.

But the principle of co-operation proper is broader than that of communism, and is more in line with socialism than with communism. Mr. Jones shows how the disciples of Robert Owen attempted to arrive at his ideal by carrying out his plan in sections. They came to the conclusion that half a loaf was better than no bread. The Brighton society, founded in 1828, was the practical

¹ *Co-operative Production*. By Benjamin Jones. With a Prefatory Note by the Right Hon. A. H. Dyke-Acland, M.P. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 189..

outcome; and in 1830 there were 172 similar associations in existence, and this number rapidly increased. These were followed, in the years 1830 to 1846, by Labour Exchanges; and the Redemption Societies, which flourished from 1846 to 1855, constituted another phase of the co-operative movement. The societies, however, which have achieved the most prominent success are those which commenced on the Rochdale system, which was at first distributive only, but which is now a large producer.

The story of the long struggle of these various societies with the legislature is clearly told by Mr. Jones, though not in such detail or with such a graphic pen as by Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb in their history of Trade Unionism. The last four chapters are reserved by Mr. Jones for the expression of his own opinions on the various phases of the movement, and his conclusions are of special value, since they are based, not only upon the facts which he has so carefully collected and analysed, but upon his own practical experience. So far from considering co-operation a failure or impossible of realisation Mr. Jones desires to see it established as part of the ordinary function of government. The nation is the consumer, therefore the nation should meet its own requirements. Services, where the demand is sufficiently large, both of distribution and of production should be rendered by the State or by local authorities. Private enterprise is not necessarily abolished; it may usefully fill up the gaps and vacancies that are left, and may be employed by the State or local authorities when the people desire it. But, says Mr. Jones, our institutions, whether imperial or local, must first be democratised. The national government must be purified of all parasites and hangers-on. This work will take its place as the standard text-book of co-operative industry, and it will thoroughly merit the distinction.

The friends of progress could not have wished for an abler exposition of the principles of "scientific socialism" than is contained in Professor Ely's *Socialism; its Nature, Strength and Weakness*.¹

Professor Ely clears the ground of a good deal of confusion by presenting us with the various definitions of the word "socialism" given by different writers. The word may be legitimately used in two senses. In the broader sense it is used to mean a state of society in which the interest of the individual is subordinated to that of the community, which is regarded as a living organism, and not as a mere aggregation of individuals. Its basis is altruism. Socialism in this sense is opposed to individualism. In the narrower sense socialism means a "theory of industrial society based upon radical social reconstruction." This is called "scientific socialism," which

¹ *Socialism: An Examination of its Nature, its Strength and its Weakness, with Suggestions for Social Reform.* By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

Professor Ely defines as follows: "Socialism is that contemplated system of industrial society which proposes the abolition of private property in the great material instruments of production, and the substitution therefor of collective property; and advocates the collective management of production, together with the distribution of social income by society, and private property in the larger proportion of this social income." This definition would, naturally, lead one to suppose that the Professor is a radical. Nothing of the sort. He assures us that the work is written from a Conservative standpoint. Socialism, he believes, is a natural development, and not the invention of one class; it is a discovery to be used for the benefit of all.

The peaceful progress of society, with the conservation of the results of past historical development, is the Professor's desire.

In describing the position of Socialists towards the State, Professor Ely points out that the German Socialist is also a democrat, and is thus opposed to all State-socialism. And in England and America the tendency of socialistic thought is rather towards the municipalisation than the nationalisation of industry. The English Socialist considers that Socialism has only become practicable by the introduction of local self-government. This is no doubt true, but in our opinion, decentralisation for local purposes must be accompanied with increased centralisation for general purposes. Putting aside the central administration of such national concerns as the post-office, the telegraph, and the railways, the law, for instance, of contract, tort, or crime, ought to be uniform throughout the whole country, and, if possible, throughout all civilised nations. Whether such should be administered by a central or a local authority is beside the point.

The current misapprehensions concerning the nature of Socialism are very clearly exposed by Professor Ely. The origin of Socialism is next treated shortly, "Modern Socialism is the product of industrial revolution," and it passes through three stages, local, national and cosmopolitan. We cannot recall a better or more concise account of the progress and evidences of Socialism, and its relation to other schemes, than that in the work before us.

The main attention of the reader, however, will doubtless be directed to those portions of the book which gauge the strength and weakness of Socialism respectively, and which offer measures of practicable social reform.

Of the first it must suffice to say that in Professor Ely's opinion one of the strongest features of Socialism is its "all-inclusiveness." "Socialism," he says, "is a structure of society which takes in all; it leaves no residuum, *no submerged tenth*." For on its positive side it offers a program which is full of attraction and full of promise,

and on its negative side it has immense influence in pointing out the real defects in our present system.

The four most serious objections to Socialism presented by Professor Ely are the tendencies to revolutionary discontent likely to prevail; the economic difficulties in the organisation of several important factors of production, notably agriculture; the difficulties in determining any standard of distributive justice which would meet with general acceptance; and the danger that the services of those engaged in the higher pursuits should be inadequately appreciated, and thus lost to the State. We do not ourselves believe that the first objection is so serious as the Professor thinks. No doubt, to-day, egoism is to altruism as ten to one; but no Socialist, as the Professor himself admits, expects to wake up one fine morning and find Socialism in full swing. To our mind, it is the third that is the most serious, and this Professor Ely apparently thinks insuperable. We believe the others are capable of solution.

Amongst the numerous social and economic reforms advocated by Professor Ely the socialisation of the chief instruments of production are considered the most important. Socialism, he says, is a theory of monopoly, and accordingly natural and artificial monopolies must be socialised. Of natural monopolies, railways, water-ways, irrigation works, telegraphs, telephones, post-office and parcel post, tramways, and gas and electric lighting are the most important. All these should be collectively owned and managed. Of artificial monopolies the most important are patents, copyrights, and the restricted sale of alcoholic liquors. The nationalisation of the land is treated as a subsidiary question to the above, but the land system of New Zealand, as presented by Mr. Arthur Withy in the pages of this REVIEW, is recommended as an ideal one.

We have not space to deal with the other suggested reforms, both social and individual. And, indeed, how these are to be obtained is not worked out in detail, since, as Professor Ely states, it would have required a volume to have dealt with the land question alone. Most careful *appendices* are added, giving the programs and principles of the various foreign Socialist bodies, together with the bibliography of Socialist publications.

A more impartial, and, we may safely add, a more capable, account of modern Socialism it would be difficult to conceive. We predict a wide circulation and a general appreciation of a work which deserves both.

We have entirely failed to discover any justification whatever for the appearance of *Social Science and Social Schemes*.¹ The book consists of a series of stale diatribes against what Mr. McClelland con-

¹ *Social Science and Social Schemes*. By James McClelland. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

ceives to be modern Socialism, which have already been reiterated *ad nauseam*. We say "conceives" advisedly, because Mr. McClelland's knowledge of scientific Socialism is as limited as his criticism is wide of the mark. After entering a warm protest against the dogmatisms of social reformers, Mr. McClelland proceeds to dogmatise to his heart's content. For instance, we are told that self-interest is the sole motive of mankind, and that "every step of human progress may be placed to its credit," and that "no man can further his individual interests without benefiting society at large." Such assertions carry their own refutation.

Whatever is, is best in this best of possible worlds. Therefore, says Mr. McClelland, do not interfere with anything. Leave everything to "Nature," with a capital "N," and it will all come right in the end. Apparently all our factory legislation, our Mines Regulation Acts, our Housing of the Working Classes Acts are mere waste paper.

The keynote, it will be perceived, is the old exploded doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and is accompanied with the old pessimist ideas for the future. "Reduced working hours," asserts Mr. McClelland, "means reduced wages or increased prices of goods." Messrs. Mather & Platt's experiment is rejected because it was a test case undertaken with the co-operation of the trade societies. But why take only one case? Mr. John Rae has produced innumerable cases proving conclusively that short hours do not mean reduced wages or increased price of goods. On the contrary, with short hours at the same wages the production is practically the same in quantity, indeed, frequently more, and much superior in quality. But, contends Mr. McClelland, if such an experiment were compulsory, and the competition with "Continental nations who work much longer hours at less money" followed, the whole case would be different. Here, again, the facts are just the other way. Professor Schulze-Gaevernitz has shown that the Continental artizan produces far less in quantity and far poorer in quality in his longer hours at less money than the English artizan in his shorter hours with higher wages.

Just as Mr. McClelland is pessimist of the future, so is he optimist of the present. The "submerged tenth" is a matter of slight moment. The poor, he says, ye shall always have with you. A comfortable doctrine enough for the rich, but hardly so satisfactory to the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." However, under Mr. McClelland's new society these are to be so educated as to feel their lowly lot as little as possible. And, strange to say, in spite of his advocacy of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and in spite of his contempt for all schemes of social amelioration, Mr. McClelland has a little social remedy of his own, which he modestly reserves for the last page of his remarkable work. The true solution of the problem of pauperism is the restriction of generation and the restraint of

immigration. These remedies can hardly be called original. The book is full of crudities, and proves nothing but the lamentable ignorance of the writer on social-economic problems.

Professor Nicholson would have been better advised if he had refrained from putting into more permanent form the address which he delivered to the British Association in the Sheldonian Theatre on August 13th last. The object of this address, entitled *Historical Progress and Ideal Socialism*,¹ purports to be an examination of the popular myths of the future by the light of past history. It is a cardinal principle with reviewers to at any rate read a work which contains opinions opposed to their case, and it appears to us equally incumbent upon a Professor of Political Economy in one of our greatest Universities to at least acquaint himself with some of the views of those individuals or bodies of men whom he proposes to criticise. Instead of doing so, however, Professor Nicholson presents a view of Socialism which is nothing more or less than an absurd caricature. "The very object of Socialism," he declares, "is to impose taxes beyond the limit ever yet attempted by the rapacity and audacity of Governments." That this is an object with some extremists we do not deny; but to tar all Socialists with the same brush is distinctly unfair.

Amongst revolutionist Socialists are classed the Anarchists and the Fabians. "Socialism," says Professor Nicholson, "lies through anarchy." Now Anarchists avowedly aim at the destruction of all social institutions, whereas the new Local Government Act has found no warmer supporters than the Fabian Society, and its members have been especially industrious during the past summer months in educating the rural population in the principles of local self-government. In fact, as already noticed, decentralisation is one of the measures advocated by Socialists.

To assert in the same treatise of only some sixty pages that "Socialism avowedly wishes to make an end of the present system," and that Socialism seeks to increase State interference of the most minute character, is, to say the least, a little inconsistent. In a eulogium on *Freedom of Contract* we have the following statement: "Under the ideal state of Socialism every one is to be compelled to labour, just as under the present system, with few exceptions, every one capable of it does." The "few exceptions" means, we presume, the "incapables"; but how about the increasing army of unemployed? Such a system, we are told, would really be slavery. At any rate, it is proposed by Socialists that such enforced labour should be adequately remunerated; whereas thousands of workmen to-day labour at work which is distasteful, and for a wage which they regard

¹ *Historical Progress and Ideal Socialism*. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. London: Adam & Charles Black.

as inadequate, but which, in order to live, they must accept. In such contracts freedom is non-existent. The cool assumption that none but the small band of orthodox political economists amongst which Professor Nicholson classes himself know anything about history is really delicious. We congratulate the Professor upon his modesty.

The fact of the matter is that the various socialistic groups, however they may differ amongst themselves, as a whole are united against those forces which maintain the present inequalities in the distribution of wealth. So far as Professor Nicholson's *brochure* can be said to contain an argument, it is a plea for the sacred rights of property.

*A Study of Ethical Principles*¹ is an exceedingly interesting work, but although there is much with which we find ourselves in accord, there is also much against which we feel bound to utter our protest.

The author's object is not so much to develop a system of ethics as to "discuss the principles which must underlie such a system." It is historical and descriptive rather than creative. We had thought that the doctrine of freewill was as dead as Queen Anne. Professor Seth, following Professor Laurie, says that "man, as a Will or Self, has to do for his own organism what nature, through necessary laws, does for all else."

As far as we can understand Professor Seth, he seems to consider the moral faculties as something implanted in man and peculiar to him; that this morality is "the instrument and expression of spiritual purpose," in other words, of a divine origin. Now, it seems to us impossible to draw the line at man in the animal world. It is clearly impossible to deny to animals mental faculties, and we see no warranty for assigning to man a different origin for his moral faculties, and for assuming that man alone is in possession of any such faculties. Physical, mental, and moral faculties are possessed by the whole animal world. The difference is only one of degree. Man's conduct is determined by the strength of his desires, and not by the exercise of his so-called will, and these desires are physical, mental, and moral.

From this attitude towards the doctrine of freewill naturally follows the idea of a personal God and of immorality. Professor Seth attempts to get over the contradiction in terms of an infinite Being by drawing a distinction between Personality and Individuality. "The individual," he says, "is essentially finite, the person is essentially infinite."

If there were no future, declares Professor Seth "life would lose its meaning, and with the discovery of the hollowness of its make-believe, all earnestness of moral purpose would be exchanged in an

¹ *A Study of Ethical Principles*. By James Seth, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Brown University, U.S.A. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons 1894.

earnest nature for cynicism and despair." We would ask, with Emerson, "If there is an aspiration for immortality and no evidence, why not say just so much?" The assertion that an agnostic must be a cynic and a pessimist is the exact reverse of the truth. Much of the world's best work has been accomplished by men who had no belief in a future existence, and of all men the orthodox Christian is usually the most pessimistic as regards the progress of the world.

Professor Seth, however, is decidedly optimist. Unlike Mr. McClelland, he does not think that the poor we must always have with us. "Charity," he says, "has been magnified as a grand social virtue, but it has co-existed with the utmost injustice to those who have been its objects." The State has its ethical as well as its political side. Upon this Professor Seth is very clear. Upon the principle that "the free and equal self-development of all its citizens is the treasure in its keeping," it may become the duty of the State to nationalise particular commodities and industries, land, and public services. This chapter on "The Social Life" is especially instructive, and, indeed, the whole book is of absorbing interest, however much one may disagree with some of its author's views.

There is probably no subject more important to the labouring masses than that of tramway and light railway communication. By such means the present overcrowding in unwholesome houses in insanitary areas may be very materially lessened by enabling a very large proportion of the working population to reside outside the great centres of industries.

It would be difficult to conceive a more complete work on this important subject than Mr. Clark's *Tramways: their Construction and Working*.¹ Mr. Clark presents us with a complete history of tramways in all their bearings. In their construction we have concise accounts of every kind of rail that has ever been invented or used, with its comparative advantages and disadvantages. We have also clear descriptions of the various roadways and the different materials employed in their construction, treated in the same way.

And these clear statements are supplemented by carefully prepared illustrations in the body of the text, which leaves the least-initiated no excuse for misapprehending the author. Statistics are given of every important tramway company in the United Kingdom, showing their capital, receipts, and working expenses, and, by way of comparison, those of the London General Omnibus Company are added. Part IV. is devoted to the cars, their history and construction; Part V. to their motive-power, viz., steam, including Bédé's fireless steam-car, compressed air, gas, and cable haulage; and Part VI.

¹ *Tramways: their Construction and Working*. By D. Kinnear Clark, C.E. Second Edition, with upwards of four hundred illustrations. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1894.

deals with electric traction, describing in detail the Blackpool and Guernsey tramways, the City and South London Railway, the Liverpool Overhead Railway, the Leeds Tramway, the Florence and Frisole Railways, and many others, and giving most valuable statistics of each, such as working expenses per train mileage, daily mileage per car, speed per hour, number of passengers per car-mile, &c. &c. In the Appendix will be found the Tramways Act, 1870, the Board of Trade Rules, Bye-Laws and Regulations, Past Enactments as to Scotland and Ireland, and the judgment of the House of Lords in the recent cases, *The Edinburgh Street Tramways Company v. the Lord Provost, &c. of the City of Edinburgh*, and *the London Street Tramways v. the London County Council*. In this judgment the Lord Chancellor lays down the principles upon which compensation should be assessed in the case of compulsory purchase of tramways by local authorities. By this decision the views of the London County Council have been upheld, and the supporters of vested interests ought, in common fairness, to give this judgment their impartial consideration.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MUCH has been written about the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte; but perhaps the best account of her life is that furnished by Madame Ducrest, her friend and admirer. An excellent edition of this work has been published by Messrs. H. S. Nichols & Co.¹ The edition is strictly limited to 500 copies. Madame Ducrest was a lady of aristocratic descent, but at the outbreak of the French Revolution she and her father and mother were forced to take refuge in England. Before her sixteenth year she was offered the position of Dame du Palais to the Queen of Naples (the wife of Joseph Bonaparte); but her devotion to the Bourbons prevented her from accepting it. In 1800 she returned to France with her parents, who hoped to recover some portion of their property. Partly through the efforts of Madame Bonaparte, then wife of the First Consul, Madame Ducrest's father was reinstated in his rights as a citizen, but, as his estate had been sold, he had to depend very largely on the generosity of an aunt. From this period the writer of these *Memoirs* lived in Paris, and was the attached friend and companion of the celebrated woman who was destined to play such a remarkable part in history. The book is singularly awkward in style, and the writer displays considerable ignorance on many points. How-

¹ *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*. By Madame Ducrest. Two volumes. London: H. S. Nichols & Co.

ever, she knew nearly all the details that could be gathered by a contemporary concerning the Empress Josephine. The general impression which the work leaves on our minds is that Napoleon treated his first wife badly. No doubt reasons of State, to some extent, appeared to excuse his divorce and second marriage; but it is a singular fact that, in the letter which Josephine wrote to him five or six days after the divorce had been pronounced, she truly predicted—or, at least, foreshadowed—his downfall. Her words deserve to be quoted: “You speak of the necessity of contracting an alliance, of giving an heir to your Empire, of founding a dynasty! But with whom are you about to form an alliance? With the natural enemy of France, that artful House of Austria, whose detestation of our country has its rise in its innate feelings, in its system, in the laws of necessity. Do you believe that this hatred, of which she has given us such abundant proofs, more particularly for the last fifty years, has not been transferred by her from the kingdom of France to the French Empire? That the children of Maria Theresa, that skilful sovereign, who purchased from Madame de Pompadour the fatal Treaty of 1756, which you never mention without shuddering—do you imagine, I repeat, that her posterity, when inheriting her power, has not also inherited her spirit? I am merely repeating what you have so often said to me; but at that time your ambition was satisfied with humbling a power which you now find it convenient to restore to its former rank. Believe me, as long as you shall exercise a sway over Europe, that power will be submissive to you; but beware of reverses of fortune.” In another portion of the letter she says: “Your mistaken ambition has ever been, and will continue to be, the guide of all your actions—a guide which has led you to conquests and to the assumption of a crown, and is now driving you on to disasters, and to the brink of a precipice.” After her separation from Napoleon, Josephine enjoyed the advantage of an empty title, and was allowed a liberal income; but she must have suffered deeply, as the letter from which we have quoted plainly indicates. Her kindness towards all around her, even to the most humble servant in her household, shows the amiability and tenderness of her character. On one occasion, when a wandering musician came to Navarre, where she resided, and asked leave to perform by himself a quartette in her presence, she readily gave her consent; and, when her ladies began to ridicule the poor man’s absurd figure and meagre countenance, she rebuked them in the following language: “Ladies, you are very young, and you may be excused for laughing at ridiculous things wherever you find them. With respect to myself, I should have been exceedingly unhappy could anything else have struck my attention except the extreme wretchedness of this poor man, who took so much pains to please me at a time when he was dying with

hunger." She then ordered supper for the unfortunate musician, and desired that ten napoléons should be given to him.

Among the noble characteristics of Josephine was her freedom from personal vindictiveness. She fully forgave Napoleon for the wrong he had done her. She expressed a strong desire to see his little son, the King of Rome, and when, at a later period, Napoleon gratified her wish, she exhibited almost a mother's tenderness towards the boy. She wrote to Napoleon about her interview with the child in language too natural and touching to be deemed affected :

"How great was my delight at pressing the young Prince to my heart! how happy I felt at beholding the blooming health of his countenance, at seeing the satisfaction pictured in yours whilst engaged in contemplating us both! Methought I was no stranger to this child; and whilst he was loading me with the most endearing caresses, I quite forgot I was not his mother! I no longer envied the fate of any other being; mine appeared to surpass the felicity reserved for poor mortals."

The cordial relations which prevailed between her and her former husband before her death are the best proof that she had completely stilled her self-love and pardoned him—nay, rather that she had ceased to blame him for his unjust treatment of her as a wife. She consulted him about making her will; she advised him as to his relations with his sisters, appealing to him to pity the Queen of Naples, whose husband had proved disloyal to him, and actually offering, if he "spoke but the word," to share his exile in Elba.

Whatever her faults may have been, Josephine was a woman of beautiful character and queenly soul, and posterity will read her sad history with mingled pity and admiration.

The muscular English Protestant of the aggressive type is not a lovable kind of person. The life of John Mac Gregor, barrister, athlete, and evangelist, is instructive as a portrait of the earnest Christian who is always trying to provoke controversy, and who imagines that by shouting "No Popery" he will abolish the Church of Rome. The biography is rich in curious details, and Mr. Edwin Hodder¹ has made the most of his materials. The descendant of the famous Rob Roy was not only a much less romantic, but a much less amiable individual than that gallant outlaw. His street-preaching and unpleasant mania for controversialism in season and out of season are scarcely redeemed by his passion for travelling and his ingenious canoeing experiments. To lecture on "religion" in a public building may be quite legitimate even on the part of a layman whose knowledge of theology, metaphysics, and history is wretchedly superficial; but a man who stops to preach in every thoroughfare he passes through becomes a public nuisance. Mr. Hodder praises the subject of his biography in no unstinted language; but we venture to

¹ *John Mac Gregor (Rob Roy)*. By Edwin Hodder. London: Hodder Brothers.

think that men like John Mac Gregor by their fanaticism tend to make religion odious, and, if they are not always Pharisees and hypocrites themselves, do their utmost to increase the already abundant supply of Pharisaism and hypocrisy in Christian England. •

A new *History of Greece*¹ by Adolph Holm will, when completed, enable students to appreciate Hellenic life, literature, art, and political institutions better than any previous work on the subject. The author does not content himself with a mere statement of facts. He explains the origin of the Greeks, their legends and traditions, their religion, and their social and intellectual characteristics, by means of what may be called the higher historical criticism, aided by the most recent archaeological discoveries. In order to realise the position which Greece occupied as the home of art and culture in the antique world, it is necessary to understand the political life of the Greeks, for with them the development of civic freedom and the pursuit of an artistic ideal went hand in hand. In this work, the intellectual and political elements which combined to produce the ripe fruit of Greek civilisation are regarded as of equal importance; and thus it is something more than a mere history. It is an ethnological and philosophical study of a people who have been perhaps the greatest educators of the human race. The opening chapters deal with the obscurities of early Greek history, and the author takes care to avoid making definite assertions where the materials for arriving at an absolutely clear conclusion cannot be found. This method is obviously the right one, though not that hitherto adopted by writers on Greek history. The translation is admirable, and has the advantage of being both close and lucid. The work will be exceedingly useful to all English students of history who are unfortunately unable to read German.

Daniel Defoe is one of the greatest personalities in English literature, and, though far from faultless, he was certainly a man of the heroic type. His literary achievements entitle him to high rank, both as a novelist and as a propagandist of opinion. His greatest work, *Robinson Crusoe*, has won the admiration of even the most exacting critics. In England it has become portion of every home where books are read and preserved. The late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen maintained that it was the most perfect English novel; and M. Alphonse Daudet says that "even Shakespeare does not give so perfect an idea of the English character as Defoe;" adding, very characteristically, that "if he were condemned to a long period of seclusion and were allowed only one book to read, he would choose 'Robinson.'" We have had many biographies of Defoe, but the latest, which has been written by Mr. Thomas Wright,² is the most

¹ *The History of Greece*. Vol. I. By Adolph Holm. Translated from the German. Vol. 1. London: Macmillan & Co.

• ² *The Life of Daniel Defoe*. By Thomas Wright. London: Cassell & Co.

complete history ever produced of the life of this remarkable man. Mr. Wright has many of the qualities which a biographer should possess. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the person whose life he has undertaken to write. He has collected all that can be known about Defoe's domestic affairs as well as his public career. Finally, he is free from the vice of pedantry and mere antiquarianism, which can have only the result of overloading a biography with unimportant details.

We venture to doubt that the date fixed for Defoe's birth by Mr. Wright is quite accurate. It is probable that either 1660 or 1661 was the year in which the author of *Robinson Crusoe* first saw the light. The inscription on his tomb must be taken as some evidence in favour of assigning the event to the latter year. At the same time, Mr. G. A. Aitken's view, which fixes the year of the novelist's birth as either 1659 or 1660, is entitled to much weight. The theory that *Robinson Crusoe* is an allegory of Defoe's own life, which Mr. Wright has elaborately worked out, basing his conclusion partly on some vague remarks in the third portion of the work called *Serious Reflections during the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is, to say the least of it, exceedingly fanciful and far-fetched. It may have occurred to Defoe that his own rather solitary existence resembled that of his hero, but to attempt to show that there is an exact correspondence in point of dates between Crusoe's life on the island and various events in the novelist's life is more creditable to the ingenuity than to the common-sense of his biographer.

We must also point out that there is a want of dignity occasionally in Mr. Wright's style. Let us, for example, quote one passage (pp. 225-226): "No doubt in George's day the skins of journalists were thick and tough, but few could have been assailed with more virulence than Defoe. Nor need it be wondered at, for he was provoking to the last degree. He took it for granted that his antagonists were all rogues, knaves, or thieves, and that he himself was Daniel Immaculatus. He was continually outwitting, continually getting the whip-hand of them; and while they were swearing blue murder, he was either as cool as a cucumber or as merry as a grig. If he did at times have the 'hippo,' as he calls it, he never lets them see it. The way, too, he talked of his own doings, works, and sufferings, also riled them." Now we consider this kind of writing unworthy of the biographer of Defoe, whose style, like that of Chaucer, may be described as "a well of English undefiled."

In spite of such shortcomings—and every book has its shortcomings—Mr. Wright's *Life of Defoe* is not only a readable but an admirable work, which the student of English literary biography will find invaluable.

What constitutes a "great Englishman?" We are not disposed to define the phrase; but we are certainly disinclined to add persons of rather doubtful or obscure history to the number of great Englishmen. Mr. James Baker has, in his own opinion, discovered another "great" man of English birth in the person of Peter Payne the Wycliffite.¹ The best part of Payne's life was spent in Bohemia, and he appears to have been a fierce controversialist. The first part of the book, which covers thirty-four pages out of one hundred and fifty-six, is devoted to proving that Peter Payne was "forgotten." Indeed, the time of his birth is uncertain. The author tells us that Payne's name is cherished in Bohemia. That he was a man of ability as well as of obstinate determination must be acknowledged. At the same time all that Mr. Baker has to record about him scarcely entitles him to the epithet of "great." However, let us not dispute about adjectives. Suffice it to say that the book is interesting, and bears on every page of it evidences of the writer's industry and enthusiasm.

In a little volume entitled *Noble Womanhood*,² Mr. G. Barnett Smith has given us charming though necessarily curtailed biographies of some of the best women who have ever lived. The first life of which the story is told is that of the Princess Alice; and, while we cannot agree with Mr. Smith as to her great intellectual qualities—for to the last she was almost a schoolgirl as regards mental endowments—we must admit that she was a "perfect woman nobly planned," and that her self-sacrificing and benevolent character ought to win for her the love and admiration of all true men and women. The circumstances of her premature death, too, were exceedingly sad, and there was something of simple heroism in that event, which Mr. Smith describes very minutely and sympathetically. The sketches of Florence Nightingale, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Fry, and Felicia Dorothea Hemans, will be read with deep interest. It would be easy to find many modern women who possessed far more of the element of greatness; but all the persons whose life-histories Mr. Smith has so well told were characterised by unsullied purity of mind and propriety of conduct, even if in some respects their moral code was narrow and ungenerous. Great characters are rarely faultless, and, therefore, the lives of women who stand on a far higher intellectual plane than either Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Stowe might not appear edifying to the "young person." Mr. Smith was, therefore, "wise in his generation" in selecting for the subjects of his biographical sketches a group of conventionally good women.

¹ *A Forgotten Great Englishman*. By James Baker. London: The Religious Tract Society.

² *Noble Womanhood: A Series of Biographical Sketches*. By G. Barnett Smith. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The volume of *Essays on Historical and Literary Subjects*,¹ by Dr. John Ignatius von Döllinger, cannot fail to interest thoughtful readers. Dr. Döllinger was a man of extraordinary learning, and few scholars were more deeply read in mediæval history. The "treatise," as it is called, on "The Empire of Charles the Great and his Successors," is full of information which will be new to many who imagine themselves well versed in the history of Europe. In his essay on "Founders of Religion," Dr. Döllinger does justice to Mohammed, whom ignorant zealots have so often denounced as an "impostor," and shows that Calvin, great as his influence has been, was a narrow and cruel bigot. In another essay the learned author vindicates the Knights Templars. The essay on the French Revolution is fragmentary, and can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory from any point of view. In the concluding essay Dr. Döllinger discusses American literature, and while showing his appreciation of Bancroft, Fenimore Cooper, and Bret Harte, does not even mention Nathaniel Hawthorne, perhaps the greatest man of letters that America has produced.

The Women of Shakespeare,² by Dr. Louis Lewes, is one of those fine German studies of the great English dramatist which appear to overshadow and dwarf ordinary English criticism on the subject. It cannot be denied that the great work of Gervinus is superior to any English commentary on Shakespeare. The present work on *Shakespeare's Women* is, in many respects, better than any English work of the kind. The author, with masculine thoroughness, points out that Shakespeare was far from immaculate in his private life, and that there is reason to believe he treated his wife very badly. English critics, as a rule, fight shy of this topic; but is there not a kind of baseness in gibbeting Byron while glossing over Shakespeare's marital shortcomings? Professor Dowden and other eminent English interpreters of the great dramatist are guilty of this kind of literary sophistry; but in the work before us we find no such mock-modesty or sham delicacy. Shakespeare was no angel, no more was Goethe, but both were men of supreme genius. Dr. Lewes quotes passages from the Sonnets which, taken in conjunction with Shakespeare's peculiar relations with Anne Hathaway, almost prove to demonstration that the poet drank the goblet of passion until at length, seized with remorse and disgust for his transgressions, he returned to a life of regularity and respectability. The critical analyses of the various plays in this work cannot be praised too warmly. The study of the character of Desdemona is specially fine. The concluding pages deal with Catharine of Aragon, and exhibit very

¹ *Essays on Historical and Literary Subjects*. By John Ignatius von Döllinger. Translated by Margaret Warre. London: John Murray.

² *The Women of Shakespeare*. By Louis Lewes, Ph.D. Translated from the German by Helen Zimmern. London: Hodder Brothers.

great acumen. The book is, indeed, a most important contribution to Shakespearean criticism.

ERRATUM. •

In our review of Mr. George Barlow's poem, *The Crucifixion of Man*, in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July 1894, it was inadvertently stated that the poem "occupies over 300 pages of print." As a matter of fact it only occupies 166 pages.

BELLES LETTRES.

THE work of Sir Henry Cunningham must always be approached with the respect due to the production of an accomplished man of the world, whose experience of life has not impaired the vivacity of his imagination or dulled the images he calls up for us in the world of fiction. He can draw large-minded and cultured men and women, or set a frivolous nature before us in its true proportions, and (almost supreme merit in a novelist) his dialogue is bright, easy, and interesting. Personally we do not find *Sibylla* as fascinating as *The Cvruleans* or *The Heriots*, for the plot is somewhat stiffly invented, but, on the other hand, the contrast between the character of Charles Montcalm and that of Sibylla is most effectively worked out.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *Love in Illness* relates the courtship of a very brusque and rude American young woman, and, even apart from the manners of its heroine, will hardly be found worthy of this delightful writer. *Lesser's Daughter* is the touching story of a weak and tender-hearted man, married for his money, and afterwards despised and insulted by his brilliant wife and only daughter. The tale gives proof of much insight into character, and this contribution from Mrs. Andrew Dean will take rank among the better numbers of the Pseudonym Library. In *The Cruise of the Esmeralda* we have a story of quite another type, one of those narratives of adventurous travel, in search of hidden treasure, which the success of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* has contributed to bring into vogue, and which usually bear marked traces of his influence. Mr. Collingwood's *Cruise* is, however, unusually interesting, and he describes the behaviour of his clever clipper *Esmeralda* with a seaman's gusto, and insists upon her time of speed and weatherly qualities with affectionate detail. We do not for a moment believe that a night attack of piratical Malay proas can be repelled by a jet of ignited petroleum worked through the hose of a fire engine, but no

matter, the book is full of stirring and picturesque incident, and the descriptive work is above the common.

As the title suggests, the action of Mr. Thomas Pinkerton's story centres round the figure of a *French Prisoner*, taken at the height of the scare of an invasion by "Boney," and tells of the friends (and enemies) that the stranger won for himself in Devon. The pages are well furnished with incidents of brandy-smuggling, privateering, kidnapping, duelling, and other episodes suitable to this stirring time. It should, moreover, be clearly stated that the book has excellent literary quality, the figures are often admirably drawn, the scenes carefully studied and full of interest.

With a book by John Strange Winter it is always pleasant to meet, and in *A Born Soldier* we again breathe the atmosphere of barrack life, and study the character and surroundings of the young British officer. The character of Phil Jervis is exceptionally well drawn, and, if at first he may be thought a little hard upon his unfortunate Katey, yet she really did manage to place him in a terribly false position.

The Highway of Sorrow, by Hesba Stretton, is of interest as giving some account of the Stundists, a persecuted sect of Russian peasants, who learn laboriously to read, and interpret the New Testament for themselves "in a literal and child-like manner." These people have neither churches, clergy, nor formal ritual, and are of course detested by the Orthodox priests and believers. The book, we are told, has been "written in collaboration with a well-known Russian author, now an exile in England; whose name, we may add, is represented by seven stars, and who has supplied the outlines of the story, which in Mrs. Stretton's hands becomes an appeal for help and sympathy for this suffering people of Christ.

My New Home, a graceful story for children, has the advantage of several excellent illustrations by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke, who, we believe, has before acted as Mrs. Molesworth's artistic collaborator. In the charming portrait of *Grandmamma*, and in his treatment of the expressive faces and charming poses of his little people, this artist shows delightful feeling, and in pictorial quality also the plates are highly successful. A volume for still younger children, *The Talking Toys*, will rejoice many small readers, for it consists of a number of short simple tales in verse, appropriately illustrated, and signed by such names as F. E. Weatherby, John Strange Winter, Mrs. Molesworth, Clifford Bingham, Emily Bennett, &c. We may here also mention a book of amusing stories for boys, *Told out of School*, to which Messrs. J. Prater and Gordon Browne have furnished some capital humorous illustrations.

The writer of *Une Culotte* has had the original idea of sending two young ladies, disguised as male undergraduates, to an Oxford College, and the recital of their adventures is often entertaining.

enough, especially in the case of "Carrie," the younger and fairer of these enterprising damsels, who, posing as a Frenchman, earns the *sobriquet* of "Froggy," and is steering the College eight to victory, when her nerves are suddenly discomposed by the report of a pistol. *Mark Marksen's Secret*, a rather pleasantly written tale, tells the story of the conversion of an Alchemist from more occult pursuits to the practice of philanthropy; *Lillieville*, as it declares itself, "is a tale of adventure;" and *Lizette and Her Mission*, an agreeable story for young girls by that prolific writer Mrs. Emma Marshall. *Hollyberry Janet* relates the trials of a rather unprepossessing child; and *Spot* purports to be the autobiography of a fox-terrier, and gives the editor an opportunity of a fling at the vivisectionists; while, to conclude, a popular edition of Mark Rutherford's powerful novel *Catherine Furze* is sure to command a wide circle of interested readers.

ART.

KARL KÁROLY (an American, we believe, who has already written art-guides to celebrated paintings) now brings out a prettily-bound quarto of 140 pages, printed on thick paper, with fifty-four illustrations, of *Raphael's Madonnas and other Great Pictures*, "reproduced from the original paintings."¹ These are duly accompanied by text, and preceded by a forty-page "Memoir" of Raphael and an account of his chief works. The book is dedicated, by permission, to Sir Joseph A. Crowe, whose well-earned authority in the history of Italian painting ought certainly to accredit any work like the present.

The author claims that his work is unique, first, in giving reproductions of the whole series of Madonnas by Raphael, omitting only those "which are universally acknowledged to be unauthentic"; and, secondly, from the fact that "the fifty-four reproductions have, in all cases, been made from the pictures themselves, and not from engravings."

The plates, on the same glazed paper as the text, have all the merits and all the defects of process-reproduction from photographs of paintings. They show accurately the composition of the work—its expression, so far as this depends on mere light and shade, without reference to colour or tone, texture, and the rest—and they also show the present state of the canvas. The few that have been retouched have not gained in the operation, which merely shows that, for really good work, the mechanical processes can never equal in

¹ *Raphael's Madonnas and other Great Pictures*. By Karl Károly. London and New York: George Bell & Sons. 1894.

truth the handwork of a competent engraver. On the other hand, the inset plates on laid paper (nearly all printed in Vienna) represent a type of photogravure that is more common in Germany than here, and which admits a manipulation giving it some of the best qualities of handwork, especially in a certain illusion of form. But we cannot expect from a comparatively cheap art-book the marvels of the engraver's art. For its purpose, and for a handsome gift-book, the illustration of the work is satisfactory.

The letterpress accompanying each plate gives the history of its painting; the reason of the name by which it is known (*Blenheim Madonna*, *Cardellino*, or *Goldfinch*, &c.); its various fortunes in art-sales or changes; an explanation of the details of the picture, various figures, symbols, &c.; and brief citations from critics, from Vasari and Kugler to Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The life of Raphael, in the same manner, gives a brief account of all that is known concerning his youth, education, relations, and work, without comment or discussion. There is also a short attempt, accurate in the main, to explain what "Madonna" meant in the case of Raphael. On the whole, the general reader who is interested in one who, from his lifetime through nearly four centuries, has held his place as chief of the great masters in painting, will find this work instructive and handy as well as handsome.

A few mistakes were inevitable: some of them, doubtless, are the work of the printer. *The Gioconda* (*La Joconde*) of Leonardo da Vinci becomes "*Giaconda*." Usually, by a most admirable freak for an English writer, both the Italian and the English form of a saint's name are given, but not always, to the disadvantage of the reader who does not recognise old acquaintances under foreign names. In the citation from Crowe and Cavalcaselle on the *Madonna with the Palm*, Joseph is said to be represented as "beardless"; the photograph, funnily enough, contradicts this statement.

It is also to be regretted that the treatment of his subject by Raphael could not have been worked out more completely. It is true this has been done by none of the authorities on whom our author relies. It should explain the varying representation of the Madonna—under the old conventions, which sprang from a vital symbolism, and which left traces in Raphael's early manner, and in the new idealising of mother and child, from which any real symbolic meaning had vanished, and where soon religion itself found expression only in the accessory figures. Perhaps Rio, in spite of his enthusiasm, has understood this matter best. Ruskin, with equal enthusiasm, was lacking in knowledge of practical Catholicism. Our author remarks that Madonna regularly implies the presence of the Child. He perhaps does not know that to this day the Italians have never commonly taken up with the French devotions where Notre Dame appears alone.

